

Mrs. C. F. Shumway.

THE CHAUTAUQUAN

JUNE, 1882.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE PROMOTION OF TRUE CULTURE.
ORGAN OF THE CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE.

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THEODORE L. FLOOD, D. D., Editor.

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VOL. II.

JUNE, 1882.

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REQUIRED READING.

MOSAICS OF HISTORY.

IX.

CHIVALRY AND THE CRUSADES.

The rich East blooms fragrant before us;
All fairy-land beckons us forth;
We must follow the crane in her flight o'er the main.
From the posts and the moors of the North.

Our sires in the youth of the nations
Swept westward through plunder and blood,
But a holier quest calls us back to the East:
We fight for the kingdom of God.

Then shrink not and sigh not, fair ladies;
The red cross which flames on each arm and each shield,
Through philter and spell and the black charms of hell
Shall shelter our true love in camp and in field.

—Charles Kingsley.

CHIVALRY. (The best school of moral discipline which the Middle Ages afforded was the institution of chivalry.) And whatever high magnanimous energy the love of liberty or religious zeal has ever imparted, was equaled by the exquisite sense of honor which this institution preserved. In the first state of chivalry it was closely connected with the military service of fiefs. A certain value of land was termed in England a knight's fee, or, in Normandy, *feudum lovicae*, *fief de haubert*, from the coat of mail which it entitled and required the tenant to wear; a military tenure was said to be by service in chivalry. A younger brother, leaving the paternal estate, in which he took a slender share, might look to wealth and dignity in the service of a powerful count. Knighthood, which he could not claim as his legal right, became the object of his chief ambition. It raised him in the scale of society, equaling him in dress, in arms, and in title, to the rich landholders. As it was due to his merit, it did much more than equal him to those who had no pretensions but from wealth; and the territorial knights became by degrees ashamed of assuming the title until they could challenge it by real desert. This class of noble and gallant cavaliers, serving commonly for pay, but on the most honorable footing, became far more numerous through the crusades; a great epoch in the history of European society.

During the period of the crusades, we find the institution of chivalry acquire its full vigor as an order of personal no-

bility; and its original connection with feudal tenure, if not effaced, became in a great measure forgotten in the splendor and dignity of the new form which it wore. The crusades, however, changed in more than one respect the character of chivalry. Before that epoch it appears to have had no particular reference to religion. (But the purposes for which men bore arms in a crusade so sanctified their use, that chivalry acquired the character as much of a religious as a military institution.) For many centuries, the recovery of the Holy Land was constantly at the heart of a brave and superstitious nobility; and every knight was supposed to pledge himself as occasion should arise, to that cause. Meanwhile, the defence of God's law against infidels was his primary and standing duty. A knight, whenever present at mass, held the point of his sword before him to signify his readiness to support it. The candidate passed nights in prayer among priests in a church; he received the sacraments; he entered into a bath, and was clad with a white robe, in allusion to the presumed purification of his life; his sword was solemnly blessed; everything, in short, was contrived to identify his new condition with the defence of religion, or at least with that of the church. There were, however, excellences of a very high class which it equally encouraged. In the books professedly written to lay down the duties of knighthood, they appear to spread over the whole compass of human obligations. Valor, loyalty, courtesy, munificence, formed collectively the character of an accomplished knight, so far as was displayed in the ordinary tenor of his life, reflecting these virtues as an unsullied mirror. Yet something more was required for the perfect idea of chivalry, and enjoined by its principles; an active sense of justice, an ardent indignation against wrong, a determination of courage to its best end, the prevention or redress of injury. The characteristic virtues of chivalry bear so much resemblance to those which Eastern writers of the same period extol, that I am a little disposed to suspect Europe of having derived some improvement from imitation of Asia. Though the crusades began in abhorrence of infidels, this sentiment wore off in some degree before their cessation; and the regular intercourse of commerce, sometimes of alliance, between the Christians of Palestine and the Saracens, must have removed part of the prejudice, while experience of their enemy's courage and generosity in war would with these gallant knights serve to lighten the remainder. Excepting that romantic gallantry toward women, which their customs would not admit, the Mohammedan chieftains were abundantly qualified to fulfill the duties of European chivalry. The license of times so imperfectly civilized could not be supposed to yield to institutions which, like those of religion, fell prodigiously short in their practical result of the reformation which they were designed to work. An undue thirst for military renown was a fault that chivalry must have nourished; and the love of war, sufficiently pernicious in any shape, was more founded on personal feelings of honor, and less on public spirit, than in

the citizens of free states. The character of knighthood widened the separation between the classes of society, and confirmed that aristocratical spirit of high birth, by which the large mass of mankind were kept in unjust degradation.*

THE CRUSADES.—We are now prepared to examine the "heroic event of Europe"—the Crusades—which constituted a thoroughly national event in each country, as well as a universal event throughout the continent. It is a very interesting question how the Crusades originated, and why they thus stirred up every people for so long a period. In the first place, we must remember that from the earliest Christian times the faithful had been in the habit of visiting the places in the Holy Land made sacred by the life of our Savior, as an act of penance, a satisfaction for sin, and a means of promoting personal devotion. The Empress Helena, mother of Constantine the Great, had done this, and her pilgrimage was marked by churches which he caused to be erected. The numbers of pilgrims during the Middle Ages were so great as to make considerable commerce, and the merchants of Genoa and Venice, as well as the Arabs in Jerusalem, derived great gain from them. The Holy City was taken by the Turks in 1073, and the Christians were taxed, plundered, persecuted, or slaughtered. Stories of these troubles were brought back by returning pilgrims, some of whom had been unable so much as to enter the city whose streets they so longed to tread, but no exaggerations were sufficient to deter the deluded people of Europe from continuing their pilgrimages. †

A CASTLE AND A PALMER.—It was a heroic infatuation, and, that we may the more perfectly appreciate the sentiments of the people, let us enter one of their stately and picturesque abodes, and live for a few moments with them. The castle frowns from some lofty rock upon the village beneath. A broad river flows placidly by, and, like a silver band, sends back to our eyes the rays of the rising, or the setting sun, and

"The air

Nimble and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses."

Riding up the ascent, our horses are led by an attendant through the spacious arched doorway, and we alight in the open quadrangle. We pass through the great banquet hall, ornamented with antlers, casques, and bucklers of various previous ages, and crowded with memories of gay and generous revels, into an apartment of state. The walls are decorated with ancient arras, wrought by ancestral dames, which for generations had been carefully preserved. The floor is of polished oak. The ceiling is of the same wood, paneled and decorated with gold and gorgeous colors, and emblazoned with the arms of many a daring ancestor, and the great bay window at the side is filled above with gayly colored glass, while through the lower parts we gain a full view of the tilt yard, where many a tournament has been held under the eyes of the ladies who stand about us now. We are in the midst of the household. The knight and his lady greet us with good cheer, and make us as familiar as the customs allow, with the sons and daughters, and with the chaplain who stands near them in the greatest humility, almost apologizing for his existence. Behind us, as we look from the window, is the great fire-place, promising good cheer when winter's blasts shall roar without. Over the chimney is this motto, carved in oak: "There is only this; to fear God and keep His commandments," expressing the simple faith of the family. Suddenly a squire enters, and after a word with the knight, leads the way to the court.

* Hallam's Middle Ages.

† Gilman's General History.

There, surrounded by a number of the people from the village, stands a palmer from the Holy Land. We are in the presence of one who has visited the holy shrines, who bears the cockle-shell on his hat, and the palm branch in his hand. His shoulder is marked with a red cross, and he is urging those about him to assume it likewise. With impassioned oratory he tells the story of his pilgrimage, how, passing over hundreds of miles on foot, and suffering every hardship, he at last saw the walls of the Holy City, and hoped to enter its gates and get the blessed sight of the places that had for months been the end of his earthly ambition; when lo! the gates swung on their huge hinges in his face, and he was barred out, because forsooth, he lacked the piece of gold that the greedy infidel Turk demanded of all comers. Suffering and weary, he had dragged himself homeward, determined to tell to all his wrongs, when he had met one Peter, the Hermit, a sufferer, too, who was wandering over Europe exciting all nations to rally and turn the Saracen from the rightful heritage of Christendom. Taking the red cross from Peter, our palmer had carried abroad the fervor of his enthusiastic indignation, and now, crying "*Dieu le veut!*" "God wills it!" he is urging the men before us to follow in the crusade that has been undertaken for the restoration of Jerusalem to Christian folk. Can we wonder that, stirred by his words, the men recollect the story of Calvary as their preachers have delivered it to them, and indignant at the "infidels," gladly take the cross upon their shoulders and join the ranks that are surging over Europe to the eastward?*

MILITARY SPIRIT OF THE AGE.—Europe was at this time sunk into profound ignorance and superstition; the ecclesiastics had acquired the greatest ascendancy over the human mind; the people, who, being little restrained by honor, and less by law, abandoned themselves to the worst crimes and disorders, knew of no other expiation than the observances imposed on them by their spiritual pastors; and it was easy to represent the holy war as an equivalent for all penances, and an atonement for every violation of justice and humanity. But, amidst the abject superstition which now prevailed, the military spirit also had universally diffused itself; and though not supported by art or discipline, was become the general passion of the nations governed by the feudal law. All the great lords possessed the right of peace and war; they were engaged in perpetual hostilities with each other; the open country was become a scene of outrage and disorder; the cities, still mean and poor, were neither guarded by walls nor protected by privileges, and were exposed to every insult; individuals were obliged to depend for safety on their own force, or their private alliances and valor was the only excellence which was held in esteem or gave one man the preëminence above another. When all the particular superstitions, therefore, were here united in one great object, the ardor for military enterprise took the same direction; and Europe, impelled by its two ruling passions, was loosened, as it were, from its foundations, and seemed to precipitate itself in one united body upon the East.†

THE SARACENS.—After Mahomet had, by means of his pretended revelations, united the dispersed Arabians under one head, they issued forth from their deserts in great multitudes; and being animated with zeal for their new religion, and supported by the vigor of their new government, they made deep impression on the Eastern empire, which was far in the decline, with regard both to military discipline and to civil policy. Jerusalem, by its situation, became one of

* Gilman's General History.

† Hume's History of England.

their most early conquests; and the Christians had the mortification to see the holy sepulchre, and the other places, consecrated by the presence of their religious founder, fallen into the possession of infidels. But the Arabians or Saracens were so employed in military enterprises by which they spread their empire, in a few years, from the banks of the Ganges to the Straits of Gibraltar, that they had no leisure for theological controversy; and though the Alcoran, the original monument of their faith, seems to contain some violent precepts, they were much less infected with the spirit of bigotry and persecution than the indolent and speculative Greeks, who were continually refining on the several articles of their religious system. They gave little disturbance to those zealous pilgrims who daily flocked to Jerusalem; and they allowed every man, after paying a moderate tribute, to visit the holy sepulchre, to perform his religious duties, and to return in peace. But the Turcomans, or Turks, a tribe of Tartars, who had embraced Mohammedanism, having wrested Syria from the Saracens, and having, in the year 1066, made themselves masters of Jerusalem, rendered the pilgrimage much more difficult and dangerous to the Christians. The barbarity of their manners, and the confusion attending their unsettled government, exposed the pilgrims to many insults, robberies, and extortions, and these zealots, returning from their meritorious fatigues and sufferings, filled all Christendom with indignation against the infidels, who profaned the holy city by their presence, and perverted the sacred mysteries in the very place of their completion. Peter, commonly called the Hermit, a native of Amiens, in Picardy, had made the pilgrimage to Jerusalem. He entertained the bold, and in all appearance, impracticable, project of leading into Asia, from the farthest extremities of the West, armies sufficient to subdue those potent and warlike nations which now held the holy city in subjection. He proposed his views to Martin II, who filled the papal chair. He summoned a council at Placentia, which consisted of four thousand ecclesiastics, and thirty thousand seculars; and which was so numerous that no hall could contain the multitude, and it was necessary to hold the assembly in a plain. The harangues of the Pope, and of Peter himself, representing the dismal situation of their brethren in the East, here found the minds of men so well prepared, that the whole multitude, suddenly and violently declared for war, and solemnly devoted themselves to perform this service, so meritorious, as they believed it, to God and religion. But, though Italy seemed thus to have zealously embraced the enterprise, Martin knew that, in order to insure success, it was necessary to enlist the greater and more warlike nations in the same engagement; and having previously exhorted Peter to visit the chief cities and sovereigns of Christendom, he summoned another council at Clermont, in Auvergne. When the Pope and the Hermit renewed their pathetic exhortations, the whole assembly, as if impelled by an immediate inspiration, not moved by their preceding impressions, exclaimed with one voice, "*It is the will of God!*" "*It is the will of God!*" Men of all ranks flew to arms with the utmost ardor; and an exterior symbol, a circumstance of chief moment, was here chosen by the devoted combatants. The sign of the cross, which had been hitherto so much revered among Christians, and which, the more it was an object of reproach among the pagan world, was the more passionately cherished by them, became the badge of union, and was affixed to the right shoulder by all who enlisted themselves in this sacred warfare.*

SOVEREIGNS IN THE FIRST CRUSADE.—None of the great sovereigns of Europe embarked their persons in the First

Crusade. The emperor, Henry the Fourth, was not disposed to obey the summons of the pope; Philip the First, of France, was occupied by his pleasures; William Rufus, of England, by a recent conquest; the kings of Spain were engaged in a domestic war against the Moors; and the Northern monarchs of Scotland, Denmark, Sweden, and Poland, were yet strangers to the passions and interests of the South. The religious ardor was felt more strongly by the princes of the second order, who held an important place in the feudal system.*

DUKE OF NORMANDY.—Robert, Duke of Normandy, impelled by the bravery and mistaken generosity of his spirit, had early enlisted himself in the crusade, but being always unprovided with money, he found that it would be impracticable for him to appear in a manner suitable to his rank and station, at the head of his numerous vassals and subjects, who, transported with the general rage, were determined to follow him into Asia. He resolved, therefore, to mortgage, or rather to sell, his dominions, which he had not talents to govern; and he offered them to his brother William, for the very unequal sum of ten thousand marks. He was put in possession of Normandy and Maine, and Robert, providing himself with a magnificent train, set out for the Holy Land in pursuit of glory, and in full confidence of securing his eternal salvation.†

THE JOURNEY.—Between the frontiers of Austria and the seat of the Byzantine monarchy, the crusaders were compelled to traverse an interval of six hundred miles, the wild and desolate countries of Hungary and Bulgaria. Both nations had imbibed the rudiments of Christianity: the Hungarians were ruled by their native princes; the Bulgarians by a lieutenant of the Greek emperor; but, on the slightest provocation, their ferocious nature was rekindled, and ample provocation was afforded by the disorders of the first pilgrims. A scanty supply of provisions was rudely demanded, forcibly seized, and greedily consumed; and on the first quarrel, the crusaders gave a loose to indignation and revenge. But their ignorance of the country, of war, and discipline, exposed them to every snare. The Greek prefect of Bulgaria commanded a regular force; at the trumpet of the Hungarian king, the eighth or the tenth of his martial subjects bent their bows and mounted on horseback; their policy was insidious, and their retaliation on these pious robbers was unrelenting and bloody. About a third of the naked fugitives, and the Hermit Peter was of the number, escaped to the Thracian mountains; and the emperor, who respected the pilgrimage and succor of the Latins, conducted them by secure and easy journeys to Constantinople, and advised them to await the arrival of their brethren. For a while they remembered their faults and losses; but no sooner were they revived by the hospitable entertainment than their venom was again inflamed; they stung their benefactor, and neither gardens, nor palaces, nor churches, were safe from their depredations. For his own safety, Alexius allured them to pass over to the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus; but their blind impetuosity soon urged them to desert the station which he had assigned, and to rush headlong against the Turks, who occupied the road of Jerusalem. The Hermit, conscious of his shame, had withdrawn from the camp to Constantinople; and his lieutenant, Walter the Pennyless, who was worthy of a better command, attempted, without success, to introduce some order and prudence among the herd of savages. They separated in quest of prey, and themselves fell an easy prey to the arts of the sultan. By a rumor that their foremost companions were rioting in the spoils of his capitol, Soliman tempted the

*Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.

† Hume's History of England.

* Hume's History of England.

main body to descend into the plains of Nice; they were overwhelmed by the Turkish arrows, and a pyramid of bones informed their companions of the place of their defeat. Of the first crusaders, 300,000 had already perished before a single city was rescued from the infidels, before their graver and more noble brethren had completed the preparations of their enterprise.*

GODFREY DE BOUILLON.—So unpropitious a commencement might easily have crushed all inclinations for further attempts, had not these first adventurers, in great part, consisted of the lowest class of the people, and had not their leaders been deficient in prudence, experience, and noble zeal and energy. Accordingly, at the appointed time, in the middle of summer, a grand army, well appointed and disciplined, and burning with enthusiastic courage, was assembled, and on the 15th of August, 1096, set out for its destination. No king was present as leader of the assembled forces; but, among the princes and nobles, Godfrey, Duke of Lower Lorraine, called from his ancestral seat, Godfrey of Bouillon, stood proudly forward, conspicuous in every heroic virtue; having often fought in the armies of Henry IV. He was appointed the leader of a body of 90,000 men, and directed his course through Hungary and the dominions of the Greek emperor, while other princes proceeded through Italy to Constantinople. He conducted his army with the most admirable order, through countries where so many of the crusaders had already perished, and having joined the other princes, entered the Turkish territories in the spring of 1097. The united forces of the crusaders consisted of 300,000 men, and with the women, children, and servants, made up a body of half a million. Unfortunately, however, they already found in the tribe of the Sedjencidians, who first opposed their progress, an enemy equally cunning and active, while they met with still greater and more serious obstacles in the deserts, where the Turks had destroyed everything which might have procured them some sustenance, and through which they had to pass from Asia Minor to Palestine. Hunger and disease carried off every day numbers of men and horses; even the bravest began to waver, and had it not been for the active genius and heroic firmness displayed by the brave Godfrey, this expedition would perhaps have experienced the same unfortunate result as those that preceded it. At length, in May, 1099, the wearied feet of the remaining portion of the army which had escaped so many dangers, trod the cherished soil of that hallowed land, and on the sixth of July they beheld from the top of a mountain near Emmaus the object of their ardent hopes and desires—Jerusalem! One universal shout of joy filled the air, vibrating in undying echoes from hill to hill, while tears of rapture burst from every eye. Their noble leader could scarcely prevent them from rushing forward at once, in their wild enthusiasm, to storm the walls of the holy city. But Godfrey soon perceived that the conquest of the place was not easy, and could not be effected in a moment, especially as the garrison was much stronger in numbers than the crusaders, of whom, out of 300,000, only 40,000 men were now left. At length, every preparation being made, and warlike machines with storming-ladders provided, in spite of every existing difficulty—for the country around was deficient in wood—the first general assault was made, on the 14th day of July; but, as the besieged defended themselves with the greatest bravery, this first attempt failed. On the following day, however, the Christians renewed the attack, and Godfrey was one of the first that mounted the enemy's ramparts. His sword opened a path for the rest; the walls were soon gained on all sides, the gates forced open, and the whole army rushed into the city. A dreadful scene of mas-

sacre now commenced; in their first fury the victors put all to the sword, and but few of the inhabitants escaped. When, however, reason at length resumed its sway, the warriors, wiping the blood from their swords, returned them to their scabbards, and then proceeded, bareheaded and barefooted, to prostrate themselves before the holy places; and the same city, which just before had resounded in every part with the wild shrieks of the slaughtered, was now filled with prayers and hymns to the honor and glory of God. The election of a sovereign for the new kingdom of Jerusalem became now an object of consideration, and Godfrey of Bouillon appeared to all as the most worthy to rule; but he refused to wear a crown of jewels on the spot where the Savior of the world had bled beneath one of thorns, and would only take the title of "Defender of the Holy Sepulchre." As he died, however, in the following year, his brother Baldwin assumed at once the title of king.*

SECOND CRUSADE.—The kingdom of Jerusalem had severe encounters to sustain with the infidels. When reinforcements no longer arrived from the West, the situation of the Christians became exceedingly precarious, especially after the powerful sultan of Mosul had taken Edessa, and threatened their borders from the east. At this junction, St. Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux, in Burgundy, aroused afresh the slumbering zeal of religion, and was the originator of the Second Crusade. The authority of this pious man was so great, that Louis VII of France yielded obedience to his exhortations, and even Conrad III was unable to resist the fiery eloquence with which he addressed him in the cathedral of Spire. Conrad assumed the cross, and marched with a stately army through Constantinople into Asia Minor. But here he was decoyed by the artifice of the Greek generals into a waterless desert, where the crusaders were suddenly attacked by innumerable squadrons of Turkish cavalry, who gave them so signal an overthrow, that scarcely a tenth part escaped with Conrad into Constantinople. The French army that marched along the coast fared no better. The greater number of the pilgrims perished either by the sword of the enemy, or by hunger and fatigue. The shattered forces of the two kings at length reached Jerusalem, but were unable to perform any action of importance, so that the position of the Christian kingdom became from day to day more difficult, especially as, shortly after their retreat, the magnanimous and vallant Curd, Saladin, made himself master of Egypt, and united in a short time all the lands between Cairo and Aleppo, under his sceptre. The kingdom of Jerusalem was soon in distress. Saladin granted a truce; but when this was violated by a Christian knight, who had audaciously interrupted the passage of Saladin's mother, robbed her of her treasures, and slaughtered her attendants, the sultan took the field with his army. The battle of Tiberias was decided against the Christians. King Guy, of Lusignan, and many of his nobles, were taken prisoners; Joppa, Sidon, Acre, and many other towns fell into the hands of the conquerors, and at length Jerusalem was also taken. The crosses were torn down, and the furniture of the churches destroyed, but the inhabitants were treated with forbearance. Saladin, far superior in virtue to his Christian adversaries, did not stain his triumph with cruelty.†

THIRD CRUSADE.—The Third Crusade is more interesting than the second, from the men who were prominent in it. They were, first, the celebrated Saladin, who defeated the Christians at Tiberias, July 4th, 1187, stormed Jerusalem on the 2d of October, and took almost every fortified place in

*Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.

*Kohlausch's History of Germany.
† Dr. George Weber.

Palestine. The news of these disasters caused the death of Pope Urban III of grief, and so thoroughly affected his successor, Gregory VIII, that he immediately preached a new crusade. The first to take the cross was the aged Frederic Barbarossa, emperor of Germany, who conducted a magnificent army by the route through Hungary and Greece in 1189. His death resulted from an imprudent bath in a river, before he reached the Holy Land, and his army accomplished little afterwards. Philip II, 1165-1223, of France, took the cross, and the redoubtable Richard I, 1157-1199, called *Cœur de Lion*, did the same. They met at Vezelay, in France, in the summer of 1190, and marched together to Lyons, where they separated to meet again before Acre, in the summer of 1191. After a siege the Turks surrendered Acre, and the event was followed by cruel massacres, of which the records of the crusades furnish us so many. After the reduction of Acre, the French king, being outshone by Richard on the field, returned to his dominions, probably thinking that during the absence of his English rival he could obtain some advantage over him at home. Proceeding toward Jerusalem, Richard's army was attacked by Saladin near Jaffa, but without success, and, though the crusaders continued their march, its results were unimportant, and in 1194 Richard returned to England, having accomplished little more during the four years of his absence than to effect a truce with Saladin in 1192, by which the Christians were to be allowed access to the holy places at Jerusalem.*

FULK OF NEUILLY.—About ten or twelve years after the loss of Jerusalem, the nobles of France were (A. D. 1198) again summoned to the holy war by the voice of a third prophet, less extravagant, perhaps, than Peter the Hermit, but far below St. Bernard in the merit of an orator and a statesman. An illiterate priest of the neighborhood of Paris, Fulk of Neuilly, forsook his parochial duty, to assume the more flattering character of a popular and itinerant missionary. The fame of his sanctity and miracles was spread over the land; he declaimed with severity and vehemence against the vices of the age; and his sermons, which he preached in the streets of Paris, converted even the doctors and scholars of the university. No sooner did Innocent the Third ascend the chair of St. Peter than he proclaimed in Italy, Germany, and France the obligation of a new crusade.†

THE FOURTH CRUSADE.—The knights of France and Italy assembled together at Venice, in the beginning of the thirteenth century, under Baldwin of Flanders, for the purpose of getting themselves conveyed to the Holy Land. Whilst here the Byzantine prince, Alexius, whose father, Isaac Angelus, had been deprived of the throne, rendered blind, and shut up in prison by his own brother, presented himself before them, and implored their assistance against the usurper. Alexius prevailed upon the crusaders by the promise of vast rewards. They sailed for Constantinople, under the command of the blind doge, Dandolo of Venice, who was then in his ninetieth year, took the city, and placed Alexius and his father on the throne. But when they insolently demanded the fulfilment of the promises made to them, the populace excited an insurrection, during which Alexius was killed, and his father died of fright, whilst the leader of the tumult was raised to the government. Upon this the Franks stormed Constantinople, plundered the churches, palaces, and dwelling houses, destroyed the noblest works of art and antiquity, and filled the whole city with terror and outrage. They flung the emperor from a pillar,

and then divided the Byzantine kingdom. The newly established Latin empire, with its chief city, Constantinople, fell to the share of the herole Baldwin. But the new empire had no solid foundation, nor any long continuance. It preserved itself with difficulty for half a century, by aid from the West, against its numerous enemies; the greater part of it then returned to Michael Palæologus, a descendant of the ancient imperial family. This crusade, however, was without results as far as Jerusalem was concerned; and as the Latin kingdom also drew away the strength from the Holy Land, the latter soon fell into distress.*

CHILDREN'S CRUSADE.—The most singular effect of the crusading spirit was witnessed in 1211, when a multitude, amounting, as some say, to 90,000, chiefly composed of children, and commanded by a child, set out for the purpose of recovering the Holy Land. They came for the most part from Germany, and reached Genoa without harm. But finding there an obstacle which their imperfect knowledge of geography had not anticipated, they soon dispersed in various directions. Thirty thousand arrived at Marseilles, where part were murdered, part probably starved, and the rest sold to the Saracens.†

THE FIFTH CRUSADE.—The emperor, Frederick II, undertook the Fifth Crusade, at a time when the sultan of Egypt was engaged in a war with the governor of Damascus, respecting the possession of Syria and Palestine. But the pope was indignant with the emperor, and forbade all Christian warriors to support his undertaking; and when Frederick nevertheless succeeded, by dextrously availing himself of circumstances, in bringing the sultan to a treaty, by which Jerusalem, Bethlehem, and Nazareth, together with their territories and the whole of the sea-coast between Jappa and Sidon, were ceded to the Christians, the pope fulminated an excommunication against the city and the Holy Sepulchre, so that Frederick II was obliged to place the crown of Jerusalem on his own head, without either a mass or the consecration of the church. Hated and betrayed by the Christian knights and priests in Jerusalem, Frederick, with shattered health, retired from the Holy Land. Fourteen years afterwards, the Carismians, a savage eastern race, poured themselves into Palestine, carrying death and destruction in their train. They took Jerusalem, destroyed the Holy Sepulchre, and tore the bones of the kings from their graves. The flowers of Christian chivalry fell at Gaza beneath their blows. Acre and a few other towns on the coast were all that remained to the Christians.*

CRUSADES OF SAINT LOUIS.—The last two crusades were undertaken by St. Louis, of France. In the first he was attended by 2,800 knights and 50,000 ordinary troops. He landed at Damietta, in Egypt, for that country was now deemed the key of the Holy Land, and easily made himself master of the city. But, advancing up the country, he found natural impediments as well as enemies in his way; the Turks assailed him with Greek fire, an instrument of warfare almost as surprising and terrible as gunpowder; he lost his brother, the Count of Artois, with many knights, at Massoura, near Cairo; and began too late a retreat toward Damietta. Such calamities now fell upon this devoted army as have scarce ever been surpassed; hunger and want of every kind, aggravated by an unsparing pestilence. At length the king was made prisoner, and very few of the army escaped the Turkish cimeter, in battle or in captivity. Four hundred thousand livres were paid as a ransom for

*Gilman's General History.

†Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.

*Dr. George Weber.

†Hallam's Middle Ages.

Louis. He returned to France and passed near twenty years in the exercise of those virtues which are his best title to canonization. But the fatal illusions of superstition were still always at his heart; nor did it fail to be painfully observed by his subjects, that he still kept the cross upon his garments. His last expedition was originally designed for Jerusalem. But he had received some intimation that the king of Tunis was desirous of embracing Christianity. That these intentions might be carried into effect, he sailed out of his way to the coast of Africa, and laid siege to that city. A fever here put an end to his life, sacrificed to that ruling passion which never would have forsaken him. But he had survived the spirit of the crusades; the disastrous expedition to Egypt had cured his subjects, though not himself, of their folly; his son, after making terms with Tunis, returned to France; the Christians were suffered to lose what they still retained in the Holy Land; and though many princes in subsequent ages talked loudly of renewing the war, the promise, if it were ever sincere, was never accomplished.*

CONSEQUENCES OF THE CRUSADES.—The consequences of the crusades were of vast importance to the progress of the European races. 1. Cultivation of mind was forwarded by them, inasmuch as an acquaintance with foreign lands and nations enlarged the hitherto contracted sphere of human knowledge, gave men an insight into the sciences and arts of other people, and enlightened their minds with regard to the world and human relations. 2. They ennobled the knightly class, by furnishing a more elevated aim to their efforts, and gave occasion for the establishment of fresh orders, who presented a model of chivalry, and were supposed to combine all the knightly virtues. Of these orders, those which most distinguished themselves, were the Knights of St. John (Hospitallers), the Templars, and the Teutonic knights. They combined the spirit of the knight and the monk; for in addition to the three conventual vows of chastity, poverty, and obedience, they joined a fourth—war to the infidels and protection to pilgrims. The order of St. John was divided into three classes: serving brothers, who were devoted to the care of sick pilgrims; priests, who ministered to the affairs of religion; and knights, who fought with the infidels, and escorted pilgrims. After the loss of the Holy Land, they obtained the island of Rhodes, and when they were compelled, after a most desperate resistance, to relinquish this to the Ottomans, the island of Malta was presented to them by the emperor Charles V. The Templars acquired vast wealth by donations and legacies. After the loss of their possessions in Palestine, the greater number of their members returned to France, where they gave themselves up to infidelity and a life of voluptuousness, which finally occasioned the dissolution of their order. The order of Teutonic Knights is less renowned for its deeds in Palestine than for its services in the civilization of the countries on the shores of the Baltic. Summoned to defend the germs of Christianity against the heathen Prussians on the banks of the Vistula, the order, after many bloody encounters, succeeded in converting the people between the Vistula and the Nieman to Christianity, and introducing the German manners, language, and cultivation. The cities of Culm, Thorn, Elbnig, Königsberg, and others, arose under the influence of the active traders of Bremen and Lubeck, bishoprics and churches were founded; the woods were cleared and converted into arable land; German industry and German civilization produced a complete transformation; but the ancient freedom of the people was destroyed. The Knights of the Order, (who since 1309 had had their residence in Marienburg,) conducted the govern-

ment, and the peasantry sank into the condition of serfs. About the time of the First Crusade, the Mohammedan prophet, Hassan, formed the fanatical sect of the Assassins, who dwelt in ancient Parthia, and the mountainous heights of Syria, and were remarkable for the entire renunciation of their own wills. They obeyed the commands of their chief, the "Old Man of the Mountain," with the blindest devotion, executed with subtlety and courage every murderous deed that was intrusted to them; made a jest of the torture when seized, and were the terror of both Turks and Christians. 3. The crusades gave rise to a free peasantry, inasmuch as, by means of them, many serfs attained their liberty, and raised and extended the power and importance of the burgher class and of the towns; whilst a nearer acquaintance with foreign lands and foreign productions gave an impulse to trade, developed commerce, and produced prosperity. 4. They increased the power and authority of the clergy, multiplied the riches of the church, (the clergy and the monasteries got possession of vast estates during the crusades, either by legacies and donations, or by purchase), and exalted the zeal for religion into a gloomy fanaticism. The latter quality was frightfully displayed in the persecution of the Waldenses and Albigenses, a religious sect who were desirous of restoring the apostolic simplicity of the church and clergy. Provence and Languedoc, in the south of France, where, under a beautiful and serene sky, a prosperous race of burghers had developed their free institutions, where the cheerful Provençal poetry of the troubadours had indulged its petulant and satirical humor at the expense of priests and bishops, was the residence of these Albigenses (so-called from the city, Alby). Against these men and their protector, Raymond VI, of Toulouse, Innocent III ordered the cross to be preached by the Cistercian monks. Hereupon, bands of savage warriors, with some fanatical monks bearing the cross before them, marched into the blooming land, destroyed the rich cities, towns and villages, slaughtered the innocent with the guilty, lighted up the flames of death, and filled the whole country with murder, plunder and desolation. Raymond for a long time resisted his enemies; but when Louis VIII, excited by an ignoble cupidity for extending his possessions, undertook the war against the heretics, the count submitted, and concluded a peace by which he surrendered the greater part of his territories to France. But a desolating war of twenty years had destroyed the beautiful culture of the south of France, turned the land into a wilderness, and silenced forever the cheerful song of the troubadour. A few years afterward the gallant peasant republic of the Stedingers was visited in a similar manner by a war of extermination, at the instance of the bishops of Bremen and Ratzburg.*

THE MOHAMMEDANS AND GREEKS.—After this narrative of the expeditions to Palestine and Constantinople, I can not dismiss the subject without revolving the general consequences on the countries that were the scene, and the nations that were the actors of these memorable crusades. As soon as the arms of the Franks were withdrawn, the impression, though not the memory, was erased in the Mohammedan realms of Egypt and Syria. The faithful disciples of the prophet were never tempted by a profane desire to study the laws or language of the idolaters; nor did the simplicity of their primitive manners receive the slightest alteration from their intercourse in peace and war with the unknown strangers of the West. The Greeks, who thought themselves proud, but who were only vain, showed a disposition somewhat less inflexible. In the efforts for the recovery of their empire, they emulated the valor, discipline, and tactics of their antagonists. The modern literature of the West, they

* Hallam's Middle Ages.

* Dr. George Weber.

might justly despise; but its free spirit would instruct them in the rights of man; and some institutions of public and private life were adopted from the French. The correspondence of Constantinople and Italy diffused the knowledge of the Latin tongue; and several of the fathers and classics were at length honored with a Greek version. But the national and religious prejudices of the Orientals were inflamed by persecution; and the reign of the Latins confirmed the separation of the two churches. The principle of the crusades was a savage fanaticism; and the most important effects were analagous to the cause. Each pilgrim was ambitious to return with his sacred spoils, the relics of Greece and Palestine; and each relic was preceded and followed by a train of miracles and visions. The belief of the Catholics was corrupted by new legends, their practice by new superstitions; and the establishment of the inquisition, the mendicant orders of monks and friars, the last abuse of indulgences, and the final progress of idolatry, flowed from the baleful fountain of the Holy War. The active spirit of the Latins preyed on the vitals of their reason and religion; and if the ninth and tenth centuries were the times of darkness, the thirteenth and fourteenth were the ages of absurdity and fable. In the profession of Christianity, in the cultivation of a fertile land, the northern conquerors of the Roman empire insensibly mingled with the provincials, and rekindled the embers of the arts of antiquity. Their settlements about the age of Charlemagne had acquired some degree of order and stability, when they were overwhelmed by new swarms of invaders, the Normans, Saracens, and Hungarians, who replunged the western countries of Europe into their former state of anarchy and barbarism. About the eleventh century, the second tempest had subsided by the expulsion or conversion of the enemies of Christendom; the tide of civilization, which had so long ebbed, began to flow with a steady and accelerated course, and a fairer prospect was opened to the hopes and efforts of the rising generations. Great was the increase and rapid the progress during the two hundred years of the crusades; and some philosophers have applauded the propitious influence of these holy wars, which appear to me to have checked rather than forwarded the maturity of Europe. The lives and labors of millions, which were buried in the East, would have been more profitably employed in the improvement of their native country; the accumulated stock of industry and wealth would have overflowed in navigation and trade, and the Latins would have been enriched and enlightened by a pure and friendly correspondence with the climates of the East. In one respect I can, indeed, perceive the accidental operation of the crusades, not so much in producing a benefit as in removing an evil. The larger portion of the inhabitants of Europe was chained to the soil, without freedom, or property, or knowledge; and the two orders of ecclesiastics and nobles, whose numbers were comparatively small, alone deserved the name of citizens and men. This oppressive system was supported by the arts of the clergy and the swords of the barons. The authority of the priests operated in the darker ages as a salutary antidote; they prevented the total extinction of letters, mitigated the fierceness of the times, sheltered the poor and defenceless, and preserved or revived the peace and order of civil society. But the independence, rapine, and discord of the feudal lords were unmixed with any semblance of good; and every hope of industry and improvement was crushed by the iron weight of the martial aristocracy. Among the causes that undermined that gottic edifice, a conspicuous place must be allowed to the crusades. The estates of the barons were dissipated, and their race was often extinguished, in these costly and perilous expeditions. Their poverty extorted from their pride those charters of freedom which unlocked the fetters of the slave, secured the farm of the peasant, and the shop of the

artificer, and gradually restored a substance and a soul to the most numerous and useful part of the community. The conflagration which destroyed the tall and barren trees of the forest, gave air and scope to the vegetation of the smaller and nutritive plants of the soil.*

The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfills himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. / More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. / Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep and goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer,
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
But now Farewell!

—Tennyson: "The Passing of Arthur."

*Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.

CHEMISTRY.

III.

SILICON, BORON, ARSENIC.—Just as certain letters are employed to spell certain words, and as a fixed number of letters constitute the alphabet, so in Chemistry do certain letters indicate certain elements, and always represent fixed weights of those elements. According to their behavior toward Hydrogen, we can arrange the elements in classes.

Those which unite with Hydrogen, atom for atom, are called monads. Others, which unite with two atoms of Hydrogen, are called dyads, from the Greek word signifying two. Again, others are called triads, and displace, or unite with, three atoms of Hydrogen. Yet others are called tetrads, and for similar reasons, because they displace, or unite with, four atoms of Hydrogen.

To take illustrations. Chlorine unites with hydrogen to form hydrogen chloride, HCl ; it is therefore a monad. Oxygen unites with hydrogen to form hydrogen oxide, H_2O ; it is therefore a dyad. Nitrogen with hydrogen forms ammonia, H_3N ; it is a triad. Carbon unites with hydrogen to form marsh-gas, H_4C ; carbon is therefore a tetrad.

SILICON.—The element Silicon* is not found native, nor is it of any value in an uncombined state. Nevertheless, in combination with oxygen, it constitutes the principal part of the earth's crust: as silicic acid it is indeed a well-known mineral.

In properties, silicon closely resembles carbon and belongs to the same group of elements. If heated strongly in oxygen, it burns with magnificent light to silicic acid, just as carbon burns to carbonic acid.

Silicic acid is found in the pure state, and is met with as "rock-crystal," in perfectly colorless and transparent, beautifully crystallized, six-sided prisms. The finest crystals are cut into ornaments, or are employed as substitutes for glass in spectacles, and other optical instruments. So used, they are termed pebbles, and they possess an advantage over glass in their extreme hardness, rendering them less liable to be scratched. The finest specimens of rock-crystal are found in the mountains of Switzerland, Ceylon, Madagascar, and Brazil. A purple variety is known as "amethyst." Brown and yellow rock-crystals, of great beauty and value as stones, are found in the mountain of Cairngorm in Scotland. The precious "opal" is but a combination of silicic acid with water. All the varieties of beautiful stones known as Agate, Blood-stone, Flint, Carnelian, Cat's-eye, Onyx,

* Symbol Si. Tetrad.

Chrysoprase, Jasper, etc., are but varieties of silicic acid. But the commonest form of silicic acid is sandstone. Rocks of sandstone are found in nearly all countries, and, though they may differ in minor points, there are more points of resemblance. The various colors are due principally to iron-oxide. Some sandstones are very dense; others porous, and fitted for conveying water through the earth. Under the name of quartz, crystalline sandstones are in some places developed either into projecting veins penetrating other rocks, and forming picturesque objects jutting into air, or they occupy important positions in mountainous countries, remarkable alike for their picturesqueness, and absolute barrenness. Sand is nothing but pulverized sandstone.

Silicic Acid, when pure, is insoluble in water, and infusible except in the oxy-hydrogen flame. Owing, therefore, to the intense heat required for its fusion, it can not be melted in any ordinary furnace, and can therefore only be applied as a substitute for glass, when found in such masses as to allow of its being mechanically wrought into the required forms.

Although in itself practically infusible, and insoluble in water, at a high temperature it may be fused with many metallic oxides. Its salts are called silicates, and many of them are as common as they are valuable. Glass is a silicate. Silicic acid is insoluble in all acids except hydrogen fluoride, but it is dissolved by boiling solutions of potassium and sodium hydrate.

Silicon has a great attraction for Fluorine; on this account hydrogen fluoride is used in etching glass. Silicon fluoride is a gas, and so the fluorine literally flies away with the silicic acid of the glass.

Leaving silicon, we come to Boron,* an element only found in chemical combination with oxygen. It is never found native and is not useful. One form of boron is nearly as hard as the diamond. It can not be melted, and is insoluble in water. At high temperatures boron oxidizes, and burns into boracic acid.

Boracic acid is the only oxide of boron. The chief supplies are obtained from the steam jets which escape from the earth in some parts of Tuscany. These vapors are conducted into water, which dissolves the acid; on evaporation of the water, the acid remains.

When obtained from water, the latter unites with the boracic acid to form hydrogen borate. It has then the appearance of pearly scales, which require 25 parts of cold water for solution. When gently heated it loses its water, and at a high temperature melts into a clear glass. It is soluble in alcohol, and the solution burns with a green flame. Salts of boracic acid are called borates; thus we have hydrogen borate, sodium borate, etc. Sodium borate is the "Borax" of commerce: it is found native in Thibet. Borax is much used in the glaze of china, and in soldering metals.

Arseniet is an element which is found in nature both free and combined with other metals. The metals Cobalt, Nickel and Iron are frequently found united with Sulphur, as well as with Arsenic. When heated in the air, all these elements oxidize; the metals remain as oxides, but the sulphur volatilizes as sulphurous acid, and the oxidized arsenic condenses in the form of a white solid, well-known as arsenious acid.

Arsenic is a steel-grey solid, which burns with bluish flame into arsenious acid, diffusing at the same time the odor of garlic. The most poisonous of all gases is the compound which arsenic forms with hydrogen. In composition it closely resembles ammonia and hydrogen phosphide.

Arsenious acid is the "white arsenic" of commerce. It can

be bought in the form of a white powder, resembling flour, but much heavier. Copper arsenite is of a lovely green color; it is the Paris Green so much used to destroy insect pests.

The word metal can not be defined in such a manner that the definition will strictly exclude all but metals. It seems to be a conventional term used in expressing some vague idea with regard to several elements. If we examine some of the properties of the so-called metals we will more fully understand what the term means.

The metals proper are for the most part good conductors of heat and electricity. All of them are solid at common temperatures, with the exception of Mercury, which is fluid above -39°C , and perhaps Cesium. Their physical condition is, however, simply a question of temperature. Some of them, as Tin, Lead, Cadmium, and Zinc, melt below red heat; others, as Silver, Copper, and Gold, melt above a red heat, yet at a temperature easily attainable in a furnace; while some, like Iron, Cobalt, and Nickel, require a bright white heat before they will melt. Platinum is infusible in all ordinary furnaces. Many metals may be volatilized by heat. Mercury, Cadmium, Zinc, Potassium, and Sodium are obtained by distillation. Metallic lustre, though a common, is not an essential feature of the metals. All the metals are obtained without this lustre, while elements like Graphite, Iodine, Silicon, and Boron exhibit it also to perfection. The metals are perfectly opaque, except when beaten into very thin leaves. Gold-leaf transmits a green light. The variations in color are not so great as might be expected from so large a number of the elements. Most of them present various shades of silvery whiteness, or the bluish color of Zinc and Lead, the grey of Iron, the red of Copper, and the pale-yellow of Barium and Calcium, and the bright-yellow of Gold.

The metals are all insoluble in water, unless the decomposition of the latter is brought about.

They differ greatly in hardness. Iridium is exceedingly hard, while Lead is so soft as to be readily cut with a knife, and Potassium and Sodium may be spread like butter. The very terms soft and hard are but relative, the condition of metals in this respect being affected not only by temperature, but by the mode of manufacture. A metal may be very hard, and yet have but little tenacity, by which we mean its power of resisting rupture by extension. Bismuth and Antimony are broken to pieces by a blow; Zinc can scarcely be bent without its cohesion being overcome; while Iron, Copper, Platinum, and Silver, possess a very high degree of tenacity. Iron is twenty-six times more tenacious than Lead. The relative tenacity of the metals is determined by testing the comparative strength of wires that have been drawn through the same draw-plate, and are consequently of precisely the same diameter. When a metal can be extended, without rupture, by hammering, it is said to be malleable. Gold, Silver, Copper, Platinum, Iron, and Aluminum are the most malleable. Gold-leaf is only 1-250000 of an inch in thickness. All malleable metals are ductile, or capable of extension by drawing; but their ductility is not always in proportion to their malleability. A ductile metal is capable of being drawn into wire, but its value as wire depends on its tenacity. Gold, Silver, Platinum, Iron, and Copper are the most ductile, and they are arranged in the order of their ductility.

The rarer metals are nearly always found native, or in the condition in which we employ them. Gold, Platinum, and Bismuth are always so found; Silver and Copper frequently, but not mainly.

The variations among metals, in density or specific gravity, are remarkably great. Lithium, the lightest of all, is of specific gravity 0.59, while Platinum is 21.53 times heavier than water, which is always taken as the standard of comparison of the relative weights of solids and liquids.

*Symbol B, Triad, Atomic Weight 11.

†Symbol As, Atomic Weight 75.

Many of the metals are capable of combination with others to form alloys; some of these are possessed of much beauty, others of great importance in the useful and fine arts. Copper, for instance, is not suitable for castings; but, combined with zinc, it forms the alloy brass, and with tin, bronze. Steel, a carbide of iron, is a compound of carbon with iron. A combination of mercury with other metals is not called an alloy, but an amalgam.

Some of the metals, as iron and platinum, possess the valuable property of softening before fusion, and in this state several pieces may be united by pressure, a mode of union known as welding.

The compounds of oxygen with the non-metallic elements have acid properties; they redden litmus when soluble in water, and generally unite with hydrogen oxide to form a salt of hydrogen.

Oxygen unites with the metals, and forms metallic oxides or bases, with properties the very opposite to those of acids. When soluble in water, they turn red litmus-paper blue, and they unite with acids to form salts.

Oxygen unites with the metals in different proportions, and forms different classes of basic oxides. When only one basic oxide is known, it is simply called by the name of the metal, as lead oxide, silver oxide, potassium oxide, etc., and the salts are known as those of lead, silver, and potassium. But when a metal forms two basic oxides, the one containing least oxygen is known by the affix *ous*, and the other containing most, by the affix *ic*. Thus we have ferrous and ferric oxides, and ferrous and ferric salts.

Sulphur unites with the metals, and forms sulphides. Most of the oxides have corresponding sulphides, and the same distinctions are made. We have but one sulphide of lead, silver and potassium, but there are two sulphides of iron, distinguished as ferrous sulphide, and ferric sulphide.

A metallic compound from which the metal is usually extracted, is called an ore.

Metallic ores do not generally compose large beds or extensive strata in the crust of our globe, but are usually found in clefts, rents, or fissures called veins. The process of obtaining the ores from these veins is called mining—a term also applied in the getting of coal, salt, etc. The mode of proceeding varies. The mining operations are the simplest when the vein is in strata, hills, rocks, or mountains. If the vein be exposed at the surface of the ground, the mineral is simply dug out, and the excavation thus made, serves as a passage to the interior of the mountain in following the vein. When the vein does not appear externally, or when it takes a new direction after being followed for some distance, access to it is obtained by adits or levels (horizontal galleries dug from the sides of the hill), till the vein is reached. Similar galleries are also sometimes constructed to carry off the water which drains through the higher parts of the mountain, and which would otherwise hinder the works. When the mineral lies in strata considerably below the surface of the earth, then a perpendicular pit or shaft is sunk to the required depth, and, from its bottom or sides, horizontal galleries are carried to the beds, veins, or strata. The mode of supporting the overlying mass of earth or rock, after the excavation, depends upon the nature of the mineral. Where it is valuable, the roof or cavern overhead, left by the removal of the ore, is propped up by timber or pieces of masonry; but in mines of coal or salt, the whole bed is not dug out, but masses of it are left, like columns, to support the roof.

Of course the ventilation of mines is an important consideration. The mode usually adopted is to cause a current of fresh air from the surface of the earth to descend one shaft, or one-half of a shaft, to supply the place of the impure or noxious air which is made to rise through another shaft, or through the other half of the same. The current is created,

in many cases, by large fires at the bottom of the shaft, the impure air of which being thereby heated, ascends, and fresh air must descend to take its place. The ventilation of mines depends upon principles well understood. The use of a second shaft is not confined to its necessity for full ventilation, but may also be of the last importance as affording to miners a second place of exit in the event of one being closed by an accident.

The treatment of the ores for the extraction of the metal resolves itself into two distinct operations; one mechanical, the other chemical. The mechanical process adopted depends upon the marketable value of the ore, as the greater its worth, the more labor can be profitably expended on its working. The chemical management depends on the nature of the ore, which must determine whether the extraneous matters Sulphur, Oxygen, etc., can be removed at once, or whether their removal can only be effected after the addition of more oxygen. If the ore be a sulphide, as is the case with Lead, the first process resorted to is that of "roasting" in a reverberatory furnace. When the doors of the furnace are wide open, oxidation more or less complete takes place; while with closed doors the ore is deoxidized or reduced.

The process of roasting consists, then, in oxidation. The Sulphur of the compound unites with Oxygen and volatilizes as Sulphurous acid, whilst the metal also oxidizes and remains in the form of an oxide. Reduction implies, on the contrary, the bringing back of the metal, from the state of combination, to an elementary condition. Carbon and Hydrogen are the great reducing agents. When Hydrogen is passed over an oxide heated to redness, it reduces the oxide, with formation of water, and separation of the metal. The reducing power of Carbon also depends upon the facility with which it unites with Oxygen; but the form in which it will pass off, whether a Carbonic oxide or Carbonic acid, is determined by the nature of the ore. If the metallic oxide is readily reduced, Carbonic acid will be given off, because the temperature required for its reduction is low; but if the temperature at which reduction takes place is very high, the Carbon will pass off as Carbonic oxide.

(The process of separating a metal from its ore, is called smelting.) In carrying out this process, it often becomes necessary to get rid of the Silicic acid contained in many ores, by means of flux. This, as the word itself indicates, is something that will liquefy. The flux employed in smelting an ordinary iron ore consists of Lime, or Calcium oxide, which, uniting with the silicic acid of the ore, forms a liquid "slag" of Calcium silicate. If the lime were not added, the iron oxide would be lost as iron silicate; as soon, however, as the silicic acid is combined with the Calcium oxide, the Carbon and Hydrogen of the fuel act as reducing agents upon the iron oxide. Iron is prepared from its native oxide, or from an artificial oxide made by roasting native carbonate.

To render this matter more intelligible, let us further illustrate it by the example of an iron ore, Ferrous carbonate. Now, a red-heat suffices to rid the ore of its carbonic acid, and the oxygen of the air to turn ferrous into ferric oxide. Fuel would do the rest, and would remove the oxygen from the ferric oxide. But Ferrous carbonate is scarcely ever pure. The so-called Clay-ironstone is Ferrous carbonate mixed with clay (aluminum silicate), lime-stone (calcium carbonate), and other matters. After the ore has been roasted it is ready for smelting, and this is done in the blast-furnace. It consists of a truncated, pyramidal mass of brickwork, about fifty feet high, and from fourteen to seventeen feet in diameter in the widest part of the cavity, and with a double-coned, hollow centre. The lowest portion, or neck of the funnel, is called the crucible, and is made of the most refractory stone. On the sides are the openings for the blast-

pipes, through which hot air under pressure is introduced, these being the only openings for the supply of air. Into this furnace a mixture of equal weights of roasted ore and coal, with one-fifth of limestone, are thrown from above. The ore is reduced through the agency of the carbon and hydrogen of the coal, and the silicic acid contained in the clay-ironstone unites with the lime and alumina to form fusible silicates or "slags," which, being lighter than the metal, swim upon its surface. In quantity this slag is five times that of the iron, and is constantly run off from an opening left for the purpose. In the course of a day and night the iron is reduced to a metallic state, and is drawn off into channels of sand. In this state it is known as "pig-iron."

The gases which escape from the top of the furnace consist principally of nitrogen (from the air), carbonic oxide, hydrogen, and carbonic acid.

CARBONATES AND SILICATES.—As the extent of this article is too limited to allow of any treatment of the metals, some attention may be given to a few metallic salts.

Potassium carbonate is the pearl-ash of the shops. It is a white, granular salt, so very soluble in water that it attracts moisture from the air, and flows into a liquid (deliquesces). Red litmus paper is turned blue by its solution in water. On burning wood, an ash remains consisting principally of this salt; when dissolved in water, and evaporated in iron pots, it constitutes "potash." The metal Potassium or Kallium is made by heating the carbonate with charcoal.

Sodium carbonate is well-known as washing-soda. The so-called bi-carbonate of soda is a white powder resembling pounded sugar; it is not nearly so alkaline as the carbonate, because it contains less soda. It is sometimes used to neutralize acidity, to soften water, and for making effervescing drinks.

Calcium carbonate is one of the most abundant of rocks and minerals. In a pure form it is met with crystallized, as "Island Spar" and "Calcspar." Limestone, chalk, and marble are varieties of Calcium carbonate, and so also is "Coral." Shells also consist nearly entirely of calcium carbonate. In water it is nearly insoluble, as a gallon will only take up two grains. When, however, water contains carbonic acid, as nearly all waters do, then it is much more soluble and gives rise to calcareous waters. This solution of Calcium carbonate gives to spring and sea-waters one of their great characteristics—hardness. Carbonic acid thus breaks down some of the hardest limestone rocks by a purely chemical process, and becomes the occasion of one of the commonest natural phenomena of limestone districts, viz., the enormous natural caverns peculiar to them. The roofs of these are often found clothed with pendent masses of calcium carbonate which hang like icicles, called by the name of "Stalactites," while their floor is covered with a thick layer of the same nature, formed by the droppings from the stalactites, and known as "Stalagmites." Their formation is due to the facility with which the lime-laden water, when exposed to the air, parts with the excess of carbonic acid; then, as it is no longer able to hold in solution all the calcium carbonate, a portion is deposited.

When a water contains calcium carbonate in solution, it can be softened by boiling; such water is called temporarily hard. The crust of calcium carbonate is a very bad conductor of heat, and very much impedes the boiling of water in kettles and boilers. There are many other carbonates. As a rule, when they are heated to redness, they give off Carbonic acid, and the oxide remains. We have a good illustration of this in the making of "quick-lime" (Calcium oxide): Calcium carbonate becomes Calcium oxide when thus heated.

The silicates are of great importance. Granite is a mixture of various silicates with silicic acid. Both "Mica" and "Felspar" are silicates.

Calcium silicate is contained in window-glass, and is formed by melting calcium carbonate together with silicic acid. "Clay" is silicate, and, indeed, an aluminum silicate. When pure, it is perfectly white, and is used in making china. Heated to redness, clay shrinks, but does not melt, and hence it is employed in making fire-bricks. The common clays are more or less colored, owing to the presence of iron as iron-oxide; they are perfectly insoluble in water, and very retentive of moisture, insomuch that a stiff clay is never deprived of all its moisture by the hottest sunshine.

Glass is a mixture of various silicates, the most important of which are the silicates of potassium, sodium, calcium, and lead. In its most familiar form, glass is a transparent, brittle substance, very ductile just before the point of fusion, and therefore very easily wrought into any desired form. The extent of its fusibility depends altogether upon the nature of the silicates employed. In the manufacture of the superior qualities of glass, everything depends upon the judicious selection of materials. Potassium carbonate must always be employed when perfectly colorless glass is wanted. Soda, although it furnishes a glass of greater lustre than Potash, communicates to it a greenish tinge. Calcium Oxide may be employed as quick-lime, or in the form of calcium carbonate. It is chiefly used in the manufacture of flint-glass. Next to these, lead-oxide ranks in importance as an ingredient in glass-making, its presence being the distinguishing characteristic of flint-glass. It is used both in the form of lead-oxide, and red-lead, a higher oxide of lead. The great use of lead-oxide lies in its power of forming very fusible silicates, possessing a high metallic lustre; but, unfortunately, lead silicate is very soft and easily scratched. Among the essentials to glass-making must be mentioned broken glass and decolorizing agents.

The mixture of the materials for glass-making is effected in large conical crucibles, made of the most infusible fire-clay, and which have been previously heated nearly to whiteness. The chemical action is simple, and one explanation will suffice for all kinds of material. If we suppose, for example, the silicic acid to be mixed with potassium carbonate, carbonic acid is expelled, and potassium silicate produced. As long as the solution of carbonic acid lasts, the whole mass is kept in agitation by the escape of the gas, and thus the mixture of the materials is promoted.

The glass, however, does not for a long time become transparent, owing partly to the unwillingness of the last gas-bubbles to make their escape, and partly to the excess of lime, and of other earthly impurities that will not fuse. For the purpose of allowing these to settle, and the gas to escape more freely, the temperature of the furnace is raised so as to render the glass as fluid as possible, the process occupying, in all about forty-eight hours. This being accomplished, the temperature is gradually lowered by regulating the draught, so as to allow the glass to assume the pasty consistence, in which it may be readily shaped at pleasure into the required form.

Plate-glass and common window-glass consist chiefly of sodium and calcium silicates, and are therefore made from the raw materials, sand, soda-ash, calcium carbonate, and broken glass. Great care is required that the calcium carbonate be not in excess, as the glass would in that case appear milky on cooling.

In many manufactories glass is first blown into the form of a spheroid, which, when its ends are cut off, leaves a cylinder which is divided by means of shears, or by a straight line traced by a drop of water. It is then taken to the furnace to be spread out, or flattened by means of an iron rule into a sheet.

Sheet-glass is far less brilliant and more wavy than crown-glass, and it is much improved by grinding and polishing. The process of annealing is of great importance, all glass

being inclined to brittleness, and liable to fly. The perfection of the process depends entirely on the temperature of the furnace in which the operation is conducted; if too high, the glass would partially melt and lose its shape; if too low, the plates would be badly annealed, and would be likely to fly when taken out.

Bottles are made of the cheapest materials. The sand always contains ferric oxide (iron-oxide), which not only gives color, but greater fusibility. A heated pipe having been dipped into the melted glass, and a certain quantity thus collected, is withdrawn by a continuous rotary motion; when the glass has become sufficiently consistent not to bend on itself, the blower blows through the pipe, and gives the glass somewhat of the form of an egg. After having introduced it into a mould of a proper form, as soon as the bottle is formed, the blower withdraws it from the mould, and by a see-saw motion raises it on high and inclines the bottom of the bottle. Then, taking a drop of water, he applies it to the neck of the bottle, which is immediately carried to a small cavity in the side of the furnace, and separated from the pipe by a dextrous jerk. The bottle being thus prepared, the blower turns it, and fashioning the pipe to its base, extracts from the pot, with another pipe, a small quantity of melted glass, which he can draw out like thread. The end of this he brings to the neck of the bottle, and, by a rotary motion, surrounds the mouth with a small glass cord; he then introduces the neck into the working hole, and finishes the mouth with pincers. The bottle being completed, an assistant takes it from the hand of the master workman, carries it to the annealing furnace and detaches the pipe by a dextrous blow.

Etching, or engraving on glass, is effected by hydrogen fluoride.

The art of staining must have been nearly of the same age as the discovery of glass; or rather it may be asserted, that it was at all times easier to obtain a colored than a colorless glass. The imitation of precious stones, so commonly found with Egyptian mummies, shows that the knowledge of the various colors obtainable in glass must have been even then very complete. The so-called painted glass, used in our ancient churches, is only superficially colored; the method of coloring the glass throughout now generally adopted, was acquired in the fifteenth century.

Aluminum silicate or clay, is, in its way, as useful as the various silicates which compose glass. Aluminum oxide is better known as alumina. It is found nearly pure as Corundum; "emery" is an impure corundum. The ruby and the sapphire also consist of alumina, tinged with coloring matters.

The metal Aluminum was discovered by Woehler, and derives its name from alum, which is a salt of aluminum and potassium. It is never found native. The chief uses of aluminum are: for the purposes of ornament, the manufacture of small weights, and the production of aluminum-bronze—an alloy of copper and aluminum.

The plastic qualities of clay (aluminum silicate), and its power of hardening under the influence of heat, must have suggested at a very early period in the history of man its application in the making of utensils for the many requirements of daily life; while scarcely any art has made greater advances from its rude commencement, and probably none has been more indebted for its progress to the aid of science.

The bricks with which our houses are built, the slates and tiles with which they are roofed, the china and earthenware which we use, are all of them but varieties of clays, so abundantly distributed over the earth.

When slowly dried, clay shrinks considerably, and soon exhibits its unfitness, by itself, to form good utensils. It does not fuse even under exposure to the greatest heat of an air-furnace, but shrinks and splits into hard pieces. When

burnt it is still perfectly white, and adheres tenaciously to the tongue. It is greatly absorbent of water, acting like capillary tubes and allowing the water to flow through.

The only clay suitable for the manufacture of porcelain, is that called kaolin or china-clay. But even this is not able to perform all the service required of it, without the assistance of some substitute to obviate the two defects just mentioned as common to all clays, viz., its porosity, and its troublesome property of shrinking as it dries. These faults are entirely remedied by admixture of the clay with silicic acid, the same substance which was found to be so essential in the manufacture of glass.

OTHER METALLIC SALTS.—The carbonates and silicates already mentioned will serve as illustrations of their character: they are very numerous, and their importance can be estimated by the youngest reader.

The Chlorides are all soluble in water, except "calomel," or mercurous chloride, and silver chloride. Potassium chloride crystallizes in cubes. It is largely contained in kelp, and is consequently a constituent of sea-water. (Sodium chloride [NaCl] is our "common salt.") Water dissolves rather more than one-third of its weight, and deposits a portion, from a hot solution, in cubes. The sea-water about our coasts contains 2.7 per cent., which is equal to rather more than four ounces per gallon. The crystals decrepitate, or break up with noise, when strongly heated, owing to the moisture shut up in them. (Our chief source of salt is from salt wells and springs; but there is a deposit of rock-salt in Poland, at Wielitzka, which is no less than five hundred miles long, twenty miles wide, and one thousand two hundred feet thick. Sodium chloride is of much use in the arts.)

Calcium chloride is a white, deliquescent substance, much used in drying gases. It is always produced in making Carbonic acid from Calcium carbonate. Calcium chloride must not be mistaken for Chloride of lime, which emits Chlorine on exposure to air, and is highly valued as a bleaching and disinfecting agent. It is prepared on a large scale by exposing Calcium hydrate to the action of Chlorine gas: the latter simply drives out water from the hydrate, and takes its place.

Several of the chlorides are employed in making the respective metals. If Magnesium chloride, or Aluminum chloride, be heated strongly with the metal Sodium, Sodium chloride is formed, and the metals Magnesium or Aluminum are obtained.

The Bromides and Iodides resemble the chlorides: some of them are of great importance in medicine as well as in the arts. Potassium bromide is used in the preparation of the element Bromine. Sodium iodide is contained in the ash of sea-weeds, and is resorted to in the manufacture of iodine. The salt of iodine most valued in medicine, is, however, Potassium iodide.

There is but one Fluoride of importance found native. Calcium fluoride is known as the mineral "fluor-spar," so much used in etching glass. It will be remembered that when Calcium fluoride is treated with sulphuric acid, Hydrogen fluoride passes over.

Hydrogen sulphate, sulphuric acid, has been already mentioned; it is the most energetic of all the salts of Hydrogen, and is therefore used for setting free other hydrogen salts. Potassium sulphate results from the manufacture of Hydrogen nitrate, and Sodium sulphate from the preparation of Hydrogen chloride. Only a few others can be described. Calcium sulphate is found native as "Selenite," "Gypsum," and "Alabaster." It occurs also crystallized, and requires four hundred parts of water for solution. This salt is contained in many waters, and confers the property of "permanent hardness," as distinctive from the "temporary hardness" of calcareous waters containing calcium carbonate; such a water, on evaporation, deposits a crust difficult

to remove, because so little soluble. When heated to 260°C , Calcium sulphate loses its water of crystallization, and acquires the property of "setting" when mixed with water. It becomes "Plaster of Paris."

Magnesium sulphate is the well-known "Epsom salts." It dissolves in less than three times its own weight of water, and the solution possesses the bitter taste which belongs to the soluble salts of Magnesium. Ferrous sulphate is known in commerce as "green vitriol" and "copperas." The crystals are of a pale sea-green color. Zinc sulphate is commonly called "white vitriol." It resembles Magnesium and Ferrous sulphates, in that it contains the same amount of water of crystallization. Copper sulphate is called "blue vitriol," and is the only common salt of Copper. The crystals are of a rich blue color; when they are heated they lose their water of crystallization, and become white.

Potassium nitrate is "saltpetre." It crystallizes from water in six-sided prisms, and melts when heated; at a higher temperature it loses oxygen. Its chief use is in making hydrogen nitrate, and gunpowder. The latter is a mixture of saltpetre, charcoal, and sulphur; when detonated, the explosive force of gunpowder is due to the large quantities of heated Carbonic acid and Nitrogen gases, which are set free. Sodium nitrate is found native in Peru.

The Chlorates resemble the Nitrates both in composition and in properties. Potassium chlorate is much used in making Oxygen. The salt crystallizes in scales. As soon as it is melted, the temperature rises, and then Oxygen is given off: the chlorate, by loss of Oxygen, being changed into chloride.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF METALLIC OXIDES AND HYDRATES.—Many of the elements are known to oxidize readily; so readily, indeed, that it would be impossible to preserve them, as such, in the air. We are obliged to keep Potassium and Sodium in benzol, or some other liquid consisting only of Carbon and Hydrogen, for in the air they oxidize with remarkable rapidity. If the air be dry, the two metals are changed respectively into Potassium oxide and Sodium oxide.

Some metals take fire when heated in air, and burn with wonderful brilliancy into metallic oxides. Magnesium and Zinc form excellent illustrations; they become changed into Magnesium oxide and Zinc oxide.

Nearly all metallic Oxides are insoluble in water, but they have all a great tendency to unite with water, and to form Hydrates. Thus, common "Rust" is a Ferric hydrate; "Caustic potash" is Potassium hydrate, and "Slaked" lime is Calcium hydrate.

Hydrates, as well as Oxides, are, for the most part, insoluble in water. When soluble, they turn red litmus paper blue.

Litmus is much used as a test. The blue coloring matter of litmus is furnished by a Lichen, the *Roccella tinctoria*, which grows upon rocks on the sea-coasts of Corsica, Sardinia, etc. The blue color is reddened by acids, and restored by alkalies.

Potassium oxide is a white solid, which dissolves in water, as potassium hydrate, or caustic potash. This hydrate is prepared on a large scale by dissolving Potassium carbonate in water, and adding slaked lime, or Calcium hydrate; Calcium carbonate separates, and, on cooling, the potassium hydrate may be poured off as clear liquid. The liquid is boiled down in an iron or silver basin, and the solid residue is melted if required.

Potassium hydrate is a greyish-white solid, which deliquesces, or flows into a liquid, when exposed to damp air. On account of its caustic properties it is used in surgery, and is generally sold in sticks, which have been cast in moulds. Its solution in water is intensely alkaline, and blues red litmus.

The affinity of potassium hydrate for carbonic acid is very great, and, as a test, it is indispensable to the chemist. It is also used in making soft soap.

Sodium oxide is yellowish-white, with a greedy affinity for water, with which it forms sodium hydrate, or caustic soda. It is much used in making soap. On a small scale it can be made from Sodium carbonate, by means of slaked lime, in exactly the same manner as potassium hydrate: it has similar properties.

Calcium oxide is the well-known "quick-lime." It forms a white, infusible mass, but little soluble in water. When 56 parts by weight are mixed with 18 parts of water, they enter into combination with great heat, and form Calcium hydrate, the well-known "slaked lime." Calcium oxide is made upon a large scale by heating lime-stone to redness, and it is extensively employed in making mortars and cements. The solution of Calcium hydrate is well-known to chemists as Lime-water, and is used as a test for Carbonic acid.

Magnesium oxide is the "Magnesia" of the chemist. Like Lime, it is a white, infusible solid, but almost insoluble in water. Nevertheless it turns red litmus blue. Like Calcium oxide it also forms a hydrate.

No substances are possessed of such powerful cleansing properties as Potassium and Sodium hydrates. Both of these are soluble in less than half their weight of water, and both have the power of dissolving the skin with very great rapidity. They possess further the remarkable property of being able to enter readily into combination with every variety of fatty matter, to form compounds which are soluble in water. Every requisite in a cleansing agent appears united in Potash and Soda, save one; their destructive action upon the skin would render their employment, by themselves, quite out of the question. The discovery, therefore, that they are capable of uniting with fatty matters to form compounds possessed of nearly all their cleansing powers, with little or none of their caustic properties, was a great step in advance toward their practical application.

Such animal and vegetable fats as are fit for employment in soap-making are so similar in character that they may be considered together. When melted, or if naturally liquid, they all produce a greasy stain upon paper or linen: in the case of a volatile oil, this stain disappears on the application of even a moderate heat, but is permanent in the case of a fixed oil or fat. All fats are insoluble in water; how much, therefore, must their composition become changed, when they unite with potash and soda to form soaps readily soluble in water.

A good soap should be a definite chemical compound. The presence of any excess of water, or of any material foreign to its purpose as a cleansing agent, detracts from its value. Potash-soaps are as a rule more soluble than soda-soaps. Both are said to be soluble in distilled water, but in reality this solution consists in a ready separation of the more soluble alkali, whose presence renders soap of such value in the removal of fatty matters.

CONCLUDING REMARKS.—It will have been understood from what has been said that few of the elements are to be met with in the free state, or native. Most of them are found in combination with oxygen, or in an oxidized form.

The two elements best suited for the removal of Oxygen from metallic Oxides, are Hydrogen and Carbon. Hydrogen unites with Oxygen to form Hydrogen oxide (Water), while Carbon forms Carbonic oxide or Carbonic acid. Generally, a somewhat high temperature is required for the removal of Oxygen, but, in most cases, the application of a fuel like coal, or wood, is able to bring about the reduction. Depending upon this fact, we obtain iron from any of its oxidized compounds.

The elements unite with one another in fixed and never-

varying proportions. Such are the compounds with which we have become familiar. Carbonic acid is a compound, of 12 parts by weight of Carbon, with 32 parts by weight of Oxygen. The symbol which represents Carbonic acid as CO_2 , shows it to consist of one atom of Carbon with two atoms of Oxygen.

It is quite a feature of chemical combination, that substances acquire new properties on combining with each other, and that their weight remains unchanged. Carbon, as charcoal, and Oxygen, which so brilliantly supports the combustion of the heated charcoal, differ exceedingly from the result—Carbonic acid,—which extinguishes combustion. And yet, we always find, that 12 parts by weight of pure Carbon can be burned by 32 parts by weight of Oxygen, into 44 parts by weight of Carbonic acid.

The atomic weight of each element has been found by comparing the different proportions in which different elements combine. The atomic weight of each element is the proportion of the weight of its atom to that of hydrogen. All substances are then built up of atoms.

The smallest quantity of an element, capable of existing in the free state, is called its molecule. As a rule, the molecule is made up of two atoms. Oxygen may be taken as an illustration. The atom of Oxygen, or the smallest quantity of Oxygen in a state of combination, weighs 16 times as much as the atom of Hydrogen, and is expressed by the symbol O. But the Molecule of Oxygen, O_2 , represents two atoms. And so also do the molecules of Hydrogen, Nitrogen, Chlorine, Bromine, Fluorine, etc.

The Phosphorus is an exception to this rule, its molecule having four atoms.

When compounds are met with in the form of gas or vapor, it is found that the smallest quantity that can exist in the separate state, also occupies the same space as two atoms of Hydrogen. In other words, the molecule of the compound takes up the same space as the molecule of Hydrogen, Oxygen, or other element.

It may further interest the reader to know how the Chemist arrives at such a symbol as CO_2 , for Carbonic acid. Now, one hundred parts of Carbonic acid consist of:

Carbon	27.27
Oxygen	72.73
	100.00

If we divide 27.27 by the weight of the atom of Carbon=12, we get 2.273, or say $2\frac{1}{4}$, and if we divide 72.73 by the weight of the atom of Oxygen=16, we have 4.545, or nearly $4\frac{1}{2}$. The relation between the numbers of the atoms of Carbon, and those of Oxygen, is obviously in the proportion of one of Carbon to two of Oxygen. CO_2 , therefore, expresses accurately the composition of Carbonic acid. The gas contains its own volume of Oxygen. When the plant, in presence of light, decomposes Carbonic acid, and retains the Carbon, it gives off exactly the same volume or measure of Oxygen gas.

If we compare together equal measures of Oxygen and Hydrogen, we find not only their relative weights or specific gravities, but also their atomic weights.

The molecule of Carbonic acid, CO_2 , fills the same measure as Hydrogen, H_2 .

As the molecule of Carbonic acid weighs 44, and that of Hydrogen 2, it follows that equal measures of the two gases must weigh, respectively, 22 and 1. In other words, the same measure of Carbonic acid weighs 22 times as much as the same measure of Hydrogen. As 11 1-5 litres of Hydrogen weigh 1 gramme, and the same measures full of Oxygen weigh 16 grammes, so also do 11 1-5 litres of Carbonic acid weigh 22 grammes.

We know nothing at all about the constitution of the elementary atoms; we only know that we can not, at present, break them up into simpler forms. (Much as is already

known in Chemistry, very much more remains to be learned;) and it is only by experiment that the number of facts can be increased, and thus additions made to our knowledge. It is hoped that what has been said about Chemistry in this article will lead some to a further study of the subject, since so much that is of great importance in the field of Chemistry has been left untouched on account of limited space.

[END OF CHEMISTRY.]

ALPHABET OF MORAL SCIENCE.

Moral Science, sometimes called Moral Philosophy, and sometimes Ethics, is the Science of Duty.

There are two ways in which Moral Science may be treated: First, theoretically or speculatively; second, practically, or in application to life.

For convenience, it might very well be said that Moral Science theoretically, or speculatively, considered, is the Science of Duty, while Moral Science practically considered, or considered in application to life, is the Science of Duties.

Now every practical application of a science proceeds upon certain theoretical or speculative principles. There is no exception to this rule in the case of Moral Science. We can not go forward to discuss Moral Science practically, without presupposing a theory of Moral Science. In other words, we must understand or assume a Science of Duty, in order to construct a Science of Duties.

However, we may make the proportion between the two, that is, between the theory and the practice, exactly such as we please. It is here proposed to make the speculative or theoretical part subordinate to the practical part, or part in application to life.

We naturally and properly begin with a kind of analysis, or laying out of our work into elements. But first, and in order to this, let us have a definition of terms. Moral Science we have defined as the Science of Duty. Here are two words demanding definition, if definition for them there be.

A science is a body of knowledge, verified, classified, and arranged. The knowledge is usually of two kinds: First, knowledge of facts; and, second, knowledge of laws. But a law is a fact, and so it would be perfectly true to say that a science is a body of known facts reduced to order. The order to which known facts must be reduced to constitute them a science, is an order of law. Given a mass of facts, we ask what law connects them. The law found is a fact, but a fact of a general nature. General facts, or laws, are the most important part of any science. So much for the term science. (Duty is what one ought to do.) If this is not a good definition, and we do not assert that it is, it would at least be hard to find a better. Let us look at the word duty etymologically. Duty is due-ty, or that which is due. If we go to the word "ought," just now used in defining duty, we meet the same idea. "Ought" is etymologically connected with "owe." Once more, if we seek escape from this idea of debt in defining duty, by employing the word "obligation," we still find ourselves involved as before. We have, in truth, no language for the idea of duty that does not etymologically imply debt.

Etymology is not a very trustworthy source of logic or philosophy. Still, this fact about language is noteworthy. It goes to confirm what is our instinctive impression, without reference to language, namely, that:

The idea of duty contains three elements, or things presupposed.—

1. A person from whom the duty is due;
 2. A person to whom the duty is due;
 3. Circumstances or relations under which the duty is due.
- If a thing is due, it is due from some one, to some one, under certain circumstances.

Under the first two of these three divisions, arise interesting and important speculative or theoretical questions, such as the following:

1. Is man a moral being?
2. Is the moral sense, that is, the feeling of duty, innate, or is it educated into men?
3. Is the moral sense, or conscience, a separate faculty?
4. Does the exercise of mind involved in recognizing duty, consist of two parts, first, an act of judgment, and, second, a feeling of obligation? Or is the feeling simply a conviction of the mind, existing in a certain degree of intensity?
5. Are we certainly doing right when we are obeying conscience?

Under the second of the three main divisions of our subject arise other and different questions of a speculative nature, such as these:

1. Who is the person, or who are the persons to whom we owe duty?
2. Why do we owe duty? Or, as it is often expressed, What is the ground of moral obligation?
3. Does he to whom we owe duty, himself reciprocally owe duty to us?

The foregoing questions, and their number might be indefinitely increased, belong to the domain of speculative Moral Science. True, indeed, they have most living practical bearings. Still they are to be called rather speculative than practical in their character. The fact is the speculative and the practical in Moral Science run into each other, almost indistinguishably, and quite inextricably.

Before taking up the last of the three main divisions of our subject, namely, the circumstances or relations under which duty arises, even to suggest any of the elements into which it may be decomposed, let us resume, in order, for brief discussion, the several subordinate questions that have now just been raised.

In doing so, it will be best to remind ourselves that everything almost in the realm of the speculative in Moral Science is matter of endless disputation. Neither in speculative Moral Science, nor in speculative Mental Science, does there exist any body of universally admitted principles, such as exists in the department of physics. The words of Tennyson suggest themselves:

"Much less this dreamer, deaf and blind,
Named man, may hope some truth to find,
That has relation to the mind.
For every worm beneath the moon
Draws different threads, and late and soon
Spins, toiling out his own cocoon."

—The Two Voices.

These words spoken by the mocking Voice, not Tennyson's own ("he never mocks, for mockery is the fume of little hearts") are too dark in their temptation to despair; for we have a sure word of prophecy to which we may resort for truth in the Science of Duty. But if we were left to the uncertain light of nature alone, such language would hardly exaggerate the darkness in which we should be involved.

Our first grand division of the subject may be recalled. We laid it down that the idea of duty implies, first of all, or presupposes:

A person from whom the duty is due.

Under this point, our first question was, Is man a moral being?

At first blush, this looks like asking, Is there such a thing as duty? But the two questions are not quite equivalent. For there might conceivably be such a thing as duty for some beings, while there was no duty for man. The animals by which man is surrounded in the world, are not moral beings. At least we suppose that they are not. Our question now is as to man, Is man a moral being? Are there duties for man?

There will perhaps hardly a single person read these

pages that will not at once instinctively say, Yes, certainly, man is a moral being, man is under a law of duty. Nearly every reader will further make this admission in a perfectly frank, straightforward, unsophisticated sense. With the immense majority of all men that can be supposed likely to glance over what is written here, the distinction of right and wrong will be felt and be acknowledged to be a fundamental, indestructible distinction, a distinction not capable of being explained away, or of being resolved into something different from itself. There is no appeal whatever that a public speaker can make to an audience, wherever called together, or however made up, that is more certain to be responded to, and instantaneously responded to, in all breasts, than the appeal to a sense of right and wrong as things eternally and unchangeably different and opposite, different and opposite in their own inherent nature. This is proof enough for most people that man is a moral being. Still there are ways adopted of speculating about the origin and the ground of moral obligation, that virtually destroy man's moral nature, and abolish the distinction between right and wrong. These methods of moral speculation are all the more insidious and dangerous, for the reason that the speculators often use the same language which other men, and men in general, employ to express their own very broadly contrasted ideas. Thus, while almost all would agree, in terms, that man is a moral being, that there is for him duty, that right and wrong exist for him, there are nevertheless some that ask the question, and answer it ambiguously, that stands second in our list, namely:

Is the moral sense or conscience, that is, the feeling of obligation, the instinct in you that says, I ought, I ought not,—is this impulse or principle natural, congenital, innate; was it born with you, or is it the product of education?

Now, something admits of being said in favor of the idea that conscience, the sense of right and wrong, is produced in man by education. Those who maintain this view point to savage peoples and say, Here, now, is your natural, your rude, your unsophisticated man. See how rudimentary, how imperfect at best, is the moral instinct in him. In some cases, it is doubtful if it exist at all. Where it does exist it probably comes from training.

The "development" philosophers virtually hold this idea. That is, they think that the moral nature is a result of "evolution," as the term is. This means that from rudiments almost indistinguishable the race of mankind has slowly and gradually been brought out into its present physical, mental, and moral condition. "Education" is not their word, but "evolution" instead, and "evolution" has produced moral sense.

Now, one way to meet the "education" theory, as also the "evolution" theory, is to say, Prove that your savage is your true natural man. Prove that the savage state is a stage of progress toward civilization. How do you know that savagery is not a stage of retrogression, rather than of advance? The evolutionists will overwhelm you with talk of cave-dwellers, split bones, stone implements, and so forth, and so forth, and so forth. You need not deny their facts, though it will be highly desirable to look well to their evidence for their facts, but you may wisely question their deductions from their facts.

Again. Tell us, how could the idea of right and wrong be communicated to a mind that had not the idea already in possession? It would be sheerly impossible. Try making a man stone-blind from his birth understand how red looks as distinguished from green. When you have succeeded in this, you might hope to succeed in teaching the distinction of right and wrong to a being naturally destitute of moral sense. The very existence of the idea of duty proves beyond dispute that the idea is innate. That is the only rational account of the origin of the idea.

This is not the same as affirming it to be natural and instinctive for all men to agree with reference to any given particular thing, that it is right or that it is wrong. There may, in fact, be no one particular action whatever with reference to which all men, everywhere and always, would consent, it is right, or, it is wrong. Hume built up a very specious skeptical argument from the remarkable presentation that he found himself able to make, of the varying and contradictory opinions of men on some certain questions of moral conduct. This is really nothing to the purpose of showing that the moral sense is created by education. It only shows, what we are all quite willing to admit, that the untrained, or the not rightly trained, moral sense is not invariably capable of arriving surely at the true conclusions concerning all, or even perhaps concerning any, specific moral actions. But when Hume, or any one else, tries to confound us by bringing forward cases in which people of this age or that, of this country or that, have thought to be right what we think to be wrong, let us simply answer, You thus show us that these people had the sense of right and wrong, as do we. So we supposed before. Your instances confirm us. Your instances also convince us that the moral sense needs guidance. The moral sense can be educated—yes; created by education—no. Create a thing, by doing something to it? A thing, we take it, would first have to be, before anything could be done to it. The sense of such a distinction as that of right and wrong belongs originally and indestructibly to the nature of man.

To the evolutionist we may say, We do not need to deny your hypothesis. Let it be granted for argument's sake that God's way of creating is by evolution. Still, this implies that the moral sense existed in germ or rudiment, in order to be evolved. This is sufficient for our purpose. According to this view, also, that is, according to the "evolution" view, the moral sense, however rude or rudimentary, existed from the first. If it had never wrapped up, it could not be unwrapped. Evolution unfolds, but it does not create.

We come naturally, now, to the third of our questions under the first division—A person from whom the duty is due:

Is the faculty by which we discern the distinction of right and wrong a separate faculty of the mind?

This is practically not an important question. We may dismiss it at once, with the simple remark that for the sake of convenience and clearness it is best to regard conscience as a faculty by itself. The predicate right or wrong is different from every other predicate with which the mind can be engaged. Let it have a faculty for its own use. We may remember, however, that the whole mind, that is, the whole man, is concerned in every moral act performed.

The next question in order is: Does the exercise of mind involved in recognizing duty consist of two parts, first, an act of judgment, and, second, a feeling of obligation; or, is what we customarily call the feeling thus excited simply a conviction or judgment rising to a certain degree of intensity?

Obviously this, too, is a speculative question that need not detain us. It may contribute to clearness and serve convenience to distinguish two parts in the exercise. For instance, when we consider a case of moral conduct purely as a matter of discussion, not at all as a matter of present obligation to ourselves, we then evidently are not likely to experience with any marked vividness the emotion, the impulse, that attends a case in which our own duty is involved. We canvass, we deliberate, we weigh considerations, we apply qualifications, with a coolness of mind that implies the absence of emotion. When we arrive at a conclusion, the conclusion may be perfectly clear, but it probably will not be intensely conceived. Let the case suddenly become practical, and then the moral judgment takes heat, is set

aglow, becomes incandescent, and kindles all our being. The difference of the two cases is not a constant difference. It exists in all varying degrees. A highly susceptible moral nature, joined with much liveliness of imagination, makes its subject conceive often a supposed case in morals, or a case remote in time or place, with something of the same warmth of emotion that, in men differently endowed, is excited only in real cases, and cases involving present obligations for themselves. When, for instance, the pages of history are read, the sentiment of reprobation for wrong varies widely in vividness with the variant moral temperaments of the readers. The opinion that the opium trade forced by Great Britain on China is wicked, prevails perhaps almost universally throughout the United Kingdom. But what is mere calm judicial opinion in some breasts, is in other breasts a fiery flaming conviction. The generous conflagration of moral hate for this iniquity will spread from heart to heart until the islands are wrapped in flame. The opium trade will then go down into the pit in which human slavery on this continent but a little while ago sank amid the hisses and the cheers of jubilant and execrating civilization. Consciences that kindle make the reformers and the apostles of the ages. Such are not content to live unto themselves. They are vicarious. They feel responsible. They try to remake the world. They will succeed, if they work with Christ—the Ideal Vicarious Conscience, the Wise, the Pure, the Irresistible Will.

There is a fifth question, the last that we shall stay to mention, under our present division of the subject, namely:

Are we certainly right when we follow our sense of duty?

This is a speculative question, but it is also a practical question of the very highest moment.

All men will agree that to disobey conscience is wrong. But is it on the other hand certainly right to obey conscience? May there not be cases in which, the conscience being misguided, you would be doing wrong whether you disobey or obey?

Such a dilemma seems hard. But what is it that we are morally bound to do, that which appears to be our duty, or that which really is our duty? Are our obligations limited to what we deem to be our obligations? Whatever may be the present state of our conscience as to moral enlightenment, is our duty exhausted when we satisfy our conscience? Or are we bound to have an enlightened conscience? If so, to what degree enlightened? Enlightened to be as clear and discerning as God's? In short, are we morally bound to be right and to do right; or only to be right and to do right according to the measure of our moral sense? Can God blame us, if we do as well as we know how?

Such questions as these trench on debatable ground in theology. Let us avoid starting the spirit of theological polemics. We shall all consent to say, that every man is bound to be, and to do right, up to the full measure of what he knows. We shall all consent to say further, that every man is bound to be and to do right up to the full measure of what he is able to know. Another step—to the full measure of what he might have known and might have become able to know, had there never been a pause or a relaxation in his efforts for knowledge and for ability to know. Thus far we shall all probably go forward together. Beyond this we might divide into parties. But no matter. Our agreement covers ground enough to furnish the basis we need for a very important principle in morals. That principle is this:

We can not be sure that we are clear of just blame because we act in obedience to our sense of duty. Our sense of duty may be wrong. We are bound to be at least as near to the absolute right, according to God's view of the right, as with the utmost effort of all our faculties unintermit-

tingly employed from the first until now, we could possibly be. And this point of approach to ideal right, who of us ever could lay claim to have reached?

The Indian mother obeys her conscience in devoting her child by drowning to the sacred river Ganges. Saul verily thought he did God service in persecuting Christians. He obeyed his conscience in doing so. But when his conscience was better enlightened, he felt guilty for what he had conscientiously done. We instinctively condemn, while we pity, the Indian mother piously drowning her child. This hard condition in which we are placed, being bound to obey our conscience, yet liable, even in obeying, to sin, shows the necessity of a scheme of divine dealing with us that shall let mercy stand instead of justice. On the score of justice, not one of us deserves to escape punishment. This hard condition further shows how much we are in need of having our sense of duty enlightened, in some way that shall be full and authoritative. In other words, unassisted by God, we can never hope to arrive at any trustworthy system of morals. The light of nature, as we say, is not sufficient. We have ourselves put the light of nature partly out. There must be light from without, and from above, or we grope in hopeless dark. The light of nature alone is enough to show us, that the light of nature alone is not enough for the right conduct of life. If there is light from elsewhere accessible to us, it is our duty to come to this light. If we refuse to come, we are guilty, and we are consciously guilty. The light of nature teaches us this. Thus, morality leads to religion. Without religion, there is no true morality. Morality embraces religion. You can not be a good moral being without being religious. For religion is nothing else than morality as toward God. And surely we are at least as much bound to be moral toward God as we are toward our fellow creatures.

This consideration naturally brings us to the point of transition, it is, in fact, the point of transition, from the first to the second of our main divisions of the subject here discussed, namely, the person to whom the duty is due.

We have already anticipated the answer to the question now suggested: The being to whom duty is owing is God. This is the instinctive feeling of the immense majority of men. It is a statement incapable of being proved. The only appeal possible is to your own heart, and to the hearts of your fellows. Do you not feel, and do not almost all men feel, that God is the being to whom, in the last analysis, the sense of duty refers?

But it is well to make a plain distinction. We do in popular language properly enough speak of our duties to our fellow-creatures, even of our duties to ourselves. There is no just objection, of course, to this use of language; but it may easily mislead. Are not our duties rather *toward* others than *to* them? Shall we not more accurately represent our real meaning if we say, I owe such and such a duty *to* God *with respect* to my fellow-creatures? Ask yourself this question sharply and closely. Do you not recognize every duty owed by you to your fellow-creatures, as the phrase is, to be owed at the same time also to God? And is such duty not a duty to God, in a somewhat different sense from that in which it is a duty to man? Shall we not, then, say that duty is always *to* God, although it may often be *with respect to*, or *toward*, our fellow-men? Of course this distinction would still more clearly apply to the matter of duties appertaining to ourselves. It is surely a figure of speech to say that we are under moral obligation to ourselves. We may be, and we are, under many moral obligations to God in matters that respect ourselves. But duty *to* self, in the strict sense of "to"—it does not exist. No more, perhaps, still in the strict use of language, is there such a thing as duty *to* our neighbor. It is duty to God, *as to* our neighbor. This, be it remembered, is a strict, a technical, a scientific limit-

ation of language. We may go on speaking popularly with the same freedom as before, of duties to our fellows, and of duties to ourselves.

Now, there is no use in forgetting that a school of moralists has arisen whose peculiarity it is to ignore God, while yet they insist with much zeal on the principles of ethics which Christianity inculcates. These modern moralists take their stand on the basis of the philosophy of Mr. Herbert Spencer, which may be termed the development or evolution philosophy. According to this philosophy, the moral instinct of man is the fruit of development. It marks a comparatively late stage in the long process of evolution. It is claimed by the moralists of the evolution school that it is a higher morality to do right without reference to the will of God, than it is to obey God. They say, We know nothing of God. We do not deny that a God exists. But if he exists, he can not be known to us. Therefore, our duty is not to God. We are simply to do right. Our duty is absolute and independent of relations. Our relations to our fellows give rise to particular duties indeed, but our obligation to discharge these particular duties in no way arises from our relation to God. We ought to do so and so, and there is an end of the matter. There is no account to be given of it, no reason to be assigned, except that we ought.

This sounds lofty and noble. Those who proclaim such sentiments even venture to say that the Christian morality is immoral, inasmuch as it substitutes the will of a being for absolute right, and proposes rewards and punishments in the way of inducement to virtue.

The true reply to this line of representation is appeal to fact and to consciousness. The fact is, that there is a God, and that God is not unknown to us. The moment that God is admitted as existing and as known, the light of nature at once apprises us that such a being ought to be obeyed, that obedience to him is the height of morality. Human consciousness attests the fact of human obligation to God. It takes an evolutionist, that is, one who has put his moral sense to school in a system of cosmic philosophy that makes much talk of adherence to facts and evidence, but that steadily refuses to consider the facts and evidence pertaining to the proof of Christianity, ruling these out as not scientific,—it takes such a man as this, so sophisticated out of his natural way of feeling, to feel independent of God and superior to responsibility to him. The mass of human consciousness instinctively refers obligation to God, as the one to whom obligation is due. But if human consciousness should fail, there still remains apart from consciousness the fact, with its sufficient evidence, of a God existing and revealed. And this fact admitted carries with it the consequence of a morality consisting in conformity to his will. God being God, and being known as God, to obey his commands, however disclosed, is self-evident morality for man.

The second question suggested as naturally arising under the second chief division of our subject, is of a speculative nature, but it is highly interesting, and not without important practical bearings. It is this:

Why do we owe duty? Or according to the more technical form of expression, What is the ground of moral obligation?

On this question has been expended a vast amount of speculative and disputatious ingenuity. One answer is: Moral obligation rests on the nature of things. Not very different is the differently expressed answer: Moral obligation rests on the inherent fitness of right doing. A third answer is: We are bound to do right because right doing is the thing most worthy of us. These three answers are much the same thing in varying forms of expression.

A more contrasted answer is a fourth, namely: We are bound to do right because right doing tends to our own

greatest happiness upon the whole. A modification, a pretty broad modification, of this answer is: We are bound to do right because right doing contributes to general well-being. Yet another answer is: We are bound to do right because such is the will of God.

There is here no attempt made to arrange these various answers in any logical or chronological order. If we wished to coin some learned terms and seek the credit of profound analysis and generalization, we might perhaps say that three classes of theory, the anthro-centric, the theo-centric, and the atheistic, would include all the different views.

Anthro-centric would be those views which make man, or self, the center, the point of reference. Here we should classify first, what is ordinarily called the utilitarian theory, or that theory which founds duty on the idea of happiness accruing to self; second, the theory which makes one's own worth or dignity the ground of obligation to do right.

Theo-centric would be, first and foremost, that theory which makes the will of God the ground of moral obligation; while, second, and less obviously, would come that theory which makes moral obligation depend on the tendency of virtue to subserve the interests of the universal sum of being, God included. God, however, constituting in himself the greatest individual mass in the universal sum of being, is included as the sun is included in the solar system; so that God remains the center still, though only by virtue of his superior quantity of being.

Atheistic would be, first, that theory which founds moral obligation on the eternal nature of things; second, that which founds it on the idea of abstract fitness; third, that which founds it on the idea of absolute right without reference to God.

It is not meant that all who hold these latter views are therefore atheists; but only that the views themselves, being without distinct reference, express or implied, to the divine will, may fairly be considered atheistic in their negative character.

We can not stay to discuss these differing views one by one and at large. Let us adopt the theo-centric idea for our own, and now set it forth in brief explanation and justification.

The will of God is for us the foundation of duty. Why should it be? Now, there is literally no end to the receding series of questions Why? in this matter. Suppose to the question, Why should the will of God make duty for us? We reply, Because the will of God is right. That would be abandoning the will of God as the ground of moral obligation, and substituting another ground, namely, absolute right. This means what? Simply this, We ought to do right, because right is right. Evidently this is no reason, except in form. Essentially, "Right is right," says nothing at all. Of course, right is right. Leave off the reason, thus shown to be mere verbiage. We have remaining, We ought to do right. Agreed, but what is right? Is it anything in the world except that which we ought to do? Our formula, then, reduces itself to this: We ought to do what we ought. Most unquestionably. But what is it that we ought to do? If we reply, the will of God, we have an intelligible answer, an answer that says something, an answer that is not a pure identical proposition. Still, perhaps, then the will of God becomes a *rule* or *standard* of obligation, rather than the *ground*. And perhaps the quest of a ground for moral obligation is a barren quest.

Is a thing right because God wills it? Or does God will a thing because it is right? Some will say yes to the first of these questions; some to the second. Perhaps a wiser course would be to strike out the word "because" altogether, and confine ourselves to saying, This is right and God wills it; God wills this and it is right. So much, at least, we may be perfectly sure of. When we put in a "because," we may be

wrong. Let the will of God, however revealed to us, stand as a *sign* of what is right, rather than as a *reason* for what is right. God's will still remains to us a reason for our conduct. We only decline to say whether or not the will of God is a reason for things, or better, a reason for the quality, right or wrong, in things.

The proper course, then, of reasoning for us to pursue with reference to duty, is: This is duty, because God wills it for us. God's willing it for us is a *sign* that it is right, that it is duty for us. Let us not insist on saying that God's willing it is a reason for its being right. It is a reason for our thinking it right, and for our doing it as right without question or doubt.

Such is the way in which the Gordian knot and tangle of the whole controversy about the ground of moral obligation, may abruptly and properly be cut. Speculate if you will, and here you may speculate endlessly, without fruit, except fruit of discipline to your mind. But when the point of conduct is concerned, cut speculation promptly short by saying, the *ground* of my obligation to do right is a matter of no practical moment. Do right I must, and God's will, however revealed, is my only safe, and it is my sufficient guide. God's will once known, I ask no other ground or reason, as I ask no other sign, of my duty. It is impiety, irreverence, presumption, sin, for me to go behind God's will to find some further reason why I should do God's will. This with reference to conduct. With reference to speculation, which, indeed, is also conduct—conduct of the mind—the quest no doubt admits of being reverently pursued, although still the pursuit is never without its moral danger.

A third speculative question sometimes started, under the second of our chief divisions, is this: Has God himself duties, owed reciprocally to his creatures?

This question will seem to some to border closely on irreverence. It is, of course, a purely speculative question. It is perhaps better not to indulge ourselves in much meditation or discussion of it. The spirit of Paul is safer: Shall the thing formed say to him that formed it, Why hast thou made me thus? We shall be far better qualified to discuss the question of God's duties to his creatures, when we are ourselves perfectly free, like God, from moral infirmity. Even then we should still need to be also omniscient, like God. Thus much certainly may be said, that God is not under obligation in the sense of his being consciously constrained. God acts right with absolute freedom. He feels no impulse toward acting right, as also he resists no impulse against it. He simply acts right. He bears himself toward his creatures always in such a way that, if he were a being under obligation and invariably obedient to obligation, his bearing would not be different from what it is. What more than this need we seek to say? Can we by searching find out God? Is it wise for us to attempt exploring the secret of God's essence? Shall we be safe from the sin of audacity, if we undertake to say that God is altogether such as we in moral constitution? Do we secretly seek to sit in judgment on God in his dealings with his creatures? How much short of trying to rid ourselves of God's sovereignty over us, is it, to affirm that God himself is under law like ourselves, and under the same law as ourselves? There no doubt is a childlike reverent spirit in which, with Abraham, we may expostulate in prayer to God, and say, Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right? But it is not for us to pass sentence on God. His ways are past finding out. (God does things that we should blame men for doing.) We should blame men for not preventing sin and pain that it lay in their power to prevent. If men should originate an order of things that would inevitably entail consequences of moral evil, when they might, had they chosen, have refrained from originating any order of things whatever, or might have originated instead an order of things that would be quite

pure and holy—if men should do this, we should blame them for doing it. That there was a preponderance of good over evil, would not satisfy our sense of right. There should be no evil at all, if evil were avoidable; and with God evil was avoidable; for if not, how is God almighty and all-wise? The mystery of things is too hard for us. (We inevitably feel that God is just, and as inevitably we feel that we can not understand how he is just.) To liken God to ourselves, then, by saying that he also, as much as are we, is under moral obligation, is to go beyond our proper liberty. Let us be still and know that he is God, and doeth all things well—this, though how he can do well, and do as sometimes he does, be quite beyond our wisdom to understand. There is really no theodicy possible. A theodicy is a method of justifying God to man. God can not be justified to the natural reason of man. Faith that consent *not* to know, is the only theodicy. Why *any* evil in the world, if God is all-good, and at the same time all-wise and all-strong? That is a simply insoluble problem. That, *against appearances*, we can and do indomitably believe in God's perfect goodness, is for us the very highest conceivable proof that God is indeed perfectly good.

We may thus consider ourselves to have traversed the ground of the first two of our divisions of Moral Science. Very cursorily, no doubt, but for our purpose perhaps sufficiently. We advance to take up the third division and the last. Here we come to a part of our discussion, in beginning which we shall take farewell of mere speculation. We enter upon the domain of applied Moral Science, the practice, rather than the theory of duty. For we are to consider:

The circumstances or relations under which duties are created for us.

This is a boundless realm for exploration. A detailed treatment of this division of our theme would involve the whole matter of casuistry, or cases of conscience. Such a treatment would require not simply a brief essay, but a volume; not simply a volume, but a library. We must, of course, contrive some kind of analysis that will avoid needless complexity of detail.

We may say that all man's duties arise under his relations:

1. As a creature;
2. As a fellow-creature.

If a man were alone in the world, the only creature that God had made, even in such an awful solitude of the universe, that man's duties as a creature would still exist. What would those duties be? But it is better not to treat a hypothetical case; for we are now to shun speculation. The fact is that every man stands to God in the relation of a creature, and that every man stands also to others in the relation of a fellow-creature. Let us proceed to inquire what duties arise under these two relations.

In the first place, it is obvious to say that all duties whatsoever, whether duties arising under the relation to God, or whether duties arising under the relation to a fellow, are duties owed to God himself. But duties owed to God may be either duties as to God or duties as to a fellow-creature. The distinction proposed is therefore a perfectly valid distinction. We consider first, as first in proper order, duties as to God, that is, duties arising under the relation of *creature*.

Now, if we were seeking unity, instead of seeking, as we here do, diversity, we might sum up at once all duty, and all duties, to whomsoever relating, under a single word, *Obedience*—obedience to God. Obedience to God is the whole of morality, as it is the whole of religion. Religion and morality at bottom are one and the same. Our aim, however, now is not philosophic unity, but practical and useful diversity. We accordingly decompose the great spherical idea of obedience to God into elements that may be regarded as together making up the sphere. The two

hemispheres are, first, duties as to God, and, second, duties as to fellow-creatures. These are the two tables of the moral law, written not more in the word of God than in the heart of man.

For purposes of practical discussion, we need to go farther in our analysis, and, taking up the first table of the moral law, that covering duty as to God, resolve this also into its component parts. Man is a creature, but he is a creature of a certain sort. Beginning on the lowest plane, and ascending the scale of man's being, we find that man has

1. A physical constitution;
2. A mental constitution;
3. A moral or spiritual constitution.

The threefold creature, man, has duties corresponding respectively to each one of the three constitutions in which he subsists.

1. As to his physical constitution.

The manifest duty of the creature who, being a moral creature, is also physical, must be to take proper care of his physical constitution. (Man's body is a gift to him from God to be sacredly cared for by its possessor, and this as a duty of the creature to the Creator.) This truth needs but to be stated to be admitted. There is indeed in man an instinct of self-preservation, that in general suffices, without appeal on his part to the instinct of duty, to make him guard his life from destruction. Still there are outward conditions or inward moods, or inward moods created by outward conditions, in which the instinct of self-preservation alone would be overborne by despair. Then suicide might be the alternative, but for conscience coming to the rescue with its beware. We have no right to fling back to God his high gift of life. Life is given us to keep, and not to destroy. The "Thou shalt not kill" of the decalogue forbids not only murder, but self murder. We are to abide God's providences and stand in our lot till the end of the days.

However, even to this moral principle, avouched by an instinct so inextinguishable within us, there are limitations and exceptions. Say, rather, there are no limitations and no exceptions to this principle. We are *never* to put an end to our life. The principle is absolute and eternal. But, while we are never to destroy our own life, there may be cases in which we ought to put ourselves where our life will probably, or even where it will certainly, be destroyed. The distinction between such an exposure of ourselves and suicide, is clear, and it is vital. Circumstances might conspire to create a case in which duty as to such conduct on our part would be very doubtful.

For example, two men are being drawn up in a bucket from a deep mine. They notice that the rope is giving way. It seems probable that one might yet be raised to the top—almost certain that, for both, this would be impossible. Is it right for one of the two to fling himself down, that the other may have a double chance to be saved? Or does strict morality prescribe that both alike shall take their providential chances of life or death together? It is instinctive to admire and applaud the generous self-sacrifice that, under such circumstances, should prompt the fatal leap. But is the self-sacrifice right? Let the reader ponder deeply and decide for himself. It may be said, with justice, perhaps, that such a leap is not suicide. It is not an act done with the intention of putting an end to life. It is simply an act done at risk to one's self to give a fellow-creature a better chance of continuing to live. Still, is it right? Or is it a presumptuous taking of one's self out of the hands of divine providence? A question that practically few would decide against themselves!

It is right, then, it is sometimes duty, to endanger your life. To destroy—to destroy with purpose—your own life, is wrong—always wrong. When you may endanger your life, and to what extent, is a problem too complex to be here

discussed. In general and in brief, the answer is clear: you may, and you should, endanger your life under whatever circumstances, and to whatever extent, it is necessary to secure—what result shall we say? A greater good? A greater good to whom? To yourself, or to others? Or shall we change our formula altogether, and say, necessary in order to obey God? That, perhaps, is the safest solution, perhaps the only solution at all safe, of our doubt. Duty is seldom very simple; certainly here it is likely to be exceedingly complex. We are never secure of finding our duty and doing it, except as we nourish a *habit* of constant reference to the will of God in the conduct of our life.

But the duty of self-preservation forbids not only suicide, a crime few are likely to commit, but needless injury to the body, a fault which, as matter of fact, in some form many perpetrate without sense of guilt. We injure the body by lack of attention to health in habits of eating, drinking, sleeping, indulging certain lower animal appetites, taking exercise, taking the sun, the air, choosing apparel, regulating our work, our recreation. These all, and other matters more than can be mentioned, are points of morals, as well as of hygiene. We may do wrong here in two opposite ways: first, by too little attention; second, by too much attention, to these things. The single law is, on the one hand, not to indulge ourselves selfishly, and on the other, not to save ourselves selfishly. If we form the habit of denying ourselves, that is, of refusing to consider ourselves for self's sake, and consider ourselves religiously for God's sake; in other words, form the habit of seeking in all things to please and obey God, which, let us remember, is for us the true rule of duty—with this habit, we shall be safe alike from faults of self-indulgence, and from faults of selfish self-nursing, in matters of hygiene. It is, however, an important gain merely to keep in mind that physical health is not only a point of self-interest, but a point of morals. But health, like life itself, as it is to be sacredly guarded for God, so equally, and for the same reason, is to be held ready always for sacrifice at God's call. This is manifest morality, for obedience to God is the supreme rule of duty. Health, as a duty, is more than bare soundness of physical condition. We are bound to be vigorously, effectively well—so far as this is possible in consistency with other duties.

So much for duties springing out of our relation to God as creatures endowed with a *physical* constitution.

Now we take up the question of duties springing out of our relation to God as creatures with a *mental* constitution.

It is self-evidently our duty to make the most of our minds as instruments, that is, to make them the best instruments we can. We are further bound to use them as instruments industriously in doing the best work that comes to our hands or that we can find. The very best self-culture as to our minds, is that which comes incidentally, as the inseparable result of active employment of our minds in useful task work. The mind takes just precedence of the body in every case in which there is conflict between the two, as to claims of self-culture. But the cases of necessary conflict are few. The mind and the body react upon one another in influence as to health. (Perfect soundness of body is perhaps necessary to perfect soundness of mind, and conversely.) Every law of health to the body is a law of health to the mind. Hence the consideration of the mind's well-being comes in to reinforce the duty of attention to the well-being of the body.

We are bound to think truly. The mind is no more free to indulge itself licentiously than the body. Nay, as the higher of the two, the mind sins worse when it sins by license, than does the body. But then a sin of license committed by the body, is always participated in, nay, originated, by the mind. On the other hand, there are sins of license in which the mind acts alone. Audacity, levity, skepticism,

are, to invert the famous saying, worse than blunders, they are crimes. The mind must think obediently—that is obediently to the will of God, which is truth.

If we could descend here to particulars, it would be obvious to point out several ways in which we are all of us likely to violate the principles of morality with respect to our minds. The duty to make the most of our minds enjoins careful discipline of them, so far as is consistent with other duties. It forbids mental idleness, mental indolence, (for idleness and indolence are two different things, idleness does nothing, indolence does nothing with purpose) mental dissipation. These things enervate the mind. You do wrong when you let your mind lie listless—unless your mind be tired, then listlessness or rest is duty. You do wrong when you spend time in vacant conversation, for you so take the mettle out of your mind. You do wrong when you read wretched books. You do wrong when you argue for victory, not for truth. You so incapacitate your mind for arriving at truth. The mind is capable of many moral faults. Watch your mind intently.

We pass at once to duties springing out of our relation to God as creatures having a *moral* or *spiritual* constitution. This relation is lord paramount among all the relations in which we stand to God. It takes up into its own sphere all the duties heretofore enumerated, transforming and enhancing their obligation. That the body is itself to be redeemed and perfected, (the Savior being also savior of the *body*) shows that the connection is vital between the body and the soul. Duties as to the body are duties as to the soul. Even more strictly among duties as to the soul are to be numbered duties as to the mind.

But the soul, that is, the moral or spiritual constitution of man, creates a set of duties peculiar to itself. As a spiritual creature of God, man owes to God—what duties? We might sum up and say obedience; but we do not wish to sum up. Our wish is rather to separate. What separate duties as to God does obedience prescribe for us springing out of our relation to God as spiritual creatures? To separate here is exceedingly difficult. Perhaps it will not be necessary. We may certainly begin with saying, and more it may not be necessary to say, that we owe to God worship. To worship God is to pay, in word and in act, such respect to him as is his due. The respect is supreme, for God's worthiness of respect is supreme. It is self-evidently a duty to pay to all beings the measure of respect to which their worth entitles them. That God should be worshipped, is simply an instance of this universal self-evident moral law. We measure our respect to other beings. To God we give respect without measure, since measureless is God's dignity and desert. This unmeasured respect is worship, and thus axiomatic is the foundation of worship as a duty of man. Here is a point at which religion and morals become evidently one and the same thing.

Human duty as to God is of such a nature that every particular obligation logically and practically includes every other obligation. Thus, worship of God includes love, awe, trust, thanks, praise, acknowledgment of dependence on God, supplication, acquiescence in God's plans, resignation to God's will,—elements, all of them, with many others that might be named, belonging, self-evidently, in the wide embracing scope of human obligation toward God. But each one of these different sentiments, when exercised properly toward God, carries irresistibly along with it every other one of them all. You can not love God right, without awe toward him, trust in him, thanks to him, praise of him. A similar remark might be made in succession concerning every one of all our affections exercised with reference to God.

But now we must take account of another important condition contained in the case which we are just here consid-

ering. Man is a spiritual creature of God, and as such owes to God the full tribute of homage imperfectly indicated above. This tribute, man would owe in any moral state of his nature that we can conceive. The moral state, however, in which man actually finds himself, creates duties as to God somewhat different from any that would belong to him in a normal state of his moral nature.

That our moral state is abnormal, we know from the fact that we do not spontaneously and instinctively pay to God the homage which nevertheless we feel that we spontaneously and instinctively should. We need no proof beyond this fact of our own evil moral state.

Now, this depraved moral condition of ours involves the duty of regret and change. But the very depravity that creates this obligation disqualifies us for discharging the obligation. Here, then, we are self-evidently under an obligation that we are self-evidently unable, because with our whole will disinclined, to perform. Still, and notwithstanding, repentance and conversion are manifest moral obligations precisely of those persons who, as matter of fact, will never of themselves fulfill the obligations. It were a sadly hopeless case for us, but that a remedy, wholly outside of any just claim on our part, and hence wholly outside of any duty toward us on the part of God, has been provided. This fact of a remedy offered creates for us a new duty. It is the duty of accepting and using the remedy. This is not a duty of religion, as distinguished from morals. It is a duty of morals. No man can be a moral man, in the highest sense of morality, without availing himself of the necessary, and the sufficient, help offered him for fulfilling the duty of repentance, conversion, full recovery to holiness, through perfect obedience to God.

It is a mischievous misconception of the case to put a difference between morality and religion—a difference such that a man is supposed to be capable of being moral without being religious. If there is a God, then religion is an essential part of morality. At least, if there is a God, and if there is evidence to us of a God, and no man is competent to say that there is not such evidence, unless he at any rate be perfectly clear of every moral predisposition that might incline him not to judge existing evidence fairly, or not to use sufficient zeal in exploring evidence that may exist. And of those that fulfill this condition, who is there that does not heartily accept the fact of God's existence and rejoice in it? The state of the evidence is exactly such as to test every man's moral character. (There is evidence enough to convince every well-disposed man—not enough to overwhelm the man whose heart says, I will have no God.)

Of the spiritual creature man, then, the obvious moral duty toward God is supreme love, supreme obedience. Of the fallen spiritual creature man, still the same duty, certain never of man's own motion to be fulfilled. Of the fallen spiritual creature man, offered rescue from this state of spiritual death, the obvious duty is acceptance of the rescue, with fulfillment of all the conditions imposed upon him, repentance, faith, obedience. This is morality, as well as religion, morality rightly conceived of.

But the morality, so-called, and mis-called, that seeks to be conceived of in distinction from religion, may be sharply discriminated from true morality (or religion) in this way: Morality is conformity to God's will; religion is obedience of God's will. Morality, so-mis-called, counts God out of its reckoning, behaving itself as God wills, without thus doing *because* God wills. Even so, it is but half a morality. For you can not behave yourself as God wills, without taking God himself into the account. You must behave yourself also toward God, as God wills. And both toward himself and toward all, it is God's will that you behave yourself as he wills, *because* he so wills. To do this is at once religion and morality.

And now such is the mutual relation of one element in our complex nature with another, such the solidarity of the whole man, physical, mental, moral, that you must fulfill at once all your various duties thus created toward God, or you can not fulfill any of them perfectly. The sound physical man helps make the sound mental man; and the sound physical and mental man helps make the sound moral man. But the reflex and reciprocal influence proceeds quite as much in the reverse direction—perhaps even more potently, and perhaps more naturally. The sound moral condition tends to mental health; and mental health, invigorated from health of spirit, is the best restorative and tonic for the body. There was something besides rhetoric, there was philosophy, in Paul's prayer: "I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."

We advance from this rapid and summary view of our duties toward God as creatures, creatures constituted and conditioned in a certain way, to consider now our duties as fellow-creatures.

We have not here to explore for ourselves, and speculate in the dark. We have a light that makes everything clear. Our duty as to our fellow-creatures is to treat them as we would ourselves be treated by them. This is the so-called Golden Rule of duty. It is a rule which, if we were seeking the highest philosophical unity in ethical speculation, we might justly say is like the principle of gravity, in the physical realm, of absolutely universal sway and application. God himself proceeds according to this rule, and we may proceed according to this rule, even in our behavior to God. It is after citing as example, God's way of dealing with his children, that our Lord says, "Therefore, whatsoever ye would that others should do to you, do ye even so to them." This rule of reciprocity is thus seen to be in the moral world what the law of gravitation is in the physical.

But such a generalization is speculative, and we are here no longer to speculate.

The light of the Golden Rule, we said, makes everything clear. But it is clear as to principle, not clear as to specific applications, that we mean. In point of fact, nothing is more delicate and difficult than to apply right a principle in itself so simple and so self-evidencing. To every individual human being is left the undivided solemn responsibility of making his applications for himself. To do this wisely requires a clear head, but much more it requires a good heart. The will is the way.

This great hemisphere of human duty, duty of man toward man, or, to hold our first form of expression, of creature toward creature, needs, not less than the other hemisphere, duty toward God, to be broken up into parts for our handling. How shall we break it up? What lines of natural cleavage can we find to follow?

First, it may justly be said that our duty to our fellows is two-fold: it consists in being and in doing, that is, in character and in conduct.

What we are affects our fellow-creatures as well as what we do. We can not be other than perfect without in some degree injuring our fellows. There is a subtle electric communication of character from man to man. No man can behave himself outwardly so well as to discharge his whole duty to his fellow man, unless he actually be within himself the man he ought to be. Duty of every sort and in every relation goes very deep.

The duty of conduct as to our fellows may be divided two-fold. We are bound to abstain from certain acts toward others; and we are bound to perform certain acts toward others; that is, we have negative duties and positive duties.

The acts from which we should abstain are of course acts that we are tempted to perform. We are tempted to per-

form wrong acts against our neighbors by various elemental passions of our nature. These passions, some of them, perhaps the chief of them, are:

1. Love of life;
2. Love of wealth;
3. Love of pleasure;
4. Love of power;
5. Love of self-culture;
6. Love of dignity;
7. Love of liberty.

Such are the various forms that self-love assumes. Following the order of treatment thus suggested, we may run rapidly over the negative part of our duties toward one another, that is, the act of self-control or abstinence obligatory upon us.

Now, self-love is not wrong. It is only excessive self-love that is wrong, and all self-love is excessive that exceeds the love borne to one's neighbor. Love your neighbor as yourself, is the law of morality toward your neighbor.

1. The love of life.

The law of equal reciprocal love is capable of being perverted to produce confusion and harm. The law is self-evident and absolute; but it is to be interpreted with large wisdom. It does not follow because I am to love my neighbor's life as I love my own, that therefore I am to devote myself as much to preserve his life as I do to preserve my own. That would be false economy of effort. It would be a commerce and exchange in which the net result all around would be loss, not profit. I am so situated as to myself that my efforts to preserve my own life are far more likely to prosper than would be efforts to preserve the life of my neighbor. Reciprocally, this is true also of my neighbor. What, therefore, we had better do, both he and I, is to attend each to the duty of his own self-preservation. This as a general rule. But when an exceptional case arises in which we two, he and I, share a common danger, then I am not to save myself at his expense, as he is not to save himself at mine. We are to make common cause together. Again, if my neighbor is in danger, I being safe, it is my duty to take some risk to save him. How much risk? That is always a question. A risk, let us say, equal to the probability existing in favor of our both coming off safe should I adventure myself for him. At all events, I am *never* to consult my own safety, at the expense of another's. In the negative sense, at least, always, I am to love my neighbor's life as I love my own. I am to abstain from every act that will jeopard the life of my neighbor in the effort to save my own. Or, if this absolute rule is too severe, it at least is not right for me to free myself from jeopardy by any act involving to my neighbor jeopardy greater than is my own. The law of just equal reciprocity between man and man requires my neighbor to take half my danger, if he can, and, at the same time, it permits me to accept his offer of doing so. The question of halves is a very nice one here, and both I and my neighbor would be likelier to fulfil all righteousness by bearing liberally each against himself. An apostle with bold decision cuts the matter short by saying, We ought to lay down our lives for the brethren. To do so is not suicide, for our aim is not to put an end to our own life. It is simply to save the life of others.

Much more, if strict morality prescribes regard for the life of another equal to our regard for our own life, does strict morality prescribe also that the health and the physical well-being in general of others should be with us an interest equal to what these things are in our own case. We have no right to let others suffer in health or in comfort for us—at any rate beyond what will bring to us a gain greater than their loss, *everything being comprehensively and wisely considered*. On the other hand, we are bound ourselves to be ready always for any sacrifice in these points on our own

part that promises to bring profit, beyond what we shall lose, to our neighbor. But, again, we must add to this an important qualification, or rather, proviso and reminder, namely, *everything being comprehensively and wisely considered*.

The observance of this reciprocal rule, in both its negative and its positive application, would put an end to many wrongs and abuses in our life, especially our domestic life. The amount of immoral, that is, excessive, self-love indulged, in just the manner now hinted at, in our family life, is incalculable. In a thousand nameless ways, we habitually violate the principle of morality by consulting our own health, comfort, ease, tastes, in disregard of the like interests of others. Husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters, employers and servants—there are no household relations that do not afford opportunity for excessive self-love, opportunity so continuous and so manifold and so instinctively used, that the immorality thus committed is not only enormous in aggregate volume, but becomes, or tends to become, as unconscious as breathing. It behooves us to remember the immorality is not the less hurtful for its being unconscious. It is an incessantly working force to let down the tone of virtue in the character. We can not afford to neglect our habits of selfishness in little things. A great and shining act of self-renunciation will not atone to our suffering moral character for months and years of habitual petty selfishness.

2. The love of wealth.

Philosophically, the love of wealth is nearly identical with the love of life. Wealth is the means of life and comfort. It is well-th—well-being—of the material sort. To love wealth is therefore much the same as to love life. It is loving the means of life.

Practically, however, the passion for gain grows on the most of us out of all proportion, and even out of all relation, with the necessity to life of wealth. It becomes thus a separate and different appetite. We love to acquire and to possess, for the sake of the acquisition itself and the possession, without distinct, often, perhaps, without latent reference in our minds to the need of what we seek. Whereas we should aim at supply, we do in fact aim at surplus.

Just where the line runs that divides supply from surplus, it is never easy to decide. We are conditioned so in the world that we must needs look out for ourselves a little in advance. We must provide to-day to-morrow's food; we must plant and gather in summer for our winter's subsistence. The bidding of the Lord, therefore, to take no thought for the morrow, is necessarily to be understood with common sense in the interpretation. The morrow meant by Christ can not be the literal next day of sunlight. It must be a figure for a season removed into the future far enough to overpass the natural and seasonable, because necessary, limits of our foresight and provision. Within such limits, it is right to work now for by-and-by. Beyond these limits lies excess—and consequent moral wrong.

This, of course, is still indefinite. Every man must decide his own case for himself, under responsibility and peril for a wrong decision. All the great works of the world, the railroads, the telegraphs, the bridges, the tunnels, the paintings, the statues, the poems, are, strictly and severely regarded, of the nature of surplus. At least, these things could never have been, and could never be, without supply in excess of immediate need. That would be a stern austerity of morals which should count wrong the accumulations of wealth necessary for such works as we have thus instanced. It can hardly be that our Lord meant to interdict providing for to-morrow, in such a sense as by the interdiction to preclude to men advance in civilization. God meant man to be set over all the works of his hand. This purpose of God can be fulfilled only as we rise superior to the necessity of living from hand to mouth.

Still, indefinite and elastic as seems to be the principle of not seeking wealth in surplus over need, recurrence to the first principle of all morality makes it clear enough that we are to love wealth only for the sake of pleasing God. Let the motive be obedience to God, and problems otherwise hopeless of solution are immediately solved. Nobody ever sought wealth with any excess of zeal, who sought wealth consciously with pure purpose of obeying God.

But excessive love of wealth is a passion leading to many evil moral results. Of these some react, all react, upon the man himself. But we consider here the results which concern directly the man's neighbors. Inordinate greed of gain leads to:

1. Untruthfulness; 2. Dishonesty; 3. Injustice; 4. Rapacity; 5. Cruelty.

This, of course, is but a tentative and partial list. It would perhaps be impossible to enumerate all the wrong acts toward one's fellows to which undue desire and quest of riches leads. Still, the different vices naturally so engendered, springing as they do from the same root, partake of the same nature, and hardly need to be discriminated from one another. (The love of money is a root of all evil, says Paul; and it is almost literally true that there is no form whatever of moral wrong to which this passion does not tend.)

Untruthfulness is the first spontaneous evil fruit of the craving for gain. This vice is one so fundamental in evil character that it stands in much the same relation to all the other prime elemental appetencies of human nature as to the love of wealth. The instinctive first resort is oftenest to untruth, when any man wants to get what all his fellows equally want to get. Resort to untruth is generally the expedient nearest at hand and likeliest seeming to succeed. So sturdy love of truth is of all things ever the most in the way of every man that will get on in the world—is, or seems to be. Falsehood takes every imaginable form of expression, word, act, look, silence. There are, too, all degrees of falsehood.

Speak every man truth with his neighbor, is the plain and simple precept of New Testament morality. The precept commends itself to the unsophisticated moral instinct of every man. You do not need to ground the obligation of it on anything else than God's will, revealed in his word and in your conscience. If you should seek to ground it on the principle of doing good to others, you would be in danger of many mistakes. You might sometimes judge that falsehood would be better than truth for a neighbor's interests. But the moral sense, not sophisticated, says: Tell the truth, without reference to the question whether a lie might not do your neighbor a better turn.

Now, of course, this does not mean that you are to tell the whole truth on every occasion. It means rather, never lie. Whether there may not be some supposable case in which it would be right to tell a falsehood, is a speculation not profitable to indulge. The question of truth-telling will as naturally come up under almost any other one of the topics given us in the elemental passions of human nature, as it does in that now being considered; and under a different analysis from the present, we shall take up the topic anew. We accordingly dismiss it here with the general remark that false representation of whatever sort is forbidden by the moral law. (Business falsehood is prevalent to an extent strikingly illustrative of the power of the passion for gain. Every buyer instinctively suspects every seller, and conversely.)

The temptation is strong to enter into detail, but we must resist it and hasten on. We can not even stay here to treat in the most cursory way the other moral wrongs mentioned as naturally springing out of the love of wealth. We shall undertake in conclusion to supply an enumeration approxi-

mately exhaustive of the different virtues included in the idea of morality for man.

3. Love of pleasure.

This passion is evidently, like all the rest, simply a form of self-love. If you love pleasure excessively, you not only harm yourself, but you are directly tempted to harm others in order to secure your own gratification. There is scarcely any kind whatever of moral wrong to one's neighbor that is not here involved. A man will lie, he will cheat, he will rob, he will be cruel—in order to enjoy himself. We are bound to consider, when, for instance, we attend theatre or opera for our own diversion, what harm we may be doing to the body and soul of the actor or the singer that diverts us. If it costs probable ruin to the performer, is it right for us to please ourselves at such expense? Again, for another instance, are we clear in hunting harmless wild creatures of field or wood, simply for the purpose of having our pleasure at the cost of agonies of terror, toil, pain, endured by them? How hideous the savagery of one's feasting one's animal appetites on the bloom of innocence and purity in man or woman! One taste for you—and a hell of penance for your victim! We have great need of setting watch over our passion for pleasure. That passion is very apt to be a selfish passion, and to grow capable of all cruelty.

4. Love of power.

We all love power. Some of us love this better than we love anything else. The crimes of ambition spring largely from this passion. To gain power, we oppress, and, having gained power, we exercise the power gained, still in oppressing. War and slavery are two fruits of this demoniac lust, and in war and slavery are contained all the crimes of which human nature is capable. War and slavery are generally national crimes, but each member of any nation committing them has his share of responsibility and of guilt.

5. Love of knowledge, or of self-culture.

This form of self-love is more specious than any other. Positively, it is less productive of moral wrongs than are the other elemental passions of human nature. This, for the reason that your increase of knowledge does not directly involve any diminution of your neighbor's share in the same good. Indirectly, however, it may. For in order to secure to yourself the leisure and the appliances for self-culture, you may be tempted to wrong your neighbor exactly as you would be tempted if you were pursuing wealth, pleasure, power. Negatively, you may selfishly refrain from exerting yourself as you should to diffuse the benefits of that knowledge which you seek for your own advantage. The motive of self-culture, specious as it is, may become very selfish and depraved.

6. Love of dignity or honor.

There is a great brood of moral wrongs fostered within us by the mere excessive regard for our own rank, consideration, dignity. We are jealous, envious, covetous, suspicious, proud, presuming, irascible, resentful,—all out of excessive concern for our own dignity. These faults we are likeliest to commit in our household and our social relations. Strange to say, however, the church itself is not free from the spirit that seeks preëminence. The law of prudence, not less than the law of morality, emphasizes the precept of Scripture forbidding us to be over-attentive to our own dignity. When the care for our own dignity passes beyond the limits of defence into the realm of aggression, and becomes thirst for glory, then the passion can be perhaps the most diabolic and fell of all the appetites of the human heart. Yet, if the glory desired be the glory of good actions, rather than of merely splendid actions, the passion may be a spur to useful achievement—though, in strictness, even then remaining open to just blame, unless inspired by supreme reference to God. It is right for us to love the approval of men in subordination to our love for the approval of God. But the wrong chief reference is very apt to get the better of the

right. It asks effort on our part to keep our eyes sufficiently directed away toward God, for that glory which comes from him only.

7. Love of liberty.

We all like to have our own way. Our several ways not seldom cross, and then comes collision, friction. To yield is to lose in some degree our own particular liberty. The passion for individual personal freedom is something perhaps quite distinguishable from all the other passions. It is not always by any means because we dislike to give up a chosen cherished end, that we feel inclined to spurn restraint, coming from the interference of a different will from ours. It is often the unreasoning instinctive passion for freedom. But the imperative condition of life, not to say of peace, in society is that we, each one of us, give up some portion of our entire personal liberty. The dislike of doing this leads us to commit many moral wrongs. We impinge upon others, seeking to make them give up to us more than we are willing to give up to them. We violate thus the Golden Rule of perfect equal reciprocity. There was much deep wisdom in the method laid down by the author of the "Imitation of Christ" for growing in spiritual beauty of character, namely, cultivating the habit of giving up at every opportunity to others, in things both great and little. But the apostle Peter was beforehand with this mystic writer of the middle ages. "Yea, all of you," he says, "be subject one to another."

Now, there may be other prime elemental appetites of the human heart than the seven that we have here mentioned. But these may be regarded as giving occasion to nearly all the moral faults that we commit.

A different way of dividing up duty of man to man would be to name the various distinguishable relations in which one human being may stand to another. Thus we have our domestic, our social, our ecclesiastical, our commercial, and our civil relations. These diversified relations give rise to their respective duties, which duties accordingly might have been considered in pursuance of the classification thus suggested. But the different relations, all of them, give occasion to us to exercise to a great extent the same virtues. For this reason, the classification of duties according to our different relations is not the most convenient possible. In following the analysis furnished in the great fundamental appetites of human nature, we have found inconvenience, similarly occasioned, from the overlapping of one thing by another.

There is a third method of division possible, which if it were not so abstract would be better than perhaps any other. That method consists in an enumeration of the various virtues that belong to the ideal human character—that is, virtues to be practiced between man and man. These may be said to be:

1. Truthfulness; 2. Honesty; 3. Justice; 4. Fidelity; 5. Mercy; 6. Forgivingness; 7. Forbearance; 8. Meekness; 9. Modesty; 10. Self-control; 11. Cheerfulness; 12. Industry; 13. Kindness; 14. Generosity; 15. Gratitude; 16. Honorableness; 17. Respectfulness. If we briefly consider these virtues in succession, we shall in a manner have traversed the field of our positive duties as between man and man, that is the dispositions to be cultivated, and the acts to be performed, in our mutual relations to our fellows.

1. In order to discharge fully the duty of truthfulness, we must express, whether by word, or tone, or act, or look, or silence, only what is true. We are not necessarily truthful because we express only what we believe to be true. We are bound to express what is true. Thus in cases in which we can not be perfectly certain, we ought to express our uncertainty in its proper degree. If we fail to do this, we fail to discharge our duty as to the truth. Many men who would not say what they know to be false, will roundly as-

sert what they do not know to be true. This is immoral. Nearly always it is possible so to frame our assertions that they shall contain nothing that we do not know to be true. It is our duty to cultivate a *habit* of carefulness in this matter.

Of course, as before said, it is not our duty to tell everything we know on every possible occasion, in order to be perfectly truthful. We may, and we should, exercise our common sense, always in a spirit of regard for the interests of others not less than for our own.

2. To be honest means not to cheat. Dishonesty includes untruthfulness, but it adds to that the element of taking from another what fairly belongs to him. In every dealing of man with man, the law of morality requires that each dealer shall refrain from seeking to obtain more than his fair share of advantage. So much at least. But more than that. You are bound to aim at giving your neighbor as much advantage as you get yourself. This is full honesty. Who is honest?

3. Justice practically is the giving to every man his due. This includes just estimation of your neighbor, just feeling toward him, just speech concerning him, just treatment of him in every respect. Justice is thus more than honesty. It is a great matter to be just.

4. Fidelity, or loyalty, is the disposition to remain friendly. This at least is fidelity understood as something other than truthfulness, honesty, justice, and additional to these. You have no right to be less friendly toward a neighbor than you have given him reason to suppose that you will be, or than you have been before. That is, unless you have good cause. And you must be sure that supposed good cause is real good cause. Fidelity requires this. Fidelity requires, as love itself without fidelity, if love could be conceived without fidelity, requires, that you put the most favorable judgment you can on every circumstance that makes against your friend. Stick to him, until you can stick no longer, until paramount fidelity to God commands you to give him up. But meantime sacrifice nothing of your truthfulness, your honesty, your justice. Exercise fidelity, but exercise these also, and not less. These, in fact, must enter into the truest fidelity. Still, remember that it is immoral to be capricious and fickle in your attachments. Fidelity is a part of morality. It is the cement of friendship.

5. Mercy is the disposition to relax the severity of justice when you can. The exercise of mercy presupposes a case in which strict justice would condemn. You treat another more gently than he deserves, when you are merciful. To do this without sacrifice of justice is the problem. If there were no other concerned than just the one condemnable man! But we are so linked together in an endless chain of mutually reacting relation and influence! What would be mercy to one man, might be injustice and unmercifulness to many others. But the *disposition* to be merciful—that is obligatory. The natural degeneration of mercy is toward lax and loose indulgence, and self-indulgence. Indulgence is apt to be self-indulgence. And self-indulgence is not mercy. Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy—and mercy we all need. Let us be merciful. For mercy-needers not to be mercy-showers, is manifest immorality.

6. Forgivingness, unlike mercy, implies nothing as to the relation of superiority or inferiority existing between the subject and the object. The mercy-shower is, for the time at least, in the relation to his neighbor of one having the power. Not necessarily so the forgiver. Indeed, quite as often the forgiver, that is, the one who should forgive, is the weaker man. The passion for revenge is, on account of its strength and its omnipresence, almost worthy to be ranked as one of the elemental appetites of human nature. Forgivingness is the virtue opposite to this. Forgivingness

is a part of morality that may be said to have been revealed by Christianity. It was not known to the heathen world of Greece or Rome. Magnanimity was sometimes praised and practiced. This was a proud virtue. It belonged to the superior in power. The superior in power declined to resent a wrong. He was then magnanimous. There was no notice taken of the wronged *inferior* who forgave—no praise bestowed on him. It is to be feared that there was no such inferior. If there was, he exercised a Christian virtue, singular, hardly paralleled, in the pagan world.

Forgiveness may be defined as the disposition to feel toward an offender as if he had not offended. This disposition may exist, and it should, under whatever provocation, but perhaps it need not be exercised to the full, except on condition of the offender's repentance.

7. Forbearance, or forbearingness, and

8. Meekness, are virtues close of kin.

The forbearing man refrains from pressing his right. The meek man submits to wrong. To forbear belongs more to the man who has the power. To be meek belongs equally to the man who has not the power. Meekness is a virtue that was absolutely unknown to the ancient heathen world. The New-Testament had to take a Greek word that meant mean-spirited to express the idea. Mean-spiritedness is no virtue. But meekness is. High-spiritedness was always, and is now, much valued among men. It is curious and striking that the New-Testament morality has no place for this quality. The nearest approach to high-spiritedness among things commended in the New-Testament is honorableness. But this is a different thing, as we shall see. Meekness must be distinguished from humility. Humility is no virtue toward man. Be humble toward God. Be meek toward your neighbor. Some pride may remain in an act of forbearance. Meekness excludes pride. Pride, we mean, as discriminated from self-respect. Pride is excessive self-respect. Self-respect in a certain measure is no vice but a virtue.

9. Modesty may be defined as moderation in self-respect. Modesty tends to keep one's estimate of one's self *below* the just mark. However, if one estimates one's self at exactly the just rate, there is no fault of immodesty committed. But in such a case, too, there can not be attributed a positive virtue of modesty. The virtue of modesty belongs not to the manner, but to the character. Affectation of modesty is not modesty. Nor is bashfulness modesty. You must sincerely entertain an opinion, tending to under-estimation, of yourself, or you are not a truly modest man. The bashful man is quite as apt to be bashful from over-conceit, as from under-conceit, of himself. Very likely he is bashful because he doubts whether he will make an impression commensurate with what he believes to be his merit. (Bashfulness springs from too much consciousness of self. It is a misfortune, but it is also a fault.) To be modest is a grace, an ornament, but it is also a duty. If we were all modest, how much friction, how much collision, and how much consequent soreness and pain would be avoided! Let us remember that not to be modest, or, at least, to be not modest, is immoral.

10. Self-control is not certainly a virtue, for one may control one's self with evil intention, and good intention is essential to the idea of virtue. But we hardly have any better word than self-control to describe a quality of character not herein before mentioned, which is quite necessary to ideal virtue. Self-control, exercised with reference to intoxicating drugs, has acquired the specific, almost technical, name of temperance. Temperance is not necessarily abstinence. Abstinence as to intoxicating drinks, however, may be, under certain circumstances, and under the circumstances ordinarily existing for modern communities, it is, dictated by morality. Gluttony is certainly immoral. We ought to have a name for temperance in eating. Self-control, exercised with

reference to the gratification of a certain other animal appetite, is chastity. Chastity is a duty as toward God, for we have no right to pollute and debase ourselves. But this has already been pointed out. Chastity is also a duty as toward our fellows. Not to be chaste makes us in ourselves less worthy and useful members of human society; but besides this it leads to offences against our fellows as injurious as can possibly be committed. True chastity requires pure thought, pure feeling, as well as pure act. The imagination may commit adultery. Self-control is here a most indispensable virtue. Control of self is not necessarily control *by* self, in the sense of a dispensing with assistance. No man ever succeeded in getting true central mastery over himself by strength merely his own. That which is to be controlled is always, at some point, as strong as anything in the man himself that can exercise control. There must be reinforcement from without and from above. Morality requires, morality no less than religion, that the reinforcement offered, and reinforcement always is offered, be accepted. Self-control as to the indulgence of other passions, anger, for instance, has virtually been treated under preceding topics.

11. Cheerfulness is of course largely a matter of temperament. As far as it is such, it is not a matter of morality. But cheerfulness is also a duty. (Few qualities in us contribute more to the every-day comfort and happiness of our fellows than cheerfulness. It is a bright contagion.) Nobody can, amid the chances of life, maintain a steady cheerfulness except through trust in God. Hence cheerfulness, though it may seem a comparatively superficial virtue, goes deep for its support and supply. It is some help to us merely to have it in mind that cheerfulness ought not to be left to come as the spontaneous effervescence of animal spirits. There is such a thing as acquired, cultivated, conscientious cheerfulness. This kind of cheerfulness seems indeed a pale, cold ray, contrasted in the more brilliant sunshine of effulgent good nature fed and fueled from inexhaustible good health. But let clouds come over the general sky, and let that bright, but not trustworthy, illumination go out, and then the light of serenity, mild, but inextinguishable, is a comfort that we prize. Friends, let us be cheerful.

12. Industry is activity directed to production. We are all of us consumers, and it is obvious morality that every man should, according to his ability, produce as much at least as he consumes. Not to do so is to live upon the production of others, which certainly is not good reciprocity. The inheritor of wealth has no right to be an idler. The law of industry is inexorable, and it is mandatory upon us all. We must of course remember that of production there are many forms. A teacher produces when he does nothing but teach. He produces producing power in his pupils. A merchant is in the sense here intended a producer. He supplies the public with facilities for living. These facilities he creates or produces. Industry is not only prudence, and not only health and happiness besides, it is also duty. Activity is not industry. It must be activity aimed at production.

13. Kindness is good will in act. Of course nobody can be in the full sense kind without discharging all his duties as toward his fellows. The duty of kindness therefore includes all the elements already enumerated with other still remaining to be named. But kindness is something over and above them all. The rest are in a sort negative, or they wait for occasion. Kindness is positive, and it makes its own occasion. If you are kind, you will do what you can, not limiting yourself to what is obviously needed, for your neighbor. So much is our duty. But

14. We should be more than kind. We should be generous. Generosity is, as it were, the culmination of kindness.

The kind man does what he can. The generous man does more than he can—that is, takes from himself what in just equality of distribution might belong to him, and bestows it on his neighbor. There is no safety for kindness, nor for any of the more negative virtues, but in generosity. You must resolve to be generous, or you will be apt to stop short of being kind. Not mere helpfulness, but self-sacrificing helpfulness, constitutes generosity. Generosity is one of the best enjoyments that we have. Pity the man that never felt the sweet enlarging pains of generosity swell his heart. Admit all the generous thoughts and feelings that knock never so lightly at your door. They are kingly guests. You can not afford to dismiss them. Entertain them royally. But be careful that you be not generous merely in thought and feeling. There is great danger of illusion here. Act out your generosity. This does not mean be demonstrative, much less be ostentatious. But it does mean deport yourselves in outward deed, according to your power, generously. Be honest. Bear in mind that you can be generous only with your own. To be generous with what belongs to others is not generosity. It is pretence and dishonesty.

15. Reciprocal and correlative to generosity is the virtue of gratitude. It is a clear duty to be grateful. We miss a great privilege, too, when we forbear to be grateful. It is but a poor illusion of high-spiritedness, not to be willing to receive a favor that you can return only with gratitude. There is, to be sure, such a thing as sordid and thrift-seeking affectation of gratitude. This species of grateful seeming has been wittily ridiculed in the cynic definition of gratitude as the lively sense of favors expected. Such pretence is despised, and deserves to be. (But sincere thankful feeling is as honorable as is the generosity that evokes it.) Indeed, the truly generous spirit is as well shown in gratitude as it is in generosity. It is foolish and churlish to repress demonstration of gratitude. Be grateful and appear grateful, and appear no more grateful than you are—that will do for the practical rule of morals at this point.

16. Vitally kin to generosity is a virtue that, for want of a better name, we may call honorableness. This is the spirit that, as has been finely said, feels a stain like a wound. There is a great deal of false honor in the world but nothing can take away the just desert of praise from the truly honorable spirit. This virtue goes beyond honesty in the same direction as honesty. Honesty will suffer rather than do a wrong. But honor will suffer rather than seem to do a wrong, rather than come near doing one,—we might almost say, rather than seem to come near seeming to do one. It would be difficult to overstate the sensitiveness of this spirit. It is noble, admirable. But the perversion of it is easy and specious. Pride often masks under the guise of honor. Nobody can be truly honorable that is not first truthful, honest, just. The highest honor thinks first of the Creator, after that, of fellow-creatures. But honorableness is not a mere ornament. It is a duty. Whoever shirks acknowledgment of obligation is dishonorable. How much dishonor toward God hides itself in the hearts of those deemed honorable among men! Such honor rooted in dishonor stands.

17. Respectfulness seems a superficial thing to name last in a list like this. But it could hardly be omitted, and the order here pursued is that of natural suggestion, rather than that of attempted philosophical classification. Still, there is hardly any better bond of perfectness to bind men together in harmonious and happy mutual intercourse than the spirit which pays honor one to another. Honor all men, is the apostolic precept. This duty is contained in the idea of justice. But the duty of honoring your fellows is better conceived when it is made a quite separate and even unexpected article of morality. Now, undoubtedly there is a

great deal in human nature not admirable and not worthy of being honored. This fact is nowhere else in literature so emphasized as in the Bible. Yet it is in the Bible that we find laid down the duty of honoring, not some, but *all*, not of doling out to all a stingy measure of reluctant just sentiment, but of *honoring* them. We are to honor our fellows not as such and such men merely, but as men. They have been created by God, they have been saved, potentially at least, by Christ. They are, or they may become, temples of the Holy Ghost. God, in a real sense, honors men. And in a real sense, we, too, must honor one another. This forbids our thinking slightly or lightly of our fellows. Much more, it forbids our speaking of them thus. Of course, also, it forbids discourtesy in speaking to one another. More sins are committed with the tongue than with any other member of the body. Most of these sins with the tongue are violations of the duty of proper respect to our fellow-men. But out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. We can not speak safely, except with a heart abundant in sincere respect for our fellows.

We go no farther in analysis and discussion of our great theme though the end is not reached. The end indeed recedes as we advance. We might have summed up all at once in a single word, Love. Love to God and love to our fellows is the whole of human duty. But as God *requires* this twofold love, we can go a step higher, and find a perfect and an all-comprehending unity in the practical word, *Obedience*. To fear God, that is, with affection, and to keep his commandments, this is the whole of man.

If Moral Science presumes to teach anything else than this, or anything not leading to this, it is Moral Science falsely so-called.

CHRISTIANITY IN ART.

VIII.

CORREGIO'S "HOLY NIGHT."

In our sixth article of this series (see April CHAUTAUQUAN) we made a study of the two famous pictures of the Madonna and Child—the Sistine Madonna of Raphael, and the Burgomaster Meier Madonna of Holbein. Besides the pictures that represent the Madonna holding the Child of maturer growth, who has attained the use of his senses and can take interest in his surroundings, there is the artistic presentation of the Madonna and Child on the birth-night in Bethlehem. This may be treated in connection with the adoration of the wise men of the East, or without them.

The best known of these pictures that relate to the birth of Christ, is the "Holy Night" of Corregio. In studying its features we shall learn the artistic treatment of this theme.

In a rudely constructed manger on some hay lies the Holy Child in swaddling clothes. He is surrounded by the arms of the Madonna, who leans forward over the manger and draws the child tenderly to her breast, gazing into its face with delight. Above in a bright cloud under the roof of the stable, one sees a number of youthful angel forms mingled in singular movements, expressive of the greatest joy and gladness at the event that has transpired. They look down in wonder and rapture, and point to the up-turned face in the manger, or place their hands together in an attitude of prayer. Five of these angel faces are to be seen. Below at the left of the picture stand three spectators. One is a rude peasant, apparently a herdsman or shepherd, with his coarse garb, long staff, and horn in his girdle. He looks at the Child with wonder, but devoid of any considerable intelligence. His right hand seeks his shock of hair, which he lifts and pulls in his confused awkwardness and bewilderment. Below his face is seen the sweet face of a youth, who looks up to catch a glance of recognition from the shepherd. The youth's face is brimming with the same

gladness that we see expressed by the angels hovering above. Beyond the youth is a maiden who is intent in watching the movements and expression of the infant. The light is too bright for her full gaze, and she partly shields her eyes with her left hand, but is obliged to knit her right eyebrow and look through her eyelashes. In the foreground, close to the shepherd (his master?), is a dog that seems to have a quite human interest in the Child. But farther back in the stable near the wall stands an ass, stubbornly resisting the efforts of a man who attempts to pull him away by the halter which he holds in his right hand. The self-willed animal holds down his head and looks steadily at the dazzling brightness of the infant-face, laying back his ears, donkey fashion, and paying no other heed to the strong arm of the man, who braces himself by placing his left hand on the back of the ass. The man seems by his features to be intended for Saint Joseph. Through the opening in the wall beyond we see in the obscurity of the night still another animal—an ox—quite as anxious as the ass and dog to see the wonder of wonders. Two persons are endeavoring to lead him away, the one holding his horn, the other pulling at a rope fastened to his head. The ox is not to be prevented by this means from seeing the child who is his creator as well as the creator of man.

If we take a general survey after this study of the characters present, we shall notice the miraculous light that rays out from the person of the Christ-child and illumines the whole scene. This is the most important phase of the picture. It gives unity to the whole, showing the cause of the extraordinary interest of all present, and manifesting the divine character of the newly arrived soul.

By this miraculous light the face of the Madonna is most brilliantly affected. It shines as if transfigured. The neck, shoulders, hands, and arms, all glow in the radiance, which extends also to the hay in the manger. Next we see the light making luminous the cloud in which the angels hover above. Corregio excels all others in painting the innocent delight of childhood. His cherubs seem to be unable to express their fulness of joy except by ecstatic movements of their limbs. They remind one of the flutter of butterflies in the summer sun, or still more of the dancing of motes in the sunbeam. While the Greek artist would be careful to keep all the movements of his figures within the strict limits of gracefulness, and not permit any limb to assume for an instant an ungraceful or awkward attitude, Corregio boldly transgresses Greek prudence and welcomes extravagance of movement and posture. His angels and children exhibit an utter unconsciousness of staid and sober decorum. The Greek Mænad, intoxicated with wine and youth, is not allowed by the Greek artist to assume an ungraceful posture, although the limit is freely approached. But Corregio's angels are intoxicated with the gladness of the Advent of the Redeemer, and find any motion of the limbs scarcely adequate to utter their deep joy. They would find the constraint of decorum too much. It would seem to indicate that some mere earthly prudence were so important as to be thought of in this moment of supreme elevation of soul.

The light reveals the features and gestures of all present at the spectacle. It is night and there is no other light in the picture than that which comes from the child. Plants grow toward the light; they are the true sun-worshippers. Even the summer insects arouse themselves in the night and flutter about the lamp burning within our chamber, and worship the light. But man worships the celestial light.

The "Holy Night" suggests by its artistic treatment the "Transfiguration." Both have their center of interest in the human form, shining with dazzling light. In the former as well as in the latter, we should have an indication that

the light is no merely natural light although it should produce the effect of natural light also. In the presentation of the transfiguration, it would never do to represent animals with the capacity of seeing the brightness of raiment. Raphael has, as we saw, even gone so far as to represent the natural man (unilluminated by the Spirit) as unable to see the light: it is the three disciples and Moses and Elias, but not the two members of the Medici family at the left who see the divine light, or are affected by it.

The ox and ass are nearly always introduced into pictures of this scene, but not often in so dramatic a manner as by Corregio. There are traditions which tell us that these animals are regarded as emblems—the ox of the Jews and the ass of the Gentiles. In some pictures the animals kneel, and by their actions make a dumb confession of their Lord. Saint Jerome refers to the passages in the Old Testament (Is. ch. 1, 3—Habak. iii, 4) that speak of these animals and refers also to tradition, expressed in the rude couplet

"Agnovit bos et asinus
Quod puer erat dominus."

(Mrs. Jameson, who gives us this, says, moreover, that "From the sixth to the sixteenth centuries these animals were *always* introduced.")

"Corregio," says Lübke, "does not appreciate grandeur, seriousness, and nobleness of form, nor just architectural rhythm, nor delicate balance of lines . . . but he depicts paradisiacal innocence and the running over of gladness in children. He shows light as softly blending with twilight, interwoven with delicate reflections and transparent shadows—an atmosphere of sweet feeling."

Corregio invented what is called "chiaroscuro," with its grading of shades and lights, "in which figures half veiled and half revealed appear all the more charming and captivating. But he sacrifices to this, nobler drawing, worthier arrangement, etc."

Chiaroscuro, in other words, is adapted to the presentation of such pictures as this one of the Holy Night, as well as of many other charming pictures of childhood and innocence that Corregio has left us.

MICHAEL ANGELO'S "FATES."

Very much in contrast with Corregio's "Holy Night" is a picture of the "Three Fates," which is attributed to Michael Angelo. It is probable that Michael Angelo contributed only the drawing, and that the picture was painted by Rosse Fiorentino.

The Three Fates constitute a heathenish conception, which stands strongly in contrast with the Christian idea of a divine Providence that watches over the conduct of human life—and even over the life of the sparrows.

The Three Fates are Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos. (One may obtain a heliotype of the engraving of this picture, or a photograph of it by Mr. Soule.)

Clotho, according to Michael Angelo, holds the distaff; it is full of flax—full of life; there is unlimited substance of life. Clotho sings carelessly, looking neither to the right nor to the left. There is no more need of her thinking about the end of life, than there is for the infant child to do this. The first dawn of morning does not suggest the evening.

Her face is not beautiful, the open mouth of a singer is not pleasant to look at in a picture, and Michael Angelo has placed her in the background in so deep a shade that the attention of the observer will be perforce concentrated on the two sisters. She is absorbed entirely with her own task—that of supporting the, as yet, unparticularized life, life in general—"the fullness of life." Her song is exulting and loud.

Lachesis spins out the flax into individual threads of life, drawing the flax from the full distaff held by her sister.

She spins out the individual lives generously, a good long span—at least three-score and ten for each—perhaps four-score. It is not Lachesis in this picture who measures the life of man; she would prefer to have all lives long lives; holding the thread with her left hand, with her right she draws it out to full length. But Atropos here comes on the scene. Suddenly Lachesis feels an arm placed over her own, holding it firmly in position; and she hears the sharp click of the "abhorred shears," and turning she meets the gaze of her sister with a mute appeal in her eyes; "Why not give to all their full number of days?" But in the eyes of Atropos she reads stern resolution, though tempered by love. Atropos does not open her firm lips, but says as plainly with her widely opened eyes; "It can not be done, my sister, though I would gladly yield to your wishes—the life must be cut off just there"—and the clink of the closing shears, ends the mute dialogue.

In the ordinary engraving of this picture one will see that the engraver in drawing the picture has mistaken altogether Michael Angelo's conception of Clotho.

The picture is old and somewhat indistinct, and the engraver evidently has thought that the expression on Clotho's face is one of horror; he has made her eyes open widely and turn askance so as to look toward her sisters; her lower jaw drops with the shock of terror that comes over her as she sees the movement of Atropos, and realizes that her full distaff shall spin out into individual lives and drop away in mutilated threads. In the largest photograph published of it, which is nearly of the same size with the original picture, and is taken directly from the painting under strong illumination, we can see the pupils of the eyes distinctly, and recognize the fact that the gaze is straight forward:—The eyelids droop a little, as is the case when one is singing with feeling. Her brows are slightly contracted, and the muscles of her cheeks and the opening of her mouth, too, all indicate the effort with her vocal organs. In case of horror, the cheek smooths and blanches, the lower jaw drops passively, and the rim of the lips assumes a different contour from the one given to Clotho in this picture. In case of fear, the eyelids lift and the brow arches, but does not contract, and the white of the eye appears above the iris. But Clotho's eyes wear an absent look; she seems to gaze into the past. The withered dame thinks only on the long-vanished, youthful days when life was in its ascending node, and its future arched up into the sky, a rainbow-colored sign of hope.

Lachesis had been looking at the beautiful thread of life which she drew out with tender fingers and loving eyes, while she listened to her sister's cheerful song. Suddenly she felt a firm pressure on her right arm, confining it in its place and paralyzing her hand so that she could not control the thread. Her ears caught the unpleasant grating of the opening shears, and the glittering steel flashed on her sight. Turning to the right now, she encounters the wide-open, relentless eyes of Atropos. Her full, liquid eyes look pleadingly. All the lines of her face deprecate the action of her firm sister. Her mouth bears the expression of pain and sorrow, her head bows slightly with an involuntary motion to emphasize the remonstrance conveyed in her face.

Atropos is the most intense of the characters presented. She alone is vividly present: no absence of mind; no lapsing into revery over the past; no absorption of interest in the evolution of the lengthened thread of life. She is all concentration. The index finger points at twelve. Now, now is the time; the end is come; the thread is severed. Atropos had come up from behind, unobserved by her sister, and with careful deliberation had thrust forward her right arm so as to make her work sure and effective at once. By putting her elbow into the hollow of the bent arm of Lachesis, she prevents any shrinking movement on the part of

the latter, who would fain lift the thread with her right hand, and thus escape the fatal shears altogether, or else allow them to clip the thread of life off near the distaff, and thus grant a long life.

Had Michael Angelo left the arm of Lachesis free, he could not consistently put into her face the deprecating look, for in that situation she must have co-operated with Atropos, who could not have severed the thread without the willing consent of Lachesis. The dramatic action is by this made varied and lively.

Atropos bends forward her head close to her sister's with an upward glance of unmistakable purport. She answers the pleading of the other by a steady, unflinching gaze, entirely unmoved by the silent entreaty, except so far as to soften her features slightly with sisterly recognition. She indicates no trace of relenting or hesitation at the deed, but only a slight twinge of regret at the evidence that her deed causes pain to the sister. Her sharp and glistening eyes are as positive as the tense hand which thrusts forward the shears, with the thumb pressing the back of the blade, already in the act of closing it.

Michael Angelo has chosen for his Fates the features of Roman dames of noble family. Quiet dignity and grace, with great resolution and power of action, are evident in their features. They are completely enwrapped in clothing, and there is no suggestion anywhere of charming sensuousness. Fold after fold of drapery conceals the bust. The arms are sleeved to the wrist, and the superfluity of garment is there rolled back from the hand to give an air of busy work. Even the neck is covered, and the heads are curiously wrapped about with long folded cloths. The artist has disposed the head-dress in such a way as to emphasize in a singular manner the characteristic expression of the face below.

The expression of the face of Lachesis is heightened by the smooth folds drawn around her head, for these folds are pleading and deprecating too.

The relentless mouth of Atropos is curved differently from that of Lachesis, to express determination and full assent in the deed against which the other remonstrates, and is heightened in its effect by the over-drooping corners of her head-cloth, which curves upward and forward like the horns of a fiend, and suggests—faintly, it is true, but nevertheless perceptibly—the ears and cornute appendages of a brute. A bunch of cloth over her right ear misleads the senses as to the shape of her head, and carries with it a similar suggestion.

The head-dress of Clotho, on the other hand, is more suggestive of a frilled cap, indicating far less dignity and energy in her bearing. She is the symbol of the family, and the song that seems to come from her toothless mouth evidently relates to childhood and youth, or the golden prime of love, and the season of the beginning of family life. Clotho's hand firmly grasping the distaff is seen just below the left hand of Lachesis, but the left hand of Atropos does not appear at all.

The shears of Atropos are of a peculiar pattern, selected apparently because they are so well adapted to show the tension of the hand in closing them, and because they may be guided so much better to their object (as in sheep-shearing).

Most prominent in the picture is the arm of Atropos bearing the shears. The most powerful light is concentrated on this part of the picture, so as to exhibit the distracting movement which pinions the arm of Lachesis to her side, and by pressure upon the tendons near the elbow benumbs the action, and prevents the sister from holding the thread out of reach after discovering the intent of Atropos.

[End of Required Reading for June.]

BLUEBELLS.

Ah me! how many years have flown
 Since I, who wander now alone,
 That April morning stood
 With my one friend beneath the trees,
 While wonderful wild harmonies
 Rang through the bluebell wood.

The year was young, the world was sweet,
 Our hearts were young, and leapt to greet
 The gladness of the day;
 No cloud was on the April sky,
 We laughed aloud, scarce knowing why,
 Along the woodland way.

And like a carpet on the ground,
 The azure bluebells all around
 In fair profusion grew.
 Among the flowers I sat me down,
 And wove my friend a dainty crown
 Of tender blossoms blue.

I placed the circlet with delight
 Upon her forehead smooth and white;
 The azure of her eyes
 Might put to shame the bluest flower,
 That ever grew in sheltered bower
 Beneath the softest skies.

Ah me, my friend! my one dear friend!
 Our pleasant spring-time had an end,
 We left the fairy ways,
 The mystic paths of sweet romance,
 The girlish round of song and dance,
 For life's bewildering maze.

Now here, alone, within the wood,
 Where in youth's bluebell-time we stood,
 I sit me down to-day,
 My heart fresh-stung with sharp regret,
 Because thy path from mine is set
 So very far away.

But, dear, my tears are selfish tears,
 For God hath blessed thy happy years
 With blessings wide and deep;
 Thy summer came at spring-time's close,
 And for thy bluebells gave love's rose
 For evermore to keep.

Yea, God hath given thee all the good
 Of maiden-time and matronhood,
 Youth's spring and summer prime;
 And now life's reddening autumn leaves
 Fall softly on love's gathered sheaves,
 Bound up for winter-time.

Friend, if to me when spring-time died,
 Was given no glorious summer-tide,
 If never happy May
 Succeeded April's shower and sun,
 And if, when bluebell-time was done,
 No roses lit my way;

If evermore my heart doth miss
 A joy foregone, love's crowning bliss
 I know the lesson meant;
 If wanting stars of earthly love,
 I know one brighter shines above,
 My friend, I am content!

—All The Year Round.

ARTEMUS WARD.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

HIS LIFE AND LECTURES.

Charles Farrer Browne (*alias* Artemus Ward) was born at Waterford, United States, in 1836. He began life as a type-setter, then took to newspaper reporting, and soon (like Dickens) made a mark with jokes, which went the round of the papers. The circus presently caught up the new vein of wit. Artemus was always fond of the circus; but he did not care to sit and applaud his own jokes; he thought he might contrive to get the applause and the cash himself. A lecture, to be constructed on peculiar principles, flashed across his mind. Was not the public worn out with dull lectures? Had not the time of protest arrived? What very excellent fooling it would be to expose the dull impostors who passed up and down the land, boring mechanics' institutes and lyceums with their pretentious twaddle, and bringing art and science into disrepute! Artemus Ward felt that the man and the hour had arrived. He would bring about a mighty reaction in the public taste; under these circumstances he conceived the appalling notion of constructing a lecture which should contain the smallest possible amount of information with the greatest quantity of fun. It was to consist mainly of a series of incoherent and irrelevant observations, strung like a row of mixed beads upon the golden thread of his wit.

Ward started in California with an announcement that he would lecture on "The Babes in the Wood." He said he preferred this title to that of "My Seven Grandmothers." Why, nobody knows, for there was, of course, to be as little in the lecture about babes, in or out of the wood, as about seven or any other number of grandmothers. "The Babes in the Wood" was never written down; a few sentences only have survived of a performance which was destined to revolutionize the comic lecturing of the age.

The "Babes" seem only to have been alluded to twice—first at the beginning, when the lecturer gravely announced "The Babes" as his subject, and then, after a rambling string of irrelevant witticisms, which lasted from an hour to an hour and a half, he concluded with, "I now come to my subject—'The Babes in the Wood.'" Then taking out his watch, his countenance would suddenly change—surprise, followed by great perplexity! At last, recovering his former composure, and facing the difficulty as best he could, he continued: "But I find I have exceeded my time, and will therefore merely remark, that so far as I know, they were very good babes; they were as good as ordinary babes." Then, almost breaking down, and much more nervously, "I really have not time to go into their history; you will find it all in the story-books." Then, getting quite dreamy, "They died in the woods, listening to the wookpecker tapping the hollow beech-tree." With some suppressed emotion, "It was a sad fate for them, and I pity them; so I hope do you. Good night!"

The success of this lecture throughout California was instantaneous and decisive. The reporters complained that they could not write for laughing, and split their pencils desperately in attempts to take down the jokes. Every hall and theater was crowded to hear about the "Babes," and the "Lyceum" lecturer of the period, "what crammed himself full of high-soundin' phrases, and got trusted for a soot of black clothes," had nothing to do but to go home and destroy himself.

Artemus was an insatiable rover. At one time, being laid up, he read Layard's "Nineveh." The bulls excited his fancy; the Arabs and the wildness of the scenes, the ignorance, stupidity, and knavery of the natives, the intelligence and enthusiasm of the explorer, the marvelous unlooked-

for results—all this suited him. He must go to Nineveh and have a look and come back, and speak a piece. Alas! cut short at the early age of thirty, how many "pieces" had to remain unspoken, and a trip to Nineveh amongst them!

Passing from San Francisco to Salt Lake City, Ward becomes his own *raconteur*. Of course he lectured by the way, and his progress was somewhat slow and roundabout, like that of the ant who, in order to cross the street, chose to go over the top of Strasburg Cathedral. But the longer the journey the greater the gain to those who are anxious to surprise gleams of his quaint nature, or flashes of his wit, humor, and adventure.

In California his lecture theaters were more varied than convenient. Now he stood behind a drinking bar, once in a prison, the cells being filled with a mixed audience and Artemus standing at the end of a long passage into which they all opened, then in a billiard-room, or in the open air. On one occasion the money being taken in a hat, the crown fell out and split the dollars. Ward said he never could be quite sure how many dollars were taken that night, no one seemed to know.

All who knew Ward knew there was much truth in his saying, "I really don't care for money." He was the most genial, generous, free-handed of men, and, like other kindly souls, his good-nature was often imposed upon by unprincipled and heartless adventurers, who ate his dinners, laughed at his jokes, and spent his money. Had it not been for Hingston, his faithful agent, he would have fared far worse, for Ward was not a man of business.

If his anecdotes by the way are not all strictly authentic, they are far too good to be lost. He tells us how he visited most of the mountain towns and found theatres occasionally to which he invariably repaired. One was a Chinese theater; when he offered his money to the Chinaman at the door that official observed, "Ki hi hi ki shoolah!" "I tell him," says Ward, "that on the whole I think he is right." On entering one he finds the play is going to last six weeks; he leaves early. It is in this rough mountainous region that some of Ward's best jokes were manufactured. To this period belongs the famous man who owed him two hundred dollars and never paid him.

"A gentleman, a friend of mine, came to me one day with tears in his eyes; I said, 'Why these weeps?' He said he had a mortgage on his farm and wanted to borrow two hundred dollars. I lent him the money and he went away. Some time after he returned with more tears. He said he must leave me for ever; I ventured to remind him of the two hundred dollars. He was much cut up; I thought I would not be hard on him, so I told him I would throw off one hundred dollars. He brightened up, wrung my hand with emotion. 'Mr. Ward,' he exclaimed, 'generous man! I won't allow you to outdo me in liberality, I'll throw off the other hundred.'"

ADVENTURES AT THE SALT LAKE.

But the Salt Lake had to be reached, and a wild and to some extent perilous journey it was.

In the greatest trepidation Artemus at length beheld the trim buildings of the Mormons shining in the distance, and entering the spacious thoroughfares studded with gardens, and lively with a very mixed, active, and always industrious population, sought out with Hingston a retired inn and gave himself up to his own reflections.

These were not pleasant. He certainly meant to see Salt Lake and the Mormons, and there he was. But in his book he had been unsparing in his sarcasms on the Mormons, Brigham and all his works, and if there was one thing he felt quite certain of, it was that he was now in the absolute power of the most unscrupulous man in America, whom he happened to have grossly insulted. Hingston advised him not to venture abroad rashly, and went out himself to see

which way the wind blew. Artemus sat smoking moodily at home expecting, as he says, "to have his swan-like throat cut by the Danites."

At last enters a genial Mormon Elder, who assures him of the general good-will of the Mormons, but also pulls out a book ("Artemus his book!") and reads to its author a passage which he admits to have somewhat hurt their feelings; and certainly it is a little strong, as coming from a man who had never been in Salt Lake City, or seen the people. This is the passage, and it occurs in the Showman's papers.

"I girded up my loins and fled the seen; I packed up my duds and left Salt Lake, which is a second Sodom of Gomorrah, inhabited by as thievin' and unprincipled a set of retches as ever drew breath in any spot on the globe!"

On hearing these awful words, of which up to that moment their writer had never felt in the least ashamed, Ward declares that his feelings may be more easily imagined than described! He was forced to admit further that the Mormons might not be quite such "unprincipled retches" as he had described, and he parted at last with the mild and conciliatory Elder pleasantly enough, instead of having his swan-like throat cut.

Coals of fire were soon to be heaped on his devoted head.

Worn out by the excitement and fatigue of many days and nights of travel, he was struck down with fever. "The thievin' and unprincipled retches" by whom he was surrounded now vied with each other to do him service, they nursed him patiently, treated him with the utmost kindness, procured him every comfort, and Brigham Young sent him his own doctor.

"The ladies," he says, "were most kind. I found music very soothing when I lay ill with fever in Utah; and I was very ill, I was fearfully wasted, and on those dismal days a Mormon lady—she was married, though not so much married as her husband, he had fifteen other wives—she used to sing a ballad commencing, 'Sweet bird, do not fly away!' I told her I would not; she played the accordion divinely, accordingly I praised her."

Of course Artemus could not exactly eat his own words, or recant his deeply rooted opinions, of which he was quite as tenacious as some other men; but he pays a warm tribute to the friendly courtesy of Brigham, adding—"If you ask me how pious he is, I treat it as a conundrum and give it up."

The moment at last arrives for him to face a Mormon audience and speak his piece. They place the theater at his disposal, and "I appear," he says, "before a Salt Lake of upturned faces!" He is listened to by a crowded and kindly audience. Whether it was the "Babes" or "Africa," we know not, but he mentions that some odd money was taken at the door. The Mormons, it appeared, paid at the door in *specie*, and that of all kinds; such as five lbs. of honey, a firkin of butter, a wolf's skin; one man tried to pass a little dog—a cross between a Scotch terrier and a Welsh rabbit; another a German-silver coffin plate—"both," he adds, "were very properly declined by my agent."

HIS DEATH.

Artemus had a great longing to come to London and give his lecture at the Egyptian Hall. That longing was destined to be gratified; but it was the last. He thought "The Mormons" would do very well, and it did. He knew his lungs were affected, and he knew he must die; but he did not quite know how soon.

He came here in 1867. He was soon unable to continue his entertainment. "In the fight between youth and death," writes his friend Robertson, "death was to conquer." His doctor sent him to Jersey; but the sea breezes did him no good. He wrote, genial and sympathetic to the end, that "his loneliness weighed on him." He tried to get back to town,

but only got as far as Southampton; there many friends went down from London to see the last of him—two at a time. Hingston never left him, and the consul of the United States was full of the kindest attentions. A wealthy American had offered the Prince of Wales a handsome American-built yacht. "It seems, old fellow," said poor Artemus, as he made his last joke to Hingston, who sat by him—"It seems the fashion for every one to present the Prince of Wales with something. I think I shall leave him my panorama." His cheerfulness seldom left him, except when he thought of his old mother, and then he would grow terribly sad. But the end was at hand. "Charles Browne," writes his friend Robertson in modest but feeling terms, "died beloved and regretted by all who knew him, and when he drew his last breath there passed away the spirit of a true gentleman."

CHARACTERISTICS.

One of the many charms and surprises of Ward was his double character. Between the rough showman of his book and the refined-looking, intellectual master of wit, without a touch of personal vulgarity, the chasm seemed immense, and yet on his appearance it was instantly abridged.

Before parting with Artemus I would fain try to fix the shifting kaleidoscopic colors as they melt and change, to analyze what is no sooner present than it is past, to set down the characteristics of a mind the qualities of which have surely never been seen in such singular and fascinating combination before, which we are never likely to see in the smallest degree reproduced, and which has now for some twenty years defied a host of plagiarists and imitators as successfully as the music of Chopin or the brush of Turner.

First I note his spontaneity. He was quite as good at home as abroad—in private as in public. This was his charm. He never knew how many odd things he was going to say, and often forgot them afterward. In his entertainments he was constantly personal, yet without ever giving offence. In public he had the quickest tact, the kindest humor, and the gentlest delicacy of any man I ever saw.

Then his mind resembled the retina of the eye, in which everything appears naturally upside down. Other people, like Dickens or John Parry, went out of their way to reverse ideas; to Ward the reverse order seemed always the natural one; from his point of view the whole world stood on its head, men thought backwards, and words invariably meant their contraries. The shock of this incessant and easy inversion is irresistible; as when describing a temperance hotel, where, he says, they sold the very worst liquors he ever tasted. He goes on to say: "I don't drink now; I've given all that up. I used to drink once; but when I did, I never allowed business to interfere with it." Or when he remarks that he had always been of opinion that an occasional joke improved a comic paper. At first we suppose it is a kind of *lapsus linguae*. Not at all; it is merely common sense backward—a ludicrous and usually satirical reversal of ordinary ideas.

Closely akin to this I note a steady displacement of atmosphere; as when his organ-grinder dies he says he never felt so ashamed in his life. Shame is the wrong emotion; but it is slipped in mechanically, like a drop-scene that has got out of its right place, and provides a churchyard instead of the altar-rail for a marriage ceremony. Ward's subtle trifling with words, as well as atmospheres, is reduced almost to a fine art, and results in quite a new and peculiar coinage. "'Let us glide,' said I, 'in the mazy dance,' and we glode." "Let 'm secesch!" "He's caught a tormater," which is quite in Mrs. Gamp's style, with her "Not all the tortoloes of the imposition"—for "tortures of the inquisition." But in America the Malaprop seedling comes up with

an odd American twist, and the Artemus variety of it is certainly unique. Sense, grammar, terminations, spelling, all go awry—we hardly notice how. We receive a series of mental back-handers, and keep laughing, a little too late, as the new method begins to gain on us.

With one more example from his life amongst the Mormons, which, perhaps, though brief, includes a greater variety of humor than any single passage I could select, I must conclude my memorial glimpses of this incomparable and lamented humorist.

THE SEVENTEEN YOUNG MORMON WIDOWS.

"I regret to say that efforts were made to make a Mormon of me while I was in Utah.

"It was leap year when I was there, and seventeen young widows—the wives of a deceased Mormon (he died by request)—offered me their hearts and hands. I called upon them one day, and taking their soft white hands in mine—which made eighteen hands altogether—I found them in tears. And I said, 'Why is this thus?—what is the reason of this thushness?'

"They hove a sigh—seventeen sighs of different size. They said—

"'Oh, soon thou will be gonested away!'

"I told them that when I got ready to leave a place I usually wentested. They said—'Doth not like us?'

"I said, 'I doth, I doth!' I also said, 'I hope your intentions are honorable, as I am a lone child, and my parents are far, far away!'

"They then said—'Wilt not marry us?'

"I said, 'Oh, no; it can not was.'

"Again they asked me to marry them, again I declined. When they cried—

"'Oh, cruel man! This is too much—oh, too much!'

"I told them it was on account of the muchness that I declined."—*Good Words.*

BIRDS.

Who has not often heard it said of a frivolous and inconsiderate person, "She has the head of a linnet?"

Popular common sense is sometimes mistaken in its comparisons, but this is essentially just. This charming little bird, with a fine delicate head, manifests, indeed, but little intelligence and reflection. In vain its beauty seeks to atone for its want of sense. Light-headed the linnet is called, light-headed it will remain. But this bird is not the only one which we accuse of want of sense. Our rhetoric makes use of a number of comparisons regarding the winged tribe, which we are only too ready to adopt. We are constantly saying, "stupid as a turkey," "silly as a snipe," "foolish as a buzzard."

We associate such an idea of imbecility with birds, that when we wish to taunt or ridicule each other, we make use of such terms as "goose," etc.

We lay all our bad passions on these innocent creatures. We call the owl untamable and taciturn; the heron sad and melancholy; the gull is insatiable and clamorous; the magpie inquisitive, boasting, and thievish. To hear our language, one would say birds must be essentially a race of degraded creatures. But it is not so. Science, wiser than imagination, has declared that birds have not such little brains as we have been led to suppose.

It has been proved that the brain of the canaries excels, in proportion to the bulk of their bodies, that of man. We know well that, in a general way, the brain of birds is not so voluminous as that of the mammalia; the hemispheres are deficient in circumvolutions, and are not so well developed. And here again we find that the intellectual manifestations are in proportion to the extent of the cerebral organs. The brain of the ostrich is not larger than that

of the barn-cock. The goose and turkey have very small brains. But the disproportion of the brain compared with the bulk of the body is most remarkable in the whole order of coast-birds. These are the most savage, and the least susceptible of being tamed. In the order of rapacious birds the cerebral mass sensibly increases, especially amongst the falcons; this increase, however, is most manifest in the night birds of prey, whose heads are very large.

The following is a scale of the size of the brain compared with the bulk of the body, in some birds and mammalia. On examining this list it will be seen that the most intelligent of the larger animals have not so large a brain as we should expect. In truth, it will be found that the degree of intelligence is not always in proportion to the cerebral mass. The brain of the canary is equal in bulk to 1-14th of the body; barn-cock, 1-25th; sparrow, 1-25th; chaffinch, 1-27th; robin, 1-32d; blackbird, 1-68th; duck, 1-256th; eagle, 1-260th; goose, 1-360th. In man the brain varies from 1-22nd of the body to 1-32nd; the higher apes, 1-30th; cat, 1-94th; the dog, 1-161st; the horse, 1-400th; and the elephant, 1-500th.

Few animals have the brain more developed than the parrots. The cerebral mass of the graminivorous and the insectivorous birds is, in proportion to the weight of the body, as great as that of man. It is easily understood, then, that intelligence may not be so rare among birds as some have supposed. They are certainly much superior to many of the insectivora, the kangaroos, the bats, the rodentia, and to most of the ruminants.

We are often greatly at fault when we study animals. We always wish to compare their organization with ours. We say they are less perfect than we are, because such and such organs are less developed in them than in us; this is a great error. Each creature is perfect with regard to its kind, or the requirements of its state of existence, and often possesses much which another wants. Thus, birds are admirably endowed with the sense of sight. It is supposed that there is a direct correspondence between the extent of vision and the rapidity of flight. The eagle, hawk, vulture, and all the other birds of prey, with the exception of the night birds, survey an horizon much more extensive than man can.

"The martin," said Belon, "perceives a gnat distinctly at the distance of five hundred yards, darts upon it, and carries it off in the twinkling of an eye, with unequalled dexterity. The kite, which hovers in the air, far beyond our sight, easily perceives a dead fish floating on the surface of the water, or the imprudent field-mouse just coming out of its hole."

Birds, surveying with a single glance a considerable extent of country, are often obliged to adapt their powers of sight, according to the position in which they find themselves, either on the earth or in the air. Their eyes are naturally long-sighted, except those of the aquatic birds, and the crystalline lens is more flattened than in the mammalia. To enable them to see from a great distance they possess a particular organ, enabling them to give the eye a high telescopic power. The bird's eye is, in fact, a self-adjusting telescope, which can also become a microscope. The bird has a third eyelid, which, acting between the other two, covers the ball of the eye, and moves over it incessantly, to keep it clean and brilliant like an eye-glass; this lid serves also for a curtain against the dazzling rays of light. It is probable that an eye so well organized is admirably adapted to the wants of birds in their periodical voyages to far-off countries. This third eyelid is called the nictating membrane, is semi-transparent, and, when not in use, is neatly folded up in the inner corner of the eye. It is rapidly drawn across the eye by two muscles, and returns to the resting-place by its own elastic action. The telescopic power of the vulture's eye was shown by actual experiment, a few years ago. Some naturalists stuffed the dried skin of a deer with hay and left it on a

prairie; in a short time a number of black specks were seen far up in the sky; these became larger and larger, and at length were found to be a troop of vultures rapidly descending toward the spot where the stuffed deer lay. The birds at length alighted, approached the skin, and struck their beaks into the leathery substance. After hovering about for some considerable time, apparently in great astonishment, the vultures flew off slowly and sadly. Now it seems clear that, in this case, the birds must have seen the stuffed deer-skin from a height in the air at which they were invisible to the human eye. Smell could have had nothing to do with the result.

Next to the sight, hearing appears to be the second sense of birds—that is say, the second in perfection. Hearing is not only more perfect than the smell, taste, and touch of birds, but even more perfect than the hearing of quadrupeds. We see this proved by the readiness with which some birds repeat a long succession of sounds, and even of words. It happened that we took away a nest of sparrows from beneath the roof of a cottage, and placed it on a balcony, before the young were old enough to call for their parents. The father and mother did not, in this case, recognize their nest by sight; but in another experiment, when the little ones were able to call out, the parents distinguished their voices, and brought them food. Here the sense of hearing exceeded that of sight. Many birds are accused of being completely deaf, especially those having large bills. But we all know that such birds possess voices; were they deaf, they would necessarily be dumb. We have seen that there is a correspondence between the sense of seeing and the rapidity of flight; the same harmony also exists between the organs of speech and hearing in all animals, especially birds. The sense of touch also belongs to birds. Buffon says that they have more feeling than quadrupeds, that the sense of touch in their claws is strong, as they continually use them for grasping. Nevertheless, he adds that the inside of a bird's claw being always lined with a hard, callous skin, the touch can not be very delicate, nor the sensations which it produces acute.

Birds are certainly not creatures of taste. Dame Nature would have it so, and with good reason. If these animals, destined to produce an amount of heat superior to ours, had been gifted with delicate palates, they would have been too fastidious for their proper food, and would never have eaten enough to keep up a suitable degree of temperature.

Birds do not masticate, but swallow their food unchewed. This matters little to them, for the horny nature of most of their tongues unfits them for tasting. But many birds show much skill in the use of their wonderfully formed tongues. The humming-bird turns the organ into an admirable pump, by which it sucks up the juices of flowers; and the woodpeckers use their tongues as darts to transfix insects. These birds are compelled to employ a complex machinery of small bones, by which the tongue is lengthened and directed on the prey.

The sense of smelling does not appear to be well developed amongst birds, a great number of them having no nostrils—that is to say, no open tubes on the beak, so that they can not smell, except by means of the interior cleft in the mouth. Those which are furnished with nostrils enjoy a more highly developed sense of smelling than the others; nevertheless, the olfactory nerves are proportionally smaller, less numerous, and less extensive than in quadrupeds. Some have been tempted to explain by the sense of smell, certain singular faculties in birds. Indeed, how else can we account, say they, for the marvellous return of the carrier pigeon, which is taken in a close vessel from its native home to a distance of three hundred miles, across countries quite unknown, and which, as soon as liberated, has no difficulty in returning to its home? How can we explain the fact of a messenger pigeon, which, being sent from Toulouse in a

covered basket, when set at liberty, knew perfectly well how to return to the place of its departure? Is it to one of the senses, or to a peculiar intelligence that we must attribute this faculty? Assuredly it is not due to hearing, to touch, nor to taste. Is it due to the sense of sight or smelling? There may be doubts as to the pigeon shut up in the basket, but as to the one which was carried in a close vase, it is evident that the poor winged animal, had it the scent of a dog, would never have been able to return direct home by the aid of its nose. The phenomena can not be otherwise explained than by the general sensibility of the bird. Launched in the atmosphere, it follows the direction of its sensations, and knows what route must be taken to reach the north or the south. Its sensibility serves for a compass, and also for a thermometer.

A carrier pigeon taken out by the Arctic discoverer, Sir John Ross, in 1850, from its dovecot in Scotland, was let loose at Wellington Sound, within the Arctic circle, on October 6th, and reached its former home in Ayrshire in seven days, having flown two thousand miles across the Atlantic. No one will venture to assert that the pigeon could see its distant dovecot through two thousand miles of atmosphere. Such marvellous feats performed by birds can not be explained by "our philosophy."

Tousseneil cites an example of a goldfinch that every week quitted its native town, situated in Picardy, for Paris, carrying a notice to prepare its master's apartments.

With a large brain birds could not hover lightly and easily in the air. It could not be expected, then, that this organ should have the same development as the organs of locomotion. What a bird requires is moving power; and for this it is beautifully adapted, by its muscular and nervous system.

By the aid of the microscope anatomists have discovered in the brain and marrow many kinds of little cells. Some affect the functions of sensibility, others of motion; the latter being complex and much larger than the others, and serving especially for muscular contraction. We observe, then, that these are, in proportion, more numerous in the bird than in other vertebrated animals, and this is evidently the cause of their rapid locomotion. The bird may lose in intelligence what it gains in motive power; but its destiny is to fly, and therefore it has wings and high muscular energy—

"Wings! to bear me over
Mountain and vale away;
Wings to soar above the sea
In morning's sunny ray."

"Nature," said Buffon, "in giving wings to birds, has bestowed upon them the attributes of independence and the means of perfect liberty. Thus no other home but the sky is suitable to them. They foresee the vicissitudes and changes of climate, in anticipating the seasons; they do not settle in any place until they have assured themselves of the temperature. Most arrive only when the soft breath of spring has clothed the forests with verdure; when it has drawn forth the fruits necessary for their nourishment; when they can settle, take shelter, and conceal themselves in the shade; and when, nature developing the power of love, heaven and earth seem to combine for their pleasure and happiness."

As nothing is imperfect in the formation of a living creature, everything being adapted to its condition and the end it has to attain, so the structure of a bird presents a light frame. Destined to live in the air, it must have less weight than the fish which is supported in the water, or the mammalia which mostly pass their lives on the land. All has been so wonderfully foreseen and calculated, that, as the birds advance in age, gaining form and bulk, the bones become lighter and more cell-like, enabling them to take more air into the interior, so that the atmosphere, which is the

element most essential to the bird, penetrates nearly every part of its body, and enables the creature, above all others, to inhale the most oxygen. Microscopic investigations have demonstrated that the cells in the bones of some birds measure but 1-5000th of an inch in diameter. The tubes in the bones, called the *Haversian* canals, from their discoverer, Mr. Clapton Havers, are also both numerous and minute. We know that in the mammalia there is between the pulmonary and abdominal regions a division called the diaphragm; this division limits, in some degree, the expansion of the lungs. In birds, on the contrary, the membrane is open, porous, and small, affording a free passage to the inhaled air. This air, penetrating into all the cavities, fills the little cells, which, pressed by the muscles, perform the office of bellows, and promote the work of respiration. It results from this peculiar structure, that the blood, thus heated and rendered more fluid and exciting by the oxygen, gives to the movements of birds that quickness of action, that joyous impetuosity and lightness which charm us. This supply of air also enables them to extend the vibrations of the voice. This air carries life, health, and activity into the feathers, and thus these inhabitants of the atmosphere lose much of their relative weight. It is not, however, true that all birds thus diminish the weight of their bodies by filling the cavities of the bones with air. Dr. Crisp examined many skeletons in order to ascertain the truth in this matter, and found that, out of fifty-two species of British birds only one was so formed as to admit air into its bones. This was the sparrow-hawk. Many of those which had no air cells were birds of rapid flight. The skill and energy with which the bird strikes the air with its wings, and the peculiar angle at which these act, have more influence on power of flight than the air-cell. Few birds can justly be called "feathered balloons," as some naturalists have ventured to write. The condor of the Andes is able to support its vast body at the height of 20,000 feet above the sea, where the atmosphere is so rarified that the barometer falls to fourteen inches.

This abundant supply of oxygen gives to birds a degree of heat which manifests itself in all their actions. The temperature of man does not go beyond 98°; in some birds it rises to 107°. Add to this elevation of temperature a heart provided, like man's, with four cavities, and you will be able to understand how the bird glows with the fire of life; how it can face the most severe winters; how, by aid of the air, which penetrates, warms, and dilates the organs, the bird can become lighter when occasion requires. The feathers, also, so well fitted to preserve this heat, assist in raising the creature to the higher regions, where the tyranny of man can not reach. This warmer blood of birds renders them more sensitive, lively, and ardent. They seem always agitated, excited, and restless, sleeping but little. They have also the faults of this temperament, being fickle, inconstant, irascible, impetuous, and unreflecting. Their lively impressions want depth; they feel, rather than think. To instruct them it is necessary to isolate them, to deprive them of light, and keep them in a cage. The loss of their liberty is the only means by which they can be made to reflect. It is also necessary to choose the evening for teaching them. At this hour they are not excited by the light; the shades of night oblige them to be quiet; they are more attentive and better able to retain the air or words we wish them to repeat.

Bird-catchers, and those who sell birds, sometimes destroy the eyes of nightingales and other singing-birds to improve their voices. It appears that these poor little creatures, deprived of sight, utter most melodious and touching sounds—for which reason some persons compare them to Homer and Milton. The singing of birds! Is it not a convincing proof of their intelligence? We hear a sparrow, a lark, a nightingale, a tom-tit—we distinguish them easily, and rec-

ognize each by the modulations of the voice. Perhaps you will say that they sing thus naturally and instinctively, that they have never been taught and do not know what they say, and that there is nothing of feeling or intelligence in these vocal manifestations. Let us remark, first of all, that in every species each individual seems to make himself understood by the others. Every sound of the voice has a particular signification, which serves as a means of communication. If it were otherwise, how could those that live in companies understand one another? How could they construct those nests which are so complicated and so artistically arranged? How, in these works of architecture, would each have his task? All work in common necessitates a mutual understanding.

THE KING'S DAUGHTER.*

The king's daughter is all glorious within; her clothing is of wrought gold. She shall be brought unto the king in needle work. —Psalms xlv:13-14.

In this nuptial song, of which these words form a part, the Psalmist gives a glowing allegorical representation of Christ and his Church. To set these forth in truthful and attractive relief, as they shall be seen when God's people are perfected, seems the object of this rich, prophetic imagery. The attractions of a royal bridegroom are described by the Psalmist. In this description the King Messiah is represented. A royal bride or queen is next described in her grace of apparel and attendants. She is exhorted to give herself wholly to her husband, and is promised his boon and the homage of the nations. She is led in marriage train to the King, and all glorious shall enter into his palace. In this description Christ's bride, the Church, is represented. Everything said of the Church, the bride of Christ, in this allegorically predictive song, tells of her beauty, splendor and perfection.

To us who are so far below its realization, this high excellence of the Church exists only in conception. It is ideal. The Church as God sees it in its perfected glory presents a standard of excellence for our attainment, which can exist only in idea to us. Everything unreached and above us, though actual to God, must be ideal to man. Nothing is actual to us until we are on a level with it or have passed above its plane, or is realized by us. The Church, in its fullness and glory, is in some degree ideal to those who have passed to the joys above. We can never see it as it is nor know its full resources, till all of God's Church shall reach the heavenly state. So, as yet, it is real only to God. In his Word God reveals his Church as sublime, ideal, challenging hope, inspiring life and lifting the soul up toward an experience of what the Church is to be to us. Looking at the Church as it is revealed in the Scriptures, and then at the Church as we see it here, we behold a great difference between them. The bride of Christ, as seen in the Scriptures, stands forth perfect in symmetry, peerless in beauty, tasteful in adornment, vigorous and graceful in action,—nothing can be subtracted and nothing added to complete her excellence. She is perfect—all glorious within, and comely to behold as she comes leaning upon the arm of her beloved. But as seen in fact here, she is bereft of her comeliness, her beauty is marred, her garments are soiled and tattered, as, maimed and deformed, she goes halting along, proving by her every slow and dragging step her unlikeness to her prototype. The Church of the Bible and the Church as men now constitute it, are not identical. We must not bring the Bible-Church down, but must lift the earthly-Church up to make them one. As God's people, by being

lifted up, approach the perfect Church-idea, they must approach to oneness. When they embody in themselves this ideal, and the Scriptural Church is perfectly realized in them, then Church attainment shall have reached the full Church idea, and the vast Christian body shall have fully come, not only into the unity of the spirit, but "into the unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto perfect men, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ."

In the ages to come, the Church in fact and the Church in idea must be one—one in spirit, in fellowship, in faith, in work, and that one Church must be perfect, for the King's daughter is all glorious within.

At the speedy consummation of this stupendous result all Christians in all places and in all ages should aim. What shall hasten the realization of this sublime possibility? What shall make God's people one? In what respect are they to be lifted up to a oneness with their divine ideal,—“the King's daughter, all glorious within?” How shall the prayer of Jesus, “that they may all be one,” be answered? No ecclesiastical legislation, no dogmatic or doctrinal imperialism, no Church ostracism, no concessions of conscience, no surrender of honest, intelligent convictions, no forced amalgamation of elements rooted in irreconcilable differences, can secure this desired oneness. It can not be forced by decrees nor reached by compromises.

This oneness must be the result of growth. The Church must struggle up to this high spiritual and organic unity. God's people must look up to the mountain summits of God's truth and light and holiness to be one, and to be the embodiment of God's Church idea.

But just what am I to do, what are you to do, what are all Christians and churches to do in order to reach this high unity, the perfect Church realization? *Do nothing but grow.* The whole secret of oneness lies in attaining spiritual dimensions by growth. There are three respects pertaining to spiritual life in which God's people must grow in order to rise above their differences and imperfections so as to be one. I refer to *thought, feeling, action.*

In my further discussion of the means of attaining Christian unity, I shall speak of that growth toward the oneness of God's people, which comes from the brave Christian use of these powers. These powers of thought, feeling, and action are to be vigorously and progressively employed respectively with reference to Christian *doctrine, devotion and duty.* More and more of Christian doctrine, truer and truer Christian emotion, better and better Christian work are indispensable to this oneness.

When God's people shall have outgrown their internal differences, their moral deformity and earthly thralldom, their selfishness and meanness, their nervousness and bigotry, their superstition and prejudice, their wrong education and defective discipline, their grovelling purposes and low spiritual life; when the Church comes up onto a higher and broader plane so that it can be said of the earthly Church as of its scriptural archetype, “The King's daughter is all glorious within,” then shall all jarring sectarianism cease, and the Redeemer's prayer that his disciples may be one shall be realized.

In a little book of facts, called “The School of Christ,” you may find Christianity presented in what the author calls its “leading aspects.” This author treats Christianity as a *life, a work, a reward, a culture, a discipline, and a fellowship.*

Though he does devote a small space to *doctrine* as a subordinate topic, yet, as valuable as the book otherwise is, it must be regarded as defective in that it does not first and distinctively present Christianity as a *doctrine* or as something to be believed.

Perhaps greater now than ever before, there is a demand for a doctrinal religion, in contradistinction from doctrine.

*By the Rev. A. H. Burlingham, D. D., of the Baptist Church, delivered in the Amphitheater, at Chautauqua, July 31, 1881.

It is said by many that doctrine is useless, and that all epiphanies of belief shackle the soul and wither the sympathies, and restrain the useful play of Christian love and life. But this position assumes that religion is only a thing of the emotions, making no appeal to the intellect, and having nothing back of it from which to draw its sustenance. But Christianity must have a substantive character of its own, independent of its embodiment and expression in life. That substance consists in something to be *known* primarily—feeling and doing comes afterward. The Scriptures impose articles upon our belief. They teach truth or doctrine. Doctrine is so essential to the Christian religion, and to the existence and strength of the Christian Church, that God has placed it foremost in revelation. The record of Christ fills the Bible, and that record tells only of sin and redemption. The Gospel, which Christ and his apostles taught and preached, is the glad message of God to sinners as to salvation. But this gospel is nothing, and Christ is nothing, and the apostles are nothing, unless you acknowledge that they teach and embody some vital things to be believed. Doctrine is revealed in God's Holy Word.

But we must connect doctrine with devotion and duty to make it of any practical account. It must not be segregated and considered exclusively as the foundation and walls of Christ's spiritual building, or as the frame-work of Christ's spiritual body. Doctrine must feed the life of the Christian spiritually, as food does the life of men naturally. Without receiving and digesting this spiritual food which Christ furnishes, and of which he is the substance, the Church will languish and die. God's word is our spiritual food—Jesus, God's eternal word, is the bread of life—hence the scripture, "The entrance of thy word giveth life." To give us life and strength—spiritual blood—is what we want of doctrine. The engine must have fuel or it can not go; cease giving it wood or coal, and it will soon spend its powers of locomotion. Cease giving the Church this spiritual fuel—doctrine—this oak and anthracite of the gospel, and its strength is gone, spent in the effervescence of mere emotion. In subserviency to this grand end of doctrine as a source of life and spiritual power to the soul, instead of gathering it up into a splendid creed, or into a magnificent theological system, God has scattered his truth, like precious crumbs, throughout his entire revelation to man. A page of the Bible can not be read without some precious doctrine is apparent. Here is the economy of Infinite wisdom. God thus insinuates his life-giving messages into his Church, one by one, and day by day, as he would not had he clustered them all together into the logical order of a theological system.

We do not object to the gathering up of these truths of redemption under the eye of Christian science into the form of a system. This logical result is, perhaps, the necessary outgrowth from God's Word when critically and comprehensively studied, and when the research and Christian learning of one age are handed down to inspire and augment those of another. For we notice that those who decry creeds the most have creeds, though unwritten, which are as complete, stiff, and enslaving as those they so mercilessly condemn.

Some creeds are greater than those who profess them, and so do them no practical good, but rather harm. We maintain that a system or creed that is not taken into the spiritual system and digested there, so as to give spiritual blood or vitality, being only held theoretically, is a hindrance to spiritual life, and an intensifier of spiritual condemnation and death. The Church which has no complicated doctrinal and ecclesiastical system, which does not enter into its soul-life to give growth and movement and power in its great mission of raising and lifting the world with it, has a mill-stone about its neck to make more certain its engulfment in the sea of spiritual indifference and death. But on

the other hand some men are bigger than their creeds. They have outgrown their systems. They want more room. They are restive under the limitations imposed. They want to strike out as bold swimmers into the ocean of God's truth. They may crave the freedom of the full-fledged bird, and broadly wing their cleaving way through God's air. What are we to do with such? We are to let them have liberty. We are to keep off from them the bull-dogs of ecclesiastical proscription. We must let them take all they can hold of God's unmeasured fullness. We must take from their systems the rigidity which cramps and cripples them, and allow them that elasticity which God's greatness and love suggests. We must let the Church at all steps of its growth have just as large a scriptural creed as it can master and work up into itself. As its capacity for doctrine increases, let its augmented demands be supplied by a corresponding growth and perfection of its doctrinal system. We believe the Church ought to progress both in the correctness of its perceptions and in the extent of its views of Christian doctrine.

We do not mean to intimate that truth in itself as God sees it can be increased or diminished. Truth in itself or in God's eye, is absolute and must always remain the same. But we can see truth but partially and in glimpses. To us God's is a progressive revelation. How vast is God's truth concerning man and his salvation. Have you spanned its breadth, reached its height, delved to its depth? If you have, you have outdone the angels and have compressed the work of eternity into a few broken years of time. God's teachings are an infinite mine. This mine has never been explored by man or archangel. The accumulating light of the ages will penetrate further and further into the depths and reveal more and more of its shining treasures to the end of time, and oftentimes, with broadened and sharpened powers, we shall explore its exhaustless riches forever. There is also progress to be made in embodying this truth in language. The same truth in different periods should have different statements, freshened by the times, and adjusted to the several advancements which Divine Providence and human research and discovery have achieved. Theological terminology has always been a prolific source of controversy in the Church, and to religion in our world. We do not mean that terms are unnecessary. We must have them. But we do not want them of brass and iron, fixed and stiff. We want them mobile and perishable like our garments, to be taken off from the ideas and laid aside when worn or outgrown, or when better coverings can be found. The truths of religion in themselves as old as God and as unchangeable as his throne, should be allowed to take on the fresh wording of the time as their only proper expression, and as one of their legitimate modes of adaptation to the ever varying phases of man's universal want. As we do not believe that all right ideas are enclosed in past or present systems of doctrines and practice, so we do not believe that all wrong ones are excluded from them. We do not believe that John Calvin, John Knox, John Bunyan, John Wesley, or any John, had all the truth, or that all is true which these great and good men taught. So we believe with reference to the Thirty-nine Articles of the Augsburg, Westminster, Heidelberg, and New Hampshire Confessions. Not that we take issue upon any one point in these collects, but we predicate or dissent upon general principles. I belong to a given denomination, of course. On the whole, I have thought it the nearest conformed to Scripture teachings. Yet I do not believe that this or any one denomination has all the truth, nor am I still sure that all it does hold is true. What truth is lacking, or what error held, it is not now my purpose to designate. I make my statement upon general principles. To say that our fathers had, or we have, all the truth and nothing false, is sheer

superstition and bigotry. We must receive what truth God's light and spirit reveals to us from time to time, respect ourselves in our conscientious conviction, and demand like respect from others, offering no apologies and brooking no intolerance. But we must not be so finished and crystallized as not to believe that something may be discovered in the focal blaze, after gathering the light of God and of the centuries, which shall materially change our systems of theology, and greatly modify our views as denominations. Many are concerned at the restiveness of theological and ecclesiastical thought of the present time. It is true that men are searching around for the foundations, but it is not an impious search. While the inquiries of to-day are bold and aggressive, they are reverential and truth-loving. Whether the drift of modern thinking will take us to formularies and organized Christianity, I can not say, but that it will take us away from Christ and the great work of saving men, I do not think. It may result in giving us less theology and less ecclesiasticism, but not, I dare to assert, less religion and less Christianity. This fresh flood-tide of thought may carry off much of the rubbish which has been so long clogging the river of salvation, but the waters after that will flow as deep and far clearer and freer than before. Christ rides on these waters of moving thought and hence all shall be well, all shall go Godward. We must accept all fresh light. The doctrinal perfection, and the spiritual unity, and glory of the Church will not be attained except by employing the fresh light which the scholarship, piety and upward movement of the advancing ages are offering to aid us in correcting past and present errors by the newly discovered and more exact teachings of Scripture and in thinking deeper and deeper into the truth as it is in Jesus. Let the Church offer herself to the sunlight of God's truth, bare her intellect, and heart, and life to the teachings of God's spirit, and continue to absorb an ever rectifying theology into her soul-forces, and she shall become stronger and stronger, better and better, freer and freer. She shall outgrow the procrustean measurement to which bigots doom her. She shall burst the bands with which a proscriptive ecclesiasticism would tie her. She shall grow up and up toward her shining ideal in her ascent, dropping out her errors as blasted fruit falls from amid the good as the ripening process goes on, till at length all that mars is eliminated, her votaries having one love, one faith, one baptism, as one God, one Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in all.

I pass on to notice *Christian emotion*, as it bears upon the perfection and unity of the Church of Christ. Since religion appeals so strongly to the emotional nature of man, and worship is but the uplifting of the heart to God, we count it strange that the exhibition of religious feeling should ever be stigmatized as a weakness. But it is. It will do for the poor and uncultivated, for black and heathen converts to be demonstrative Christians, but not for others; the rich and the cultivated must shun all the vulgar spontaneities of feeling. Telling what there is, must observe the strictest propriety in its avowal, lest its unfortunate victims be classed with the coarse and the canting. It is a shame that genuine religious emotion, spontaneously leaping up from the depths of a burning soul, should ever be made occasion of contemptuous criticism. Yet it is. Dr. Chalmers says Paul was called mad in the judgment hall of Cesarea. A man with the devotedness of Paul, in the court of Charles II, would have been called a Puritan; in a conclave of high churchmen, he would have been called a Methodist; in tasteful and literary circles he would be called a fanatic; in a party of ecclesiastics, he would be called an enthusiast; and in private life, where secularity and indifference form the tame and undeviating features of almost every company, he would, if altogether a Christian, be spoken of as a man whose wrong-headed pecu-

liarities rendered him a very odd and unnatural exception to the general character of the species. I don't know that such circles and such disdainful criticism have altogether passed away, but these strictures will not be heeded by the earnest Christian. If our hearts have been touched by the love of Jesus, and are remaining under the spell of the great Enchanter, they are brought in ready response to the heart of Jesus, and overflow with emotion. His is a great, loving, feeling heart. It is no *weakness to be like Jesus*. No vulgar epithet can of right fasten to us for breaking forth when we behold him as our Savior in adoring worship, as the shepherds did in wild exultation when they saw the infant Redeemer; for showing a radiant face, as Paul did in beatific vision; for pouring out our tears like the penitent thief under the melting promise of a dying Savior; for weeping over sinners, as Jesus did when he bent over the doomed city and cried, "O, Jerusalem, Jerusalem!" To a soul that feels like this, it is all useless to talk about the *proprieties* of demonstrative Christianity. Who, swayed by the magic of love, cares for the stiffness with which the cold and proud seek to brand religious feeling? Who does not know that high, deep, stormy emotion is highest proof of a profound manhood and of an exalted nature? Revolutions prove the depth of national life, and make nations better; they break the iron band of despotism and let up the energies of peoples. One who does not feel is inhuman—at least, he lacks the best element of humanity. Volcanic fires break forth—they can not always be smothered; if they roll within the chest of the mountain, they will at length gather intensity and volume, and will belch out and roll their flowing floods down the mountain steeps. If burning emotion be in the soul, it will boil over—and let it come! I want to see in the Church of God this feeling, strong, joyous, hopeful, enthusiastic, quenchless, like the blazing ardor of his own infinite soul.

I want the feeling of joy in my heart when I view God's goodness to me, a sinner; I want the feeling of sorrow to press me down when I think of my indifference and ingratitude to God; I want the feeling of love and penitence, which will make me cry out when I see God's dear Son on the cross. I would have the Church give expression to all these differing emotions by praises, by confessions, by songs, by tears; I would have the Church sway to and fro in the Euroclydon of her feelings, as do forests in the howling cradle of a tempest.

I would have the Church feel toward men as well as toward God.

To what human source of help ought man to bring his sorrows and woes to have them cared for? Where ought he to bring his wants and wrongs to have them sympathized with? Where ought he to bring his hopes and joys and successes to have them exulted in? Where but to God's people?

I want to see the Church going out toward all conditions of men, reaching up to stations and thrones, and down to hovels and ditches; embracing in her cure all mankind; knowing no race, color or age, but only humanity in the lavishments of her love. I would see the Church rocked as with an earthquake by her throes of agony for a lost world, heated within as a volcano by her burning love for ruined souls, radiant with joy as are angelic faces at the news of repenting sinners, and wailing as with the bitter anguish of the lost after the multitudes who will go down to death, for *never, NEVER, NEVER* does the Church come so near to Jesus as when emptying her vast resources of love and blessing into the great and desolate heart of humanity. The demand for this love toward God and man to the Church can not be insisted upon too strongly. If Jesus, nor the prophets, nor the apostles had never wept, the Church would have some apology now for being an unmoved statue, or a

brilliant iceberg. But no; all these had great souls. Great feelings marked their career. They are the authoritative exponent of the emotional element in religion. It is not enough to say, they are safe examples to follow. They *must be followed* by Christians, or they lack what is vital to their unity, power, and glory. If I am told that demonstrative emotion is vulgar, that tears, joys, hopes, fears, sympathies for the miserable, mournings for the sorrowing, agonies for the lost, love for all, are marks of weakness, and of uncultured natures, and altogether apart from the refinements, dignities, and amenities of Christianity, I rebuke and put to silence those who dare thus insult an honest, earnest religion by throwing into the other side of the scale those who are the foundations of the Church and the acknowledged impersonations of the Gospel: an emotional as well as doctrinal Christ is in this foundation. The prophets and apostles are in this foundation—the emotional as well as the reflective ones. The tears of Jeremiah, the love of John, the rapture of Isaiah, the zeal of Peter, the great heart of Paul are in this foundation. Who shall have the impiety to go down amid these foundations of the Church, of the weeping prophet, of the beloved disciple, of the compassionate Jesus—who would seal over with ill the fountains of love, devotion, humanity, which God has opened there? The very walls of Zion are all dripping from top to bottom with love, tears, and blood. Who would drain the walls and foundations of Zion of these? Who shall attack Jesus, and his prophets and apostles, and say they have no place in the foundations of the Church? Who would strike down as unworthy of imitation impersonations of the glorious Gospel of the blessed God? How they roll up before us in the weeping homes of memory! What a cloud of witnesses to the emotional elements of the Gospel are these! Running back from Jesus to the Patriarchs! All Christians rejoiced, wept, feared, hoped, felt! Coming forward from Jesus even to us! All Christians here have wept and rejoiced; have been on Pisgah's top and in the vale of gloom; have all been moved to compassion, wonder and weeping as they have seen the cross! Now are the angels cold spectators of Redemption? They gaze from the heights above into the marvels of our great salvation, and rejoice over every repenting sinner. To all this stupendous aggregate of testimony showing forth the deep emotions of the Gospel, must be added that of the blessed Jesus himself, who is the Gospel embodied. But here my powers fail. I cannot speak of him. I know nothing of the depths of his emotion. I know that Jesus has a great and feeling heart. I know it because he wept with the sisters over Lazarus. I know it because he wept over Jerusalem. I know it because I have read of Bethlehem and Gethsemane. I cannot move amid such scenes without knowing that Jesus felt. *But I can not tell how much the love of God can feel.* His depth of feeling all eternity can not teach me. But it is enough to know that my Lord was full of love toward his Father and toward man. If I am not filled with love to God and love to men, with such an example and such an authority before me as this, I am base and hard, and wrong and mean, and ought to be cast off forever from his presence. I must be like him or I am no Christian. The Church must be like him or it has no gospel. We must rise toward him on the everlasting waves of devotion and love to God and man, as these waters of Christian feeling upon which the Church is launched, roll higher and higher with their precious freightage of God's people. I seem to see carried back upon the small refluxing tides all their differences as only so much theological drift-wood, and ecclesiastical rubbish, soon to be lost sight of forever, while the Church itself shall float on and up, purified, free, beautiful, glorious, to the full realization of her divine ideal—"The King's daughter, all glorious within."

LAVENGRO.

A DREAM OR DRAMA; OR, A SCHOLAR, A GYPSY, A PRIEST.

CHAPTER XLIII.

"What shall I now do?" said I, to myself; "shall I continue here, or decamp—this is a sad lonely spot—perhaps I had better quit it; but whither should I go? the wide world is before me, but what can I do therein? I have been in the world already without much success. No, I had better remain here; the place is lonely, it is true, but here I am free and independent, and can do what I please; but I can't remain here without food. Well, I will find my way to the nearest town, lay in a fresh supply of provision, and come back, turning my back upon the world, which has turned its back upon me. I don't see why I should not write a little sometimes; I have pens and an ink-horn, and for a writing-desk I can place the Bible on my knee. I shouldn't wonder if I could write a capital satire on the world on the back of that Bible; but first of all I must think of supplying myself with food."

I rose up from the stone on which I was seated, determining to go to the nearest town, with my little horse and cart, and procure what I wanted—the nearest town, according to my best calculation, lay about five miles distant; I had no doubt, however, that by using ordinary diligence, I should be back before evening. In order to go lighter, I determined to leave my tent standing as it was, and all the things I had purchased of the tinker, just as they were. "I need not be apprehensive on their account," said I to myself; "nobody will come here to meddle with them—the great recommendation of this place is its perfect solitude—I dare say that I could live here six months without seeing a single human visage. I will now harness my little gry and be off to the town."

At a whistle which I gave, the little gry, which was feeding on the bank near the uppermost part of the dingle, came running to me, for by this time he had become so accustomed to me that he would obey my call for all the world as if he had been one of the canine species. "Now," said I to him, "we are going to the town to buy bread for myself and oats for you—I am in a hurry to get back; therefore, I pray you to do your best, and to draw me and the cart to the town with all possible speed, and to bring us back; if you do your best, I promise you oats on your return. You know the meaning of oats, Ambrol?"

Ambrol whinnied as if to let me know that he understood me perfectly well, as indeed he well might, as I had never once fed him during the time he had been in my possession without saying the word in question to him. Now, Ambrol, in the Gypsy tongue, signifieth a pear.

So I caparioned Ambrol, and then, going to the cart, I removed two or three things from out it into the tent; I then lifted up the shafts, and was just going to call to the pony to come and be fastened to them, when I thought I heard a noise.

I stood stock still supporting the shaft of the little cart in my hand, and bending the right side of my face slightly toward the ground; but I could hear nothing; the noise which I thought I had heard was not one of those sounds which I was accustomed to hear in that solitude, the note of a bird, or the rustling of a bough. It was—there I heard it again, a sound very much resembling the grating of a wheel amongst gravel. Could it proceed from the road? Oh no, the road was too far distant for me to hear the noise of anything moving along it. Again I listened, and now I distinctly heard the sound of wheels, which seemed to be approaching the dingle; nearer and nearer they drew, and presently the sound of wheels was blended with the murmur of voices. Anon I heard a boisterous shout, which seemed to proceed from the entrance of the dingle. "Here are folks at hand," said I, letting the shafts of the cart fall to the ground, "is it possible that they can be coming here?"

My doubts on that point, if I entertained any, were soon dispelled; the wheels which had ceased moving for a moment or two, were again in motion, and were now evidently moving down the winding path which led to my retreat. Leaving my cart I came forward and placed myself near the entrance of the open space, with my eyes fixed on the path down which my unexpected and I may say unwelcome visitors were coming. Presently I heard a stamping or sliding, as if of a horse in some difficulty; and then a loud curse, and the next moment appeared a man and a horse and cart; the former holding the head of the horse up to prevent him from falling, of which he was in danger, owing to the precipitous nature of the path. While thus occupied, the head of the man was averted

from me. When, however, he had reached the bottom of the descent, he turned his head, and perceiving me, as I stood bareheaded, without either coat or waist-coat, about two yards from him, he gave a sudden start, so violent, that the backward motion of his hand had nearly flung the horse upon his haunches.

"Why don't you move forward?" said a voice from behind, apparently that of a female, "you are stopping up the way, and we shall be all down upon one another;" and I saw the head of another horse overtopping the back of the cart.

"Why don't you move forward, Jack?" said another voice, also of a female, yet higher up the path.

The man stirred not, but remained staring at me in the posture which he had assumed on first perceiving me, his body very much drawn back, his left foot far in advance of his right, and with his right hand still grasping the halter of the horse, which gave way more and more, till it was clean down on its haunches.

"What's the matter?" said the voice which I had last heard.

"Get back with you, Belle, Moll," said the man, still staring at me, "here's something not over-canny or comfortable here."

"What is it?" said the same voice; "let me pass, Moll, and I'll soon clear the way," and I heard a kind of rushing down the path.

"You need not be afraid," said I addressing myself to the man, "I mean you no harm; I am a wanderer like yourself—come here to seek for shelter—you need not be afraid; I am a Rome chabo by matriculation—one of the right sort, and no mistake—Good day to ye, brother; I bid ye welcome."

The man eyed me suspiciously for a moment—then, turning to his horse with a loud curse, he pulled him up from his haunches, and led him and the cart farther down to one side of the dingle, muttering as he passed me, "Afraid. Hm!"

I do not remember to ever have seen a more ruffianly-looking fellow; he was about six feet high, with an immensely athletic frame; his face was black and bluff, and sported an immense pair of whiskers, but with here and there a grey hair, for his age could not have been much under fifty. He wore a faded blue frock coat, corduroys, and highlows—on his black head was a kind of red nightcap, round his bull neck a Barcelona handkerchief—I did not like the look of the man at all.

"Afraid," growled the fellow, proceeding to unharness his horse; "that was the word, I think."

But other figures were now already upon the scene. Dashing past the other horse and cart, which by this time had reached the bottom of the pass, appeared an exceedingly tall woman, or rather girl, for she could scarcely have been above eighteen; she was dressed in a tight bodice, and a blue stuff gown; hat, bonnet, or cap she had none, and her hair, which was flaxen, hung down on her shoulders unconfined; her complexion was fair, and her features handsome, with a determined but open expression—she was followed by another female, about forty, stout and vulgar-looking, at whom I scarcely glanced, my whole attention being absorbed by the tall girl.

"What's the matter, Jack?" said the latter, looking at the man.

"Only afraid, that's all," said the man, still proceeding with his work.

"Afraid at what—at that lad? why, he looks like a ghost—I would engage to thrash him with one hand."

"You might beat me with no hands at all," said I, "fair damsel, only by looking at me—I never saw such a face and figure, both regal—why, you look like Ingeborg, Queen of Norway; she had twelve brothers, you know, and could lick them all, though they were heroes—

"On Dovrefeld in Norway,
Were once together seen,
The twelve heroic brothers
Of Ingeborg the queen."

"None of your chaffing, young fellow," said the tall girl, "or I will give you what shall make you wipe your face; be civil, or you will rue it."

"Well, perhaps I was a peg too high," said I, "I ask your pardon—here's something a bit lower—

"As I was jawing to the gay yeck divvus
I met on the drom miro Rommany chi—"

"None of your Rommany chies, young fellow," said the tall girl, looking more menacingly than before, and clenching her fist, "you had better be civil, I am none of your chies; and, though I keep company with gypsies, or, to speak more proper, half-and-halves, I would have you know that I come of Christian blood and parents, and was born in the great house of Long Melford."

"I have no doubt," said I, "that it was a great house; judging from your size, I shouldn't wonder if you were born in a church."

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"Stay, Belle," said the man, putting himself before the young virago, who was about to rush upon me, "my turn is first"—then, advancing to me in a menacing attitude, he said with a look of deep malignity, "'Afraid,' was the word, wasn't it?"

"It was," said I, "but I think I wronged you; I should have said aghast, you exhibited every symptom of one laboring under uncontrollable fear."

The fellow stared at me with a look of stupid ferocity, and appeared to be hesitating whether to strike or not. Ere he could make up his mind, the tall girl stepped forward, crying, "He's chaffing; let me at him;" and, before I could put myself on my guard, she struck me a blow on the face which had nearly brought me to the ground.

"Enough!" said I, putting my hand to my cheek; "you have now performed your promise, and made me wipe my face; now be pacified, and tell me fairly the grounds of this quarrel."

"Grounds!" said the fellow; "didn't you say I was afraid; and if you hadn't, who gave you leave to camp on my ground?"

"Is it your ground?" said I.

"A pretty question," said the fellow; "as if all the world didn't know that. Do you know who I am?"

"I guess I do," said I; "unless I am much mistaken, you are he whom folks call the 'Flaming Tinman.' To tell you the truth, I am glad we have met, for I wished to see you. These are your two wives, I suppose; I greet them. There's no harm done—there's room enough here for all of us—we shall soon be good friends, I dare say; and when we are a little better acquainted, I'll tell you my history."

"Well, if that doesn't beat all," said the fellow.

"I don't think he's chaffing now," said the girl, whose anger seemed to have subsided on a sudden; "the young man speaks civil enough."

"Civil," said the fellow, with an oath; "but that's just like you; with you it's a blow, and all over. Civil! I suppose you would have him stay here, and get into all my secrets, and hear all I may have to say to my two morts."

"Two morts," said the girl, kindling up, "where are they? Speak for one, and no more. I am no mort of yours, whatever some one else may be. I tell you one thing, Black John, or Anselo, for t'other an't your name, the same thing I told the young man here, be civil, or you will rue it."

The fellow looked at the girl furiously, but his glance soon quailed before hers; he withdrew his eyes, and cast them on my little horse, which was feeding amongst the trees. "What's this?" said he, rushing forward and seizing the animal. "Why, as I'm alive, this is the horse of that mumping villain Slingsby."

"It's his no longer; I bought it and paid for it."

"It's mine now," said the fellow; "I swore I would seize it the next time I found it on my beat; ay, and beat the master, too."

"I am not Slingsby."

"All's one for that."

"You don't say you will beat me?"

"Afraid was the word."

"I'm sick and feeble."

"Hold up your fists."

"Won't the horse satisfy you?"

"Horse nor bellows either."

"No mercy, then."

"Here's at you."

"Mind your eyes, Jack. There, you've got it. I thought so," shouted the girl, as the fellow staggered back from a sharp blow in the eye. "I thought he was chaffing at you all along."

"Never mind, Anselo. You know what to do—go in," said the vulgar woman, who had hitherto not spoken a word, but who now came forward with all the look of a fury; "go in apopli; you'll smash ten like he."

The Flaming Tinman took her advice, and came in bent on smashing, but stopped short on receiving a left-handed blow on the nose.

"You'll never beat the Flaming Tinman in that way," said the girl, looking at me doubtfully.

And so I began to think myself, when, in the twinkling of an eye, the Flaming Tinman disengaged himself of his frock-coat, and, dashing off his red night-cap, came rushing in more desperately than ever. To a flush hit which he received in the mouth he paid as little attention as a wild bull would have done; in a moment his arms were around me, and in another, he had hurled me down, falling heavily upon me. The fellow's strength appeared to be tremendous.

"Pay him off, now," said the vulgar woman. The Flaming Tinman made no reply, but planting his knee on my breast, seized my throat with two huge horny hands. I gave myself up for dead, and

probably should have been so in another minute but for the tall girl, who caught hold of the handkerchief which the fellow wore round his neck with a grasp nearly as powerful as that with which he pressed my throat.

"Do you call that fair play?" said she.

"Hands off, Belle," said the other woman; "do you call it fair play to interfere? hands off, or I'll be down upon you myself."

But Belle paid no heed to the injunction, and tugged so hard at the handkerchief, that the Flaming Tinman was nearly throttled; suddenly relinquishing his hold of me, he started to his feet, and aimed a blow at my fair preserver, who avoided it, but said coolly:

"Finish t'other business first, and then I'm your woman as soon as you like: but finish it fairly—no foul play when I'm by—I'll be the boy's second, and Moll can pick you up when he happens to knock you down."

The battle during the next ten minutes raged with considerable fury, but it so happened that during this time I was never able to knock the Flaming Tinman down, but, on the contrary, received six knock-down blows myself. "I can never stand this," said I, as I sat on the knee of Belle, "I am afraid I must give in; the Flaming Tinman hits very hard," and I spat out a mouthful of blood.

"Sure enough you'll never beat the Flaming Tinman in the way you fight—it is of no use slipping at the Flaming Tinman with your left hand; why don't you use your right?"

"Because I am not handy with it," said I; and then getting up, I once more confronted the Flaming Tinman, and struck him six blows for his one, but they were all left-handed blows, and the blow which the Flaming Tinman gave me knocked me off my legs.

"Now, will you use Long Melford?" said Belle, picking me up.

"I don't know what you mean by Long Melford," said I, gasping for breath.

"Why, this long right of yours," said Belle, feeling my right arm—"if you do, I shouldn't wonder if you yet stand a chance."

And now the Flaming Tinman was once more ready, much more ready than myself. I, however, rose from my second's knee as well as my weakness would permit me. On he came, striking left and right, appearing almost as fresh as to wind and spirit as when he first commenced the combat, though his eyes were considerably swelled, and his nether lip was cut in two. On he came, striking left and right, and I did not like his blows at all, or even the wind of them, which was anything but agreeable, and I gave way before him. At last he aimed a blow, which had it taken full effect, would doubtless have ended the battle, but owing to his slipping, the fist only grazed my left shoulder, and came with terrific force against a tree, close to which I had been driven; before the tinman could recover himself, I collected all my strength, and struck him beneath the ear, and then fell to the ground completely exhausted, and it so happened that the blow which I struck the Tinker beneath the ear was a right-handed blow.

"Hurrah for Long Melford!" I heard Belle exclaim; "there is nothing like Long Melford for shortness all the world over."

At these words, I turned round my head as I lay, and perceived the Flaming Tinman stretched upon the ground apparently senseless. "He is dead," said the vulgar woman, as she vainly endeavored to raise him up: "he is dead; the best man in all the north country, killed in this fashion, by a boy." Alarmed at these words, I made shift to get on my feet; and, with the assistance of the woman, placed my fallen adversary in a sitting posture. I put my hand to his heart, and felt a slight pulsation. "He's not dead," said I, "only stunned; if he were let blood, he would recover presently." I produced a penknife which I had in my pocket, and, baring the arm of the Tinman, was about to make the necessary incision, when the woman gave me a violent blow, and, pushing me aside, exclaimed, "I'll tear the eyes out of your head, if you offer to touch him. Do you want to complete your work, and murder him outright, now he's asleep? you have had enough of his blood already." "You are mad," said I, "I only seek to do him service. Well, if you won't let him be blooded, fetch some water and fling it into his face; you know where the pit is."

"A pretty manoeuvre," said the woman; "leave my mard in the hands of you and that hummer, who has never been true to us; I should find him strangled or his throat cut when I came back." "Do you go," said I, to the tall girl, "take the can and fetch some water from the pit." "You had better go yourself," said the girl, wiping a tear as she looked on the yet senseless form of the tinker; "you had better go yourself, if you think water will do him good." I had by this time somewhat recovered my exhausted powers, and, taking the can, I bent my steps as fast as I could to the pit; arriving

there, I lay down on the brink, took a long draught, and then plunged my head into the water; after which I filled the can, and bent my way back to the dingle. Before I could reach the path which led down into its depths, I had to pass some way along its side; I had arrived at a part immediately over the scene of the last encounter, where the bank, overgrown with trees, sloped precipitously down. Here I heard a loud sound of voices in the dingle; I stopped, and laying hold of a tree, leaned over the bank and listened. The two women appeared to be in hot dispute in the dingle. "It was all one to you, you limmer," said the vulgar woman to the other; "had you not interfered, the old man would soon have settled the boy."

"I'm for fair play and Long Melford," said the other. "If your old man, as you call him, could have settled the boy fairly, he might, for all I should have cared, but no foul work for me; and as for sticking the boy with our gulleys when he comes back, as you proposed, I am not so fond of your old man or you that I should oblige you in it, to my soul's destruction." "Hold your tongue, or I'll—;" I listened no further, but hastened as fast as I could to the dingle. My adversary had just begun to show signs of animation; the vulgar woman was still supporting him, and occasionally cast glances of anger at the tall girl who was walking slowly up and down. I lost no time in dashing the greater part of the water into the Tinman's face, whereupon he sneezed, moved his hands, and presently looked round him. At first his looks were dull and heavy, and without any intelligence at all; he soon, however, began to recollect himself, and to be conscious of his situation; he cast a scowling glance at me, then one of the deepest malignity at the tall girl, who was still walking about without taking much notice of what was going forward. At last he looked at his right hand, which had evidently suffered from the blow against the tree, and a half-stifled curse escaped his lips. The vulgar woman now said something to him in a low tone, whereupon he looked at her for a moment, and then got upon his legs. Again the vulgar woman said something to him; her looks were furious, and she appeared to be urging him on to attempt something. I observed that she had a clasped knife in her hand. The fellow remained standing for some time as if hesitating what to do, at last he looked at his hand, and shaking his head, said something to the woman which I did not understand. The tall girl, however, appeared to overhear him, and, probably repeating his words, said, "No, it won't do; you are right there, and now hear what I have to say,—let bygones be bygones, and let us all shake hands, and camp here, as the young man was saying just now." The man looked at her, and then, without any reply, went to his horse, which was lying down among the trees, and kicking it up, led it to the cart, to which he forthwith began to harness it. The other cart and horse had remained standing motionless during the whole affair which I have been recounting, at the bottom of the pass. The woman now took the horse by the head, and leading it with the cart into the open part of the dingle turned both round, and then led them back, till the horse and cart had mounted a little way up the ascent; she then stood still and appeared to be expecting the man. During this proceeding Belle had stood looking on without saying anything; at last, perceiving that the man had harnessed his horse to the other cart, and that both he and the woman were about to take their departure, she said, "You are not going, are you?" Receiving no answer, she continued: "I tell you what, both of you, Black John, and you Moll, his mort, this is not treating me over civilly,—however, I am ready to put up with it, and go with you if you like, for I bear no malice. I am sorry for what has happened, but you have only yourselves to thank for it. Now, shall I go with you, only tell me?" The man made no manner of reply, but flogged his horse. The woman, however, whose passions were probably under less control, replied, with a screeching tone, "Stay where you are, you jade, and may the curse of Judas cling to you,—stay with the bit of a mullo whom you helped, and my only hope is that he may gulley you before he comes to be—. Have you with us, indeed! after what's past, no, nor nothing belonging to you. Fetch down your mailla go-cart and live here with your chabo." She then whipped on the horse, and ascended the pass, followed by the man. The carts were light, and they were not long in ascending the winding path. I followed to see that they took their departure. Arriving at the top, I found near the entrance a small donkey-cart, which I concluded belonged to the girl. The tinker and his mort were already at some distance; I stood looking after them for a little time, then taking the donkey by the reins I led it with the cart to the bottom of the dingle. Arrived there, I found Belle seated on the stone by the fire-place. Her hair was all dishevelled, and she was in tears.

"They were bad people," said she, "and I did not like them, but they were my only acquaintance in the wide world."

CHAPTER XLIV.

In the evening of that same day the tall girl and I sat at tea by the fire, at the bottom of the dingle; the girl on a small stool, and myself, as usual, upon my stone.

The water which served for the tea had been taken from a spring of pellucid water in the neighborhood, which I had not had the good fortune to discover, though it was well known to my companion, and to the wandering people who frequented the dingle.

"This tea is very good," said I, "but I can not enjoy it as much as if I were well: I feel very sadly."

"How else should you feel," said the girl, "after fighting with the Flaming Tinman? All I wonder is that you can feel at all! As for the tea, it ought to be good, seeing that it cost me ten shillings a pound."

"That's a great deal for a person in your station to pay."

"In my station! I'd have you to know, young man—however, I haven't the heart to quarrel with you, you look so ill; and after all, it is a good sum to pay for one who travels the roads; but if I must have tea, I like to have the best; and tea I must have, for I am used to it, though I can't help thinking that it sometimes fills my head with strange fancies—what some folks call vapors, making me weep and cry."

"Dear me," said I, "I should never have thought that one of your size and fierceness should weep and cry!"

"My size and fierceness! I tell you what, young man, you are not over civil, this evening; but you are ill, as I said before, and I shan't take much notice of your language, at least for the present; as for my size, I am not so much bigger than yourself; and as for being fierce, you should be the last one to fling that at me. It is well for you that I can be fierce sometimes. If I hadn't taken your part against blazing Bosville, you wouldn't be now taking tea with me."

"It is true that you struck me in the face first; but we'll let that pass. So that man's name is Bosville; what's your own?"

"Isopel Berners."

"How did you get that name?"

"I say, young man, you seem fond of asking questions! Will you have another cup of tea?"

"I was just going to ask for another."

"Well, then, here it is, and much good may it do you; as for my name, I got it from my mother."

"Your mother's name, then, was Isopel?"

"Isopel Berners."

"But had you never a father?"

"Yes, I had a father," said the girl, sighing, "but I don't bear his name."

"It is the fashion, then, in your country for children to bear their mother's name?"

"If you ask such questions, young man, I shall be angry with you. I have told you my name, and whether my father's or mother's, I am not ashamed of it."

"It is a noble name."

"There you are right, young man. The chaplain in the great house, where I was born, told me it was a noble name; it was odd enough, he said, that the only three noble names in the county were to be found in the great house; mine was one; the other two were Devereux and Bohun."

"What do you mean by the great house?"

"The workhouse."

"Is it possible that you were born there?"

"Yes, young man; and as you now speak softly and kindly, I will tell you my whole tale. My father was an officer of the sea, and was killed at sea as he was coming home to marry my mother, Isopel Berners. He had been acquainted with her, and had left her; but after a few months he wrote her a letter, to say that he had no rest, and that he repented, and that as soon as his ship came to port he would do her all the reparation in his power. Well, young man, the very day before they reached port they met the enemy, and there was a fight, and my father was killed, after he had struck down six of the enemy's crew on their own deck; for my father was a big man, as I have heard, and knew tolerably well how to use his hands. And when my mother heard the news, she became half distracted, and ran away into the fields and forests, totally neglecting her business, for she was a small milliner; and so she ran demented about the meads and forests for a long time, now sitting under a tree, and now by the side of a river—at last she flung herself into some water,

and would have been drowned, had not some one been at hand and rescued her, whereupon she was conveyed to the great house, lest she should attempt to do herself further mischief, for she had neither friends nor parents—and there she died three months after, having first brought me into the world. She was a sweet pretty creature, I'm told, but hardly fit for this world, being neither large, nor fierce, nor able to take her own part. So I was born and bred in the great house, where I learned to read and sew, to fear God, and to take my own part. When I was fourteen I was put out to service to a small farmer and his wife, with whom, however, I did not stay long, for I was half starved, and otherwise ill-treated, especially by my mistress, who one day attempting to knock me down with a besom, I knocked her down with my fist, and went back to the great house."

"And how did they receive you in the great house?"

"Not very kindly, young man—on the contrary, I was put into a dark room, where I was kept a fortnight on bread and water; I did not much care, however, being glad to have got back to the great house at any rate, the place where I was born, and where my poor mother died, and in the great house I continued two years longer, reading and sewing, fearing God, and taking my own part when necessary. At the end of the two years I was again put out to service, but this time to a rich farmer and his wife, with whom, however, I did not live long, less time, I believe, than with the poor ones, being obliged to leave for—"

"Knocking your mistress down?"

"No, young man, knocking my master down, who conducted himself improperly toward me. This time I did not go back to the great house, having a misgiving that they would not receive me, so I turned my back to the great house where I was born, and where my poor mother died, and wandered for several days, I know not whither, supporting myself on a few half-pence which I chanced to have in my pocket. It happened one day, as I sat under a hedge crying, having spent my last farthing, that a comfortable-looking elderly woman came up in a cart, and seeing the state in which I was, she stopped and asked what was the matter with me; I told her some part of my story, whereupon she said, 'Cheer up, my dear, if you like you shall go with me, and wait upon me.' Of course I wanted little persuasion, so I got into the cart and went with her. She took me to London and various other places, and I soon found that she was a traveling woman, who went about the country with silks and linen. I was of great use to her, more especially in those places where we met evil company. Once, as we were coming from Dover, we were met by two sailors, who stopped our cart, and would have robbed and stripped us. 'Let me get down,' said I; so I got down, and fought them both, till they turned round and ran away. Two years I lived with the old gentlewoman, who was very kind to me, almost as kind as a mother; at last she fell sick at a place in Lincolnshire, and after a few days died, leaving me her cart and stock in trade, praying me only to see her decently buried, which I did, giving her a funeral fit for a gentlewoman. After which I traveled the country melancholy enough for want of company, but so far fortunate, that I could take my own part when anybody was uncivil to me. At last, passing through the valley of Todmorden, I formed the acquaintance of Blazing Bosville and his wife, with whom I occasionally took journeys for company's sake, for it is melancholy to travel about alone, even when one can take one's own part. I soon found they were evil people; but, upon the whole, they treated me civilly, and I sometimes lent them a little money, so that we got on tolerably well together. He and I, it is true, had once a dispute, and nearly came to blows, for once, when we were alone, he wanted me to marry him, promising if I would, to turn off Grey Moll, or if I liked it better, to make her wait upon me as a maid-servant; I never liked him much, but from that hour less than ever. Of the two, I believe Grey Moll to be the better, for she is at any rate true and faithful to him, and I like truth and constancy, don't you, young man?"

"Yes," said I, "they are very nice things. I feel very strangely."

"How do you feel, young man?"

"Very much afraid."

"Afraid, at what? At the Flaming Tinman? Don't be afraid of him. He won't come back, and if he did, he shouldn't touch you in this state. I'd fight him for you, but he won't come back, so you needn't be afraid of him."

"I'm not afraid of the Flaming Tinman."

"What, then, are you afraid of?"

"The evil one."

"The evil one," said the girl, "where is he?"

"Coming upon me."

"Never heed," said the girl, "I'll stand by you."
I presently found myself in a small town. The kitchen of the public house was a large one, and many people were drinking in it; there was a confused hubbub of voices.

I looked around me; the kitchen had been deserted by the greater part of the guests; besides myself, only four remained; these were seated at the further end. One was haranguing fiercely and eagerly; he was abusing England, and praising America. At last he exclaimed, "So when I get to New York, I will toss up my hat, and damn the Ring."

That man must be a radical, thought I.

CHAPTER XLV.

The individual whom I supposed to be a radical, after a short pause, again uplifted his voice; he was rather a strong-built fellow of about thirty, with an ill-favored countenance, a white hat on his head, a snuff-colored coat on his back, and, when he was not speaking, a pipe in his mouth. "Who would live in such a country as England?" he shouted.

"There is no country like America—" said his nearest neighbor, a man also in a white hat, and of a very ill-favored countenance—"there is no country like America," said he, withdrawing his pipe from his mouth, "I think I shall—" and here he took a draught from a jug, the contents of which he appeared to have in common with the other,—"go to America one of these days myself."

"Poor old England is not such a bad country, after all," said a third, a simple-looking man in a laboring dress, who sat smoking a pipe without anything before him. "If there was but a little more work to be got I should have nothing to say against her. I hope, however—"

"You hope, who cares what you hope?" interrupted the first in a savage tone; "you are one of those sneaking hounds who are satisfied with dog's wages, a bit of bread and a kick. Work, indeed, who, with the spirit of a man, would work for a country where there is neither liberty of speech, nor of action, a land full of beggarly aristocracy, hungry borough-mongers, insolent parsons, and 'their-wives and daughters,' as William Cobbett says, in his *Register*."

"Ah, the Church of England has been a source of incalculable mischief to these realms," said another.

The person who uttered these words sat rather aloof from the rest; he was dressed in a long black surtout. I could not see much of his face, partly owing to his keeping it very much directed to the ground, and partly owing to a large slouched hat, which he wore; I observed, however, that his hair was of a reddish tinge. On the table near him was a glass and spoon.

"You are quite right," said the first, alluding to what this last had said, "the Church of England has done incalculable mischief here. I value no religion three halfpence, for I believe in none; but the one I hate most is the Church of England; so when I get to New York, after I have shown the fine fellows on the quay a spice of me, I'll toss up my hat again, and—the Church of England, too."

"And suppose the people of New York should clap you in the stocks?" said I.

These words drew upon me the attention of the whole four. The radical and his companion stared at me ferociously; the man in black gave me a peculiar glance from under his slouched hat; the simple-looking man in the laboring dress laughed.

"What are you laughing at, you fool?" said the radical, turning and looking at the other, who appeared to be afraid of him, "hold your noise; and a pretty fellow, you," said he, looking at me, "to come here, and speak against the great American nation."

"I speak against the great American nation?" said I, "I rather paid them a compliment."

"By supposing they would put me in the stocks. Well, I call it abusing them, to suppose they would do any such thing—stocks, indeed!—there are no stocks in all the land. Put me in the stocks? Why, the President will come down to the quay, and ask me to dinner, as soon as he hears what I have said about the King and the Church."

"I shouldn't wonder," said I, "if you go to America, you will say of the President and country what now you say of the King and Church, and cry out for somebody to send you back to England."

The radical dashed his pipe to pieces against the table. "I tell you what, young fellow, you are a spy of the aristocracy, sent here to kick up a disturbance."

"Kicking up a disturbance," said I, "is rather inconsistent with the office of spy. If I were a spy, I should hold my head down, and say nothing."

The man in black partially raised his head, and gave me another peculiar glance.

"Well, if you ar'n't sent to spy, you are sent to bully, to prevent people speaking, and to run down the great American nation; but you sha'n't bully me. I say down with the aristocracy, the beggarly aristocracy. Come, what have you to say to that?"

"Nothing," said I.

"Nothing!" repeated the radical.

"No," said I, "down with them as soon as you can."

"As soon as I can! I wish I could. But I can down with a bully of theirs. Come, will you fight for them?"

"No," said I.

"You won't?"

"No," said I, "though from what I have seen of them I should say they are tolerably able to fight for themselves."

"You won't fight for them," said the radical, triumphantly; "I thought so; all bullies, especially those of the aristocracy are cowards."

"A white feather," said his companion.

"He! he!" tittered the man in black.

"Landlord, landlord," shouted the radical, striking the table louder than before. "Who called?" said the landlord, coming in at last.

Said I, "Something came into my head."

"He's mad," said the man in black.

"Not he," said the radical. "He's only shamming; he knows his master is here, and therefore has recourse to these manoeuvres, but it won't do. Come, landlord, what are you staring at? Why don't you obey your orders? Keeping your customers waiting in this manner is not the way to increase your business."

The landlord looked at the radical, and then at me. At last, taking the jug and glass, he left the apartment, and presently returned with each filled.

"Here is your health, sir," said the man of the snuff-colored coat, addressing himself to the man in black, "I honor you for what you said about the Church of England. Every one who speaks against the Church of England has my warm heart. Down with it, I say, and may the stones of it be used for mending the roads, as my friend William says in his *Register*."

The man in black, with a courteous nod of his head, drank to the man in the snuff-colored coat. "With respect to the steeples," said he, "I am not altogether of your opinion; they might be turned to better account than to serve to mend the roads; they might still be used as places of worship, but not for the worship of the Church of England. I have no fault to find with the steeples, it is the Church itself which I am compelled to arraign, but it will not stand long; the respectable part of the ministers are already leaving it. It is a bad Church, a persecuting Church."

"Whom does it persecute?" said I.

The man in black glanced at me slightly, and then replied slowly, "the Catholics."

"And do those whom you call Catholics never persecute?" said I.

"Never," said the man in black.

"Did you ever read 'Fox's Book of Martyrs'?" said I.

"He! he!" tittered the man in black, "there is not a word of truth in 'Fox's Book of Martyrs.'"

"Ten times more than in the 'Flos Sanctorum,'" said I.

The man in black looked at me, but made no answer.

"And what say you to the massacre of the Albigenses and the Vaudois, 'whose bones lie scattered on the cold Alp,' or the revocation of the Edict of Nantes?"

"Go to," said I, "it is because the Church of England is not a persecuting Church, that those whom you call the respectable part are leaving her; it is because they can't do with the poor Dissenters what Simon de Montford did with the Albigenses, and the cruel Piedmontese with the Vaudois, that they turn to bloody Rome; the Pope will no doubt welcome them, for the Pope, do you see, being very much in want, will welcome—"

"Hollo!" said the radical, interfering, "What are you saying about the Pope? I say hurrah for the Pope; I value no religion three halfpence, as I said before, but if I were to adopt any, it should be the Popish, as it is called, because I conceive the Popish to be the grand enemy of the Church of England, of the beggarly aristocracy, and the borough-monger system, so I won't hear the Pope abused while I am by. Come, don't look fierce. You won't fight, you know, I have proved it; but I will give you another chance—I will fight for the Pope, will you fight against him?"

"O dear me, yes," said I, getting up and stepping forward. "I am

a quiet young man, and, being so, am always ready to fight against the Pope—the enemy of all peace and quiet—to refuse fighting for the aristocracy is a widely different thing from refusing to fight against the Pope—so come on, if you are disposed to fight for him. To the Pope broken bells, to Saint Peter broken shells. No Popish vile oppression, but the Protestant succession. Confusion to the Groyne, hurrah for the Boyne, for the army at Clonmel, and the Protestant young gentlemen who live there as well."

"An Orangeman," said the man in black.

"Not a Platitude," said I.

The man in black gave a slight start.

"Amongst that family," said I, "no doubt something may be done, but amongst the Methodist preachers I should conceive that the success would not be great."

The man in black sat quite still.

"Especially amongst those who have wives," I added.

The man in black stretched his hand toward his gin and water.

"However," said I, "we shall see what the grand movement will bring about, and the results of the lessons in elocution."

The man in black lifted the glass up to his mouth, and in doing so let the spoon fall.

"But what has this to do with the main question?" said I, "I am waiting here to fight against the Pope."

"Come, Hunter," said the companion of the man in the snuff-colored coat, "get up and fight for the Pope."

"I don't care for the young fellow," said the man in the snuff-colored coat.

"I know you don't," said the other, "so get up and serve him out."

"I could serve out three like him," said the man in the snuff-colored coat.

"So much the better for you," said the other, "the present work will be all the easier for you; get up, and serve him out at once."

The man in the snuff-colored coat did not stir.

"Who shows the white feather now?" said the simple-looking man.

"He! he! he!" tittered the man in black.

"Who told you to interfere?" said the radical, turning ferociously toward the simple-looking man; "say another word and I'll—And you!" said he, addressing himself to the man in black, "a pretty fellow you to turn against me, after I had taken your part. I tell you what, you may fight for yourself. I'll see you and your Pope in the pit of Eldon before I fight for either of you, so make the most of it."

"Then you won't fight?" said I.

"Not for the Pope," said the radical; "I'll see the Pope—"

"Dear me!" said I, "not fight for that Pope, whose religion you would turn to, if you were inclined for any. I see how it is, you are not fond of fighting; but I'll give you another chance—you were abusing the Church of England just now. I'll fight for it—will you fight against it?"

"Come, Hunter," said the other, "get up, and fight against the Church of England."

"I have no particular quarrel against the Church of England," said the man in the snuff-colored coat, "my quarrel is with the aristocracy. If I said anything against the Church, it was merely for a bit of corollary, as Master William Cobbett would say; the quarrel with the Church belongs to this fellow in black; so let him carry it on. However," said he suddenly, "I won't slink from the matter either; it shall never be said by the fine fellows on the quay of New York, that I wouldn't fight against the Church of England. So down with the beggarly aristocracy, the Church, and the Pope, to the bottom of the pit of Eldon, and may the Pope fall first, and the others upon him."

Thereupon, dashing his hat on the table, he placed himself in an attitude of offense, and rushed forward. He was, as I have said before, a powerful fellow, and might have proved a dangerous antagonist, more especially to myself, who, after my recent encounter with the Flaming Tinman, and my wrestlings with the evil one, was in anything but fighting order. Any collision, however, was prevented by the landlord, who, suddenly appearing, thrust himself between us. "There shall be no fighting here," said he, "no one shall fight in this house, except it be with myself; so if you two have anything to say to each other, you had better go into the field behind the house. But you fool," said he, pushing Hunter violently on the breast, "do you know whom you are going to tackle with?—this is the young chap that beat Blazing Bosville, only as late as yesterday, in Mumpers Dingle. Grey Moll told me all about it last night, when she came for some brandy for her husband, who, she said, had been half killed; and she described the young man to me so closely, that I knew him at once, that is, as soon as I saw how his left hand was

bruised, for she told me he was a left-hand hitter. Ar'n't it all true, young man? Ar'n't you he that beat Flaming Bosville in Mumpers Dingle?" "I never beat Flaming Bosville," said I, "he beat himself. Had he not struck his hand against a tree, I shouldn't be here at the present moment." "Hear! hear!" said the landlord, "now that's just as it should be; I like a modest man, for, as the parson says, nothing sits better upon a young man than modesty. I remember, when I was young, fighting with Tom, of Hopton, the best man that ever pulled off coat in England. I remember, too, that I won the battle; for I happened to hit Tom, of Hopton, in the mark, as he was coming in, so that he lost his wind, and falling squelch on the ground, do ye see, he lost the battle, though I am free to confess that he was a better man than myself; indeed, the best man that ever fought in England; yet still I won the battle, as every customer of mine, and everybody within twelve miles round, has heard over and over again. Now, Mr. Hunter, I have one thing to say, if you choose to go into the field behind the house, and fight the young man, you can. I'll back him for ten pounds; but no fighting in my kitchen—because why? I keeps a decent kind of an establishment."

"I have no wish to fight the young man," said Hunter; "more especially as he has nothing to say for the aristocracy. If he chose to fight for them, indeed—but he won't, I know; for I see he's a decent, respectable young man; and after all, fighting is a blackguard way of settling a dispute; so I have no wish to fight; however, there is one thing I'll do," said he uplifting his fist; "I'll fight this fellow in black here for half-a-crown, or for nothing, if he pleases; it was he that got up the last dispute between me and the young man, with his Pope and his nonsense; so I will fight him for anything he pleases, and perhaps the young man will be my second; whilst you—"

"Come, Doctor," said the landlord, "or whatsoever you be, will you go into the field with Hunter? I'll second you, only you must back yourself. I'll lay five pounds on Hunter, if you are inclined to back yourself; and will help you to win it as far, do you see, as a second can; because why? I always likes to do the fair thing."

"Oh! I have no wish to fight," said the man in black, hastily; "fighting is not my trade. If I have given any offence, I beg anybody's pardon."

"Landlord," said I, "what have I to pay?"

"Nothing at all," said the landlord; "glad to see you. This is the first time that you have been at my house, and I never charge new customers, at least customers such as you, anything for the first draught. You'll come again, I dare say; shall always be glad to see you. I won't take it," said he, as I put sixpence on the table; "I won't take it."

"Yes, you shall," said I.

"Bravo!" said the landlord, "that's just the conduct I like."

"Bravo!" said Hunter.

"If I have given offence to anybody," said the man in black, "I repeat that I ask pardon,—more especially to the young gentleman, who was perfectly right to stand up for his religion, just as I—not that I am of any particular religion, no more than this honest gentleman here," bowing to Hunter; "but I happen to know something of the Catholics—several excellent friends of mine are Catholics—and of a surety the Catholic religion is an ancient religion, and a widely-extended religion, though it certainly is not a universal religion, but it has of late made considerable progress, even amongst those nations who have been particularly opposed to it—amongst the Prussians and the Dutch, for example, to say nothing of the English; and then, in the East, amongst the Persians, amongst the Armenians."

"The Armenians," said I; "O dear me, the Armenians—"

"Have you anything to say about those people, sir?" said the man in black.

"I have nothing further to say," said I, "than that the roots of Ararat are occasionally found to be deeper than those of Rome."

CHAPTER XLVI.

The public house where the scenes which I have attempted to describe in the preceding chapter took place, was at a distance of about two miles from the dingle. The sun was sinking in the west by the time I returned to the latter spot. I found Belle seated by a fire, over which her kettle was suspended. During my absence she had prepared herself a kind of tent, consisting of large hoops covered over with tarpaulin, quite impenetrable to rain, however violent. "I am glad you are returned," said she, as soon as she perceived me; "I began to be anxious about you. Did you take my advice?"

"Yes," said I.

"I knew it would do you good," said Belle. "Shall we take our tea now—I have waited for you."

"I have no objection," said I; "I feel rather heated, and at present should prefer tea—'everything in its season,' as the surgeon said."

Thereupon Belle prepared tea, and, as we were taking it, she said, "What did you see and hear at the public house?"

"Really," said I, "you appear to have your full portion of curiosity; what matters it to you what I saw and heard at the public house?"

"It matters very little to me," said Belle; "I merely inquired of you, for the sake of a little conversation—you were silent, and it is uncomfortable for two people to sit together without opening their lips—at least I think so."

"One only feels uncomfortable," said I, "in being silent, when one happens to be thinking of the individual with whom one is in company. To tell you the truth, I was not thinking of my companion, but of certain company with whom I had been at the public house."

"Really, young man," said Belle, "you are not over complimentary; but who may this wonderful company have been—some young —?" and here Belle stopped.

"No," said I, "there was no young person—if person you were going to say. There was a big portly landlord, whom I dare say you have seen; a noisy savage radical, who wanted at first to fasten upon me a quarrel about America, but who subsequently drew in his horns; then there was a strange fellow, a prowling priest, I believe, whom I have frequently heard of, who at first seemed disposed to side with the radical against me, and afterward with me against the radical. There, you know my company, and what took place."

"Was there no one else?" said Belle.

"You are mighty curious," said I. "No, none else, except a poor simple mechanic, and some common company, who soon went away."

Belle looked at me for a moment, and then appeared to be lost in thought. "America!" said she, musingly—"America!"

"What of America?" said I.

"I have heard that it is a mighty country."

"I dare say it is," said I; "I have heard my father say that the Americans are first-rate marksmen."

"I heard nothing about that," said Belle; "what I heard was, that it is a great and goodly land, where people can walk about without jostling, and where the industrious can always find bread; I have frequently thought of going thither."

"Well," said I, "the radical in the public house will perhaps be glad of your company thither; he is as great an admirer of America as yourself, though I believe on different grounds."

"I shall go by myself," said Belle, "unless—unless that should happen which is not likely—I am not fond of radicals, no more than I am of scoffers and mockers."

"Do you mean to say that I am a scoffer and mocker?"

"I don't wish to say you are," said Belle, "but some of your words sound strangely like scoffing and mocking. I have now one thing to beg, which is, that if you have anything to say against America, you will speak it out boldly."

"What should I have to say against America? I never was there."

"Many people speak against America who never were there."

"Many people speak in praise of America who never were there; but with respect to myself, I have not spoken for or against America."

"If you liked America you would speak in its praise."

"By the same rule, if I disliked America I would speak against it."

"I can't speak with you," said Belle, "but I see you dislike the country."

"The country?"

"Well, the people—don't you?"

"I do."

"Why do you dislike them?"

"Why, I have heard my father say that the American marksmen, led on by a chap of the name of Washington, sent the English to right-about in double-quick time."

"And that is your reason for disliking the Americans?"

"Yes," said I, "that is my reason for disliking them."

"Will you take another cup of tea?" said Belle.

I took another cup; we were again silent. "It is rather uncomfortable," said I, at last, "for people to sit together without having anything to say."

"Were you thinking of your company?" said Belle.

"What company?" said I.

"The present company."

"The present company! oh, ah!—I remember that I said one only feels uncomfortable in being silent with a companion, when one happens to be thinking of the companion. Well, I had been thinking of you the last two or three minutes, and had just come to the conclusion, that to prevent us both feeling occasionally uncomfort-

able toward each other, having nothing to say, it would be as well to have a standing subject, on which to employ our tongues. Belle, I have determined to give you lessons in Armenian."

"What is Armenian?"

"Did you ever hear of Ararat?"

"Yes, that was the place where the ark rested; I have heard the chaplain in the great house talk of it; besides, I have read of it in the Bible."

"Well, Armenian is the speech of people of that place, and I should like to teach it you."

"To prevent—"

"Ay, ay, to prevent our occasionally feeling uncomfortable together. Your acquiring it besides might prove of ulterior advantage to us both; for example, suppose you and I were in promiscuous company, at Court, for example, and you had something to communicate to me which you did not want anyone else to be acquainted with, how safely you might communicate it to me in Armenian."

"Would not the language of the roads do as well?" said Belle.

"In some places it would," said I, "but not at Court, owing to its resemblance to thieves' slang. There is Hebrew, again, which I was thinking of teaching you, till the idea of being presented at Court made me abandon it, from the probability of our being understood, in the event of our speaking it, by at least half a dozen people in our vicinity. There is Latin, it is true, or Greek, which we might speak aloud at Court with perfect confidence of safety, but upon the whole I should prefer teaching you Armenian, not because it would be a safer language to hold communication with at Court, but because, not being very well grounded in it myself, I am apprehensive that its words and forms may escape from my recollection, unless I have sometimes occasion to call them forth."

"I am afraid we shall have to part company before I have learnt it," said Belle; "in the meantime, if I wish to say anything to you in private, somebody being by, shall I speak in the language of the roads?"

"If no roadster is nigh, you may," said I, "and I will do my best to understand you. Belle, I will now give you a lesson in Armenian."

"I suppose you mean no harm," said Belle.

"Not in the least; I merely propose the thing to prevent our feeling uncomfortable together. Let us begin."

"Stop till I have removed the tea-things," said Belle; and, getting up, she removed them to her own encampment.

"I am ready," said Belle, returning, and taking her former seat, "to join with you in anything which will serve to pass away the time agreeably, provided there is no harm in it."

"Belle," said I, "I have determined to commence the course of Armenian lessons by teaching you the numerals; but, before I do that, it will be as well to tell you that the Armenian language is called Haik."

"I am sure that word will hang upon my memory," said Belle.

"Why hang upon it?"

"Because the old woman in the great house used to call so the chimney-hook, on which they hung the kettle; in like manner, on the hake of my memory I will hang your hake."

"Good!" said I, "you will make an apt scholar; but, mind, that I did not say hake, but *haik*; the words are, however, very much alike; and, as you observe, upon your hake you may hang my *haik*. We will now proceed to the numerals."

"What are numerals?" said Belle.

"Numbers. I will say the Haikan numbers up to ten. There, have you heard them?"—"Yes." "Well, try and repeat them."

"I only remember number one," said Belle, "and that because it is *me*."

"I will repeat them again," said I, "and pay great attention. Now, try again."

"*Me, jergo, earache.*"

"I neither said *jergo*, nor *earache*. I said *yergou* and *yerek*. Belle, I am afraid I shall have some difficulty with you as a scholar."

Belle made no answer. Her eyes were turned in the direction of the winding path, which led from the bottom of the hollow where we were seated, to the plain above. "*Gorgio shunella*," she said, at length, in a low voice.

"Pure Rommany," said I; "where?" I added, in a whisper.

"*Dovey odoi*," said Belle, nodding with her head toward the path.

"I will soon see who it is," said I; and starting up, I rushed toward the pathway, intending to lay violent hands on any one I might find lurking in its windings. Before, however, I had reached its commencement, a man, somewhat above the middle height, advanced from it into the dingle, in whom I recognized the man in black, whom I had seen in the public-house.

CHAPTER XLVII.

The man in black and myself stood opposite to each other for a minute or two in silence; I will not say that we confronted each other that time, for the man in black, after a furtive glance did not look me in the face, but kept his eyes fixed, apparently on the leaves of a bunch of ground nuts which were growing at my feet. At length, looking around the dingle, he exclaimed, "*Bona Sera*, I hope I don't intrude."

"You have as much right here," said I, "as I or my companion; but you had no right to stand listening to our conversation."

"I was not listening," said the man, "I was hesitating whether to advance or retire; and if I heard some of your conversation, the fault was not mine."

"I do not see why you should have hesitated if your intentions were good," said I.

"I think the kind of place in which I found myself, might excuse some hesitation," said the man in black, looking around; "moreover, from what I had seen of your demeanor at the public-house, I was rather apprehensive that the reception I might experience at your hands might be more rough than agreeable."

"And what may have been your motive for coming to this place," said I.

"*Per far visita a sua signoria, ecco il motivo.*"

"Why do you speak to me in that gibberish," said I; "do you think I understand it?"

"It is not Armenian," said the man in black; "but it might serve in a place like this, for the breathing of a little secret communication, were any common roadster near at hand. It would not do at Court, it is true, being the language of singing women, and the like; but we are not at Court—when we are, I can perhaps summon up a little indifferent Latin, if I have anything private to communicate to the learned professor."

And at the conclusion of this speech the man in black lifted up his head, and, for some moments looked me in the face. The muscles of his own seemed to be slightly convulsed, and his mouth opened in a singular manner.

"I see," said I, "that for some time you were standing near me and my companion, in the mean act of listening."

"Not at all," said the man in black; "I heard from the steep bank above, that to which I have now alluded, whilst I was puzzling myself to find the path which leads to your retreat. I made, indeed, nearly the compass of the whole thicket before I found it."

"And how did you know that I was here?" I demanded.

"The landlord of the public house, with whom I had some conversation concerning you, informed me that he had no doubt I should find you in this place, to which he gave me instructions not very clear. But now I am here, I crave permission to remain a little time, in order that I may hold some communion with you."

"Well," said I, "since you are come, you are welcome; please to step this way."

Thereupon I conducted the man in black to the fireplace, where Belle was standing, who had risen from her stool on my springing up to go in quest of the stranger. The man in black looked at her with evident curiosity, then making her rather a graceful bow, "Lovely virgin," said he, stretching out his hand, "allow me to salute your fingers."

"I am not in the habit of shaking hands with strangers," said Belle.

"I did not presume to request to shake hands with you," said the man in black, "I merely wished to be permitted to salute with my tips the extremity of your two fore-fingers."

"I never permit anything of the kind," said Belle, "I do not approve of such unmanly ways; they are only befitting those who lurk in corners or behind trees, listening to the conversation of people who would fain be private."

"Do you take me for a listener, then?" said the man in black.

"Ay, indeed I do," said Belle; "the young man may receive your excuses, and put confidence in them if he please, but for my part I neither admit them, nor believe them;" and thereupon flinging her long hair back, which was hanging over her cheeks, she seated herself on her stool.

"Come, Belle," said I, "I have bidden the gentleman welcome; I beseech you, therefore, to make him welcome; he is a stranger, where we are at home, therefore, even did we wish him away, we are bound to treat him kindly."

"That's not English doctrine," said the man in black.

"I thought the English prided themselves on their hospitality," said I.

"They do so," said the man in black; "they are proud of showing

hospitality to people above them, that is, to those who do not want it, but of the hospitality which you were now describing, and which is Arabian, they know nothing. No Englishman will tolerate another in his house, from whom he does not expect advantage of some kind, and to those from whom he does he can be civil enough. An Englishman thinks that, because he is in his own house, he has a right to be boorish and brutal to any one who is disagreeable to him, as all those are who are really in want of assistance. Should a hunted fugitive rush into an Englishman's house, beseeching protection, and appealing to the master's feelings of hospitality, the Englishman would knock him down in the passage."

"You are too general," said I, "in your strictures; Lord —, the unpopular Tory minister, was once chased through the streets of London by a mob, and, being in danger of his life, took shelter in the shop of a Whig linendraper, declaring his own unpopular name, and appealing to the linendraper's feelings of hospitality; whereupon the linendraper, utterly forgetful of all party rancor, nobly responded to the appeal, and telling his wife to conduct his lordship up-stairs, jumped over the counter, with his ell in his hand, and placing himself with half a dozen of his assistants at the door of his boutique, manfully confronted the mob, telling them that he would allow himself to be torn to a thousand pieces, ere he would permit them to injure a hair of his lordship's head. What do you think of that?"

"He! he! he!" tittered the man in black.

"Well," said I, "I am afraid your own practice is not very different from that which you have been just now describing, you sided with the radical in the public house against me, as long as you thought him the most powerful, and then turned against him, when you saw he was cowed. What have you to say to that?"

"O! when one is in Rome—I mean England—one must do as they do in England; I was merely conforming to the custom of the country, he! he! but I beg your pardon here, as I did in the public house. I made a mistake."

"Well," said I, "we will drop the matter, but pray seat yourself on that stone, and I will sit down on the grass near you."

The man in black, after proffering two or three excuses for occupying what he supposed to be my seat, sat down upon the stone, and I squatted down gypsy fashion, just opposite to him, Belle sitting on her stool at a short distance on my right. After a time I addressed him thus: "Am I to reckon this a mere visit of ceremony? should it prove so, it will be, I believe, the first visit of the kind ever paid me."

"Will you permit me to ask," said the man in black—"the weather is very warm," said he, interrupting himself, and taking off his hat.

I now observed that he was partly bald, his red hair having died away from the fore part of his crown; his forehead was high, his eyebrows scanty, his eyes grey and sly, with a downward tendency, his nose was slightly aquiline, his mouth rather large; a kind of sneering smile played continually on his lips; his complexion was somewhat rubicund.

"A bad countenance," said Belle, in the language of the roads, observing that my eyes were fixed on his face.

"Does not my countenance please you, fair damsel?" said the man in black, resuming his hat and speaking in a peculiarly gentle voice.

"How," said I, "do you understand the language of the roads?"

"As little as I do Armenian," said the man in black; "but I understand look and tone."

"So do I, perhaps," retorted Belle; "and, to tell you the truth, I like your tone as little as your face."

"For shame!" said I; "have you forgot what I was saying just now about the duties of hospitality? You have not yet answered my question," said I, addressing myself to the man, "with respect to your visit."

"Will you permit me to ask who you are?"

"Do you see the place where I live?" said I.

"I do," said the man in black, looking around.

"Do you know the name of this place?"

"I was told it was Mumpers, or Gypsies' Dingle," said the man in black.

"Good!" said I; "and this forge and tent, what do they look like?"

"Like the forge and tent of a wandering Zigan; I have seen the like in Italy."

"Good!" said I, "they belong to me."

"Are you, then, a gypsy?" said the man in black.

"What else should I be?"

"But you seem to have been acquainted with various individuals with whom I have likewise had acquaintance; and you have even alluded to matters, and even words, which have passed between me and them."

"Do you know how Gypsies live?" said I.

"By hammering old iron, I believe, and telling fortunes."

"Well," said I, "there's my forge, and yonder is some iron though not old, and by your own confession I am a soothsayer."

"But how did you come by your knowledge?"

"O," said I, "if you want me to reveal the secrets of my trade, I have, of course, nothing further to say. Go to the scarlet dyer, and ask him how he dyes cloth."

"Why scarlet?" said the man in black. "Is it because Gypsies blush like scarlet?"

"Gypsies never blush," said I; "but Gypsies' cloaks are scarlet."

"I should almost take you for a Gypsy," said the man in black, "but for—"

"For what?" said I.

"But for that same lesson in Armenian, and your general knowledge of languages; as for your manners and appearance I will say nothing," said the man in black, with a titter.

"And why should not a Gypsy possess a knowledge of languages?" said I.

"Because the Gypsy race is perfectly illiterate," said the man in black; "they are possessed, it is true, of a knavish acuteness; and are particularly noted for giving subtle and evasive answers—and in your answers, I confess, you remind me of them; but that one of the race should acquire a learned language like the Armenian, and have a general knowledge of literature, is a thing *che io non credo affatto*."

"What do you take me for?" said I.

"Why," said the man in black, "I should consider you to be a philologist, who, for some purpose, has taken up a Gypsy life; but I confess to you that your way of answering questions is far too acute for a philologist."

"And why should not a philologist be able to answer questions acutely?" said I.

"Because the philological race is the most stupid under Heaven," said the man in black; "they are possessed, it is true, of a certain faculty for picking up words, and a memory for retaining them; but that any one of the sect should be able to give a rational answer, to say nothing of an acute one, on any subject—even though the subject were philology—is a thing of which I have no idea."

"But you found me giving a lesson in Armenian to this handmaid?"

"I believe I did," said the man in black.

"And you heard me give what you are disposed to call acute answers to the questions you asked me?"

"I believe I did," said the man in black.

"And would any one but a philologist think of giving a lesson in Armenian to a handmaid in a dingle?"

"I should think not," said the man in black.

"Well, then, don't you see that it is possible for a philologist to give not only a rational, but an acute answer?"

"I really don't know," said the man in black.

"What is the matter with you?" said I.

"Merely puzzled," said the man in black.

"Puzzled?"

"Yes."

"Really puzzled?"

"Yes."

"Remain so."

"Well," said the man in black, rising, "puzzled or not, I will no longer trespass upon yours and this young lady's retirement; only allow me, before I go, to apologize for my intrusion."

"No apology is necessary," said I; "will you please to take anything before you go? I think this young lady, at my request, would contrive to make you a cup of tea."

"Tea!" said the man in black—"he! he! I don't drink tea."

"Gypsies have various ways of obtaining information," said I.

"With all your knowledge," said the man in black, "you do not appear to have known that I was coming to visit you."

"Gypsies do not pretend to know anything which relates to themselves," said I; "but I advise you, if you ever come again, to come openly."

"Have I your permission to come again?" said the man in black.

"Come when you please; this dingle is as free for you as me."

"I will visit you again," said the man in black—"till then *addio*."

"Belle," said I, after the man in black had departed, "we did not treat that man very hospitably; he left us without having eaten or drunk at our expense."

"You offered him some tea," said Belle, "which, as it is mine, I should have grudged him, for I like him not."

"Our liking or disliking him had nothing to do with the matter, he was our visitor and ought not to have been permitted to depart dry; living as we do in this desert, we ought always to be prepared to administer to the wants of our visitors. Belle, do you know where to procure any good Hollands?"

"I think I do," said Belle, "but—"

"I will have no 'buts.' Belle, I expect that with as little delay as possible you procure, at my expense, the best Hollands you can find."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Time passed on, and Belle and I lived in the dingle; when I say lived, the reader must not imagine that we were always there. She went out upon her pursuits, and I went out where inclination led me; but my excursions were very short ones, and hers occasionally occupied whole days and nights. If I am asked how we passed the time when we were together in the dingle, I would answer that we passed the time very tolerably, all things considered; we conversed together, and when tired of conversing I would sometimes give Belle a lesson in Armenian; her progress was not particularly brilliant, but upon the whole satisfactory; in about a fortnight she had hung up one hundred Haikan numerals upon the hake of her memory. I found her conversation highly entertaining; she had seen much of England and Wales, and had been acquainted with some of the most remarkable characters who traveled the roads at that period; and let me be permitted to say, that many remarkable characters have traveled the roads of England, of whom fame has never said a word. I loved to hear her anecdotes of these people; some of whom I found had occasionally attempted to lay violent hands either upon her person or effects, and had invariably been humbled by her without the assistance of either justice or constable. I could clearly see, however, that she was rather tired of England, and wished for a change of scene; she was particularly fond of talking of America, to which country her aspirations chiefly tended. She had heard much of America, which had excited her imagination; for at that time America was talked of, on the roads and in homesteads, at least so said Belle, and most people allowed that it was a good country for adventurous English. The people who chiefly spoke against it, as she informed me, were soldiers disbanded upon pensions, the sextons of village churches, and excisemen. Belle had a craving desire to visit that country, and to wander with cart and little animal amongst its forests; when I would occasionally object, that she would be exposed to danger from strange and perverse customers, she said she had not wandered the roads of England so long and alone, to be afraid of anything which might befall in America; and that she hoped, with God's favor, to be able to take her own part, and to give to perverse customers as good as they might bring. She had a dauntless heart that same Belle: such was the staple of Belle's conversation. As for mine, I would endeavor to entertain her with strange dreams of adventure, in which I figured in opaque forests, strangling wild beasts, or discovering and plundering the hordes of dragons; and sometimes I would narrate to her other things far more genuine—how I had tamed savage mares, wrestled with Satan, and had dealings with ferocious publishers. Belle had a kind heart, and would weep at the accounts I gave her of my early wrestlings with the dark Monarch. She would sigh, too, as I recounted the many slights and degradations I had received at the hands of ferocious publishers; but she had the curiosity of a woman; and once, when I talked to her of the triumphs which I had achieved over unbroken mares, she lifted up her head and questioned me as to the secret of the virtue which I possessed over the aforesaid animals; whereupon I sternly reprimanded, and forthwith commanded her to repeat the Armenian numerals; and, on her demurring, I made use of words, to escape which she was glad to comply, saying the Armenian numerals from one to a hundred, which numerals, as a punishment for her curiosity, I made her repeat three times, loading her with the bitterest reproaches whenever she committed the slightest error, either in accent or pronunciation, which reproaches she appeared to bear with the greatest patience. And now I have given a very fair account of the manner in which Isobel Berners and myself passed our time in the dingle.

CHAPTER XLIX.

Nearly three days elapsed without anything of particular moment occurring. Belle drove the little cart containing her merchandise about the neighborhood, returning to the dingle toward evening. As for myself, I kept within my wooded retreat, working during the periods of her absence leisurely at my forge. Having observed that

the quadruped which my companion drove was as much in need of shoes as my own had been some time previously, I had determined to provide it with a set, and during the aforesaid period occupied myself in preparing them. As I was employed three mornings and afternoons about them, I am sure that the reader will agree that I worked leisurely, or rather lazily. On the third day Belle arrived, somewhat later than usual; I was lying on my back at the bottom of the dingle employed in tossing up the shoes, which I had produced, and catching them as they fell, some being always in the air mounting or descending, somewhat after the fashion of the waters of a fountain.

"Why have you been absent so long?" said I to Belle, "it must be long past four by the day."

"I have been almost killed by the heat," said Belle; "I was never out in a more sultry day—the poor donkey, too, could scarcely move along."

"He shall have fresh shoes," said I, continuing my exercise, "here they are, quite ready; to-morrow I will tack them on."

"And why are you playing with them in that manner?" said Belle.

"Partly in triumph at having made them, and partly to show that I can do something besides making them; it is not every one who, after having made a set of horse-shoes, can keep them going up and down in the air, without letting one fall."

"One has now fallen on your chin," said Belle.

"And another on my cheek," said I, getting up, "it is time to discontinue the game, for the last shoe drew blood."

Belle went to her own little encampment; and as for myself, after having flung the donkey's shoes into my tent, I put some fresh wood on the fire, which was nearly out, and hung the kettle over it. I then issued forth from the dingle, and strolled round the wood that surrounded it; for a long time I was busied in meditation, looking at the ground, striking with my foot, half unconsciously, the tufts of grass and thistles I met in my way. After some time, I lifted up my eyes to the sky, at first vacantly, and then with more attention, turning my head in all directions for a minute or two; after which I returned to the dingle. Isopel was seated near the fire, over which the kettle was now hung; she had changed her dress—no sign of the dust and fatigue of her late excursion remained; she had aided to the fire a small billet of wood, two or three of which I had left beside it; the fire cracked, and a sweet odor filled the dingle.

"I am fond of sitting by a wood fire," said Belle, "when abroad, whether it be hot or cold; I love to see the flames dart out of the wood; but what kind is this, and where did you get it?"

"It is ash," said I, "green ash. Somewhat less than a week ago, whilst I was wandering along the road by the side of a wood, I came to a place where some peasants were engaged in cutting up and clearing away a confused mass of fallen timber: a mighty-aged oak had given away the night before, and in its fall had shivered some smaller trees; the upper part of the oak, and the fragments of the rest, lay across the road. I purchased, for a trifle, a bundle or two, and the wood on the fire is part of it—ash, green ash."

"That makes good the old rhyme," said Belle, "which I have heard sung by the old women in the great house:

'Ash, when green,
Is fire for a queen.'

"And on fairer form of queen, ash fire never shone," said I, "than on thine, O beauteous queen of the dingle."

"I am half disposed to be angry with you, young man," said Belle.

"And why not entirely?" said I.

Belle made no reply.

"Shall I tell you?" I demanded. "You had no objection to the first part of the speech, but you did not like being called queen of the dingle. Well, if I had the power, I would make you queen of something better than the dingle—queen of China. Come, let us have tea."

"Something less would content me," said Belle, sighing, as she rose to prepare our evening meal.

So we took tea together, Belle and I. "How delicious tea is after a hot summer's day, and a long walk," said she.

"I dare say it is more refreshing then," said I; "but I have heard people say that they most enjoy it on a cold winter's night, when the kettle is hissing on the fire, and their children playing on the hearth."

Belle sighed. "Where does tea come from?" she presently demanded.

"From China," said I; "I just now mentioned it, and the mention

of it put me in mind of tea."

"What kind of a country is China?"

"I know very little about it; all I know is, that it is a very large country far to the east, but scarcely large enough to contain its inhabitants, who are so numerous, that though China does not cover one-ninth part of the world, its inhabitants amount to one-third of the population of the world."

"And do they talk as we do?"

"O no! I know nothing of their language; but I have heard that it is quite different from all others, and so difficult that none but the cleverest people amongst foreigners can master it, on which account, perhaps, only the French pretend to know anything about it."

"Are the French so very clever, then?" said Belle.

"They say there are no people like them, at least in Europe. But talking of Chinese reminds me that I have not for some time past given you a lesson in Armenian. The word for tea in Armenian is—by-the-bye, what is the Armenian word for tea?"

"That's your affair, not mine," said Belle; "it seems hard that the master should ask the scholar."

"Well," said I, "whatever the word may be in Armenian, it is a noun; and as we have never yet declined an Armenian noun together, we may as well take this opportunity of declining one. Belle, there are ten declensions in Armenian."

"What's a declension?"

"The way of declining a noun."

"Then, in the civillest way imaginable, I decline the noun. Is that a declension?"

"You should never play on words; to do so is low, vulgar, smelling of the pothouse, the workhouse. Belle, I insist on your declining an Armenian noun."

"I have done so already," said Belle.

"If you go on in this way" said I, "I shall decline taking any more tea with you. Will you decline an Armenian noun?"

"I don't like the language," said Belle. "If you must teach me languages, why not teach me French or Chinese?"

"I know nothing of Chinese; and as for French, none but a Frenchman is clever enough to speak it—to say nothing of teaching; no, we will stick to Armenian, unless, indeed, you would prefer Welsh."

"Welsh, I have heard, is vulgar," said Belle; "so, if I must learn one of the two, I will prefer Armenian, which I never heard of till you mentioned it to me; though of the two, I really think Welsh sounds best."

"The Armenian noun," said I, "which I propose for your declension this night, is * * * which signifieth Lord, or Master."

"It soundeth very like tyrant," said Belle.

"I care not what it sounds like," said I; "it is the word I chose, though it is not of the first declension. Master, with all its variations, being the first noun, the sound of which I would have you learn from my own lips. Come, let us begin—

"A master * * * Of a master, etc. Repeat—"

"The word sounds very strange to me," said Belle. "However, to oblige you I will do my best;" and thereupon Belle declined master in Armenian.

"You have declined the noun very well," said I; "that is in the singular number; we will now go to the plural."

"What is the plural?" said Belle.

"That which implies more than one, for example, masters; you shall now go through masters in Armenian."

"Never," said Belle, "never; it is bad enough to have one master, but more I would never bear, whether in Armenian or English."

"You do not understand," said I; "I merely want you to decline masters in Armenian."

"I do decline them; I will have nothing to do with them, nor with master either; I was wrong to— What sound is that?"

"I did not hear it, but I dare say it is thunder; in Armenian—"

"Never mind what it is in Armenian; but why do you think it is thunder?"

"Ere I returned from my stroll, I looked up into the heavens, and by their appearance I judged that a storm was nigh at hand."

"And why did you not tell me so?"

"You never asked me about the state of the atmosphere, and I am not in the habit of giving my opinion to people on any subject, unless questioned. But, setting that aside, can you blame me for not troubling you with forebodings about storm and tempest, which might have prevented the pleasure you promised yourself in drinking tea, or perhaps a lesson in Armenian, though you pretend to dislike the latter?"

"My dislike is not pretended," said Belle; "I hate the sound of it, but I love my tea, and it was kind of you not to wish to cast a cloud over my little pleasures; the thunder came quite time enough to interrupt it without being anticipated—there is another peal—I will clear away, and see that my tent is in a condition to resist the storm, and I think you had better bestir yourself."

Isopel departed, and I remained seated on my stone, as nothing belonging to myself required any particular attention; in about a quarter of an hour she returned, and seated herself upon her stool.

"How dark the place is become since I left you," said she; "just as if night were just at hand."

"Look up at the sky," said I, "and you will not wonder; it is all of a deep olive. The wind is beginning to rise; hark how it moans among the branches; and see now their tops are bending—it brings dust on its wings—I felt some fall on my face; and what is this, a drop of rain?"

"We shall have plenty anon," said Belle; "do you hear? it already begins to hiss upon the embers; that fire of ours will soon be extinguished."

"It is not probable that we shall want it," said I, "but we had better seek shelter: let us go into my tent."

"Go in," said Belle, "but you go in alone; as for me, I will seek my own."

"You are right," said I, "to be afraid of me; I have taught you to decline master in Armenian."

"You almost tempt me," said Belle, "to make you decline mistress in English."

"To make matters short," said I, "I decline a mistress."

"What do you mean?" said Belle, angrily.

"I have merely done what you wished me," said I, "and in your own style; there is no other way of declining anything in English, for in English there are no declensions."

"The rain is increasing," said Belle.

"It is so," said I; "I shall go to my tent; you may come, if you please; I do assure you I am not afraid of you."

"Nor I of you," said Belle; "so I will come. Why should I be afraid? I can take my own part; that is—"

We went into the tent and sat down, and now the rain began to pour with vehemence. "I hope we shall not be flooded in this hollow," said I to Belle. "There is no fear of that," said Belle; "the wandering people, among other names, call it the dry hollow. I believe there is a passage somewhere or other by which the wet is carried off. There must be a cloud right above us, it is so dark. Oh! what a flash!"

"And what a peal," said I; "that is what the Hebrews call *Koul Adonai*—the voice of the Lord. Are you afraid?"

"No," said Belle, "I rather like to hear it."

"You are right," said I, "I am fond of the sound of thunder myself. There is nothing like it; *Koul Adonai behadar*; the voice of the Lord is a glorious voice, as the prayer-book version hath it."

"These is something awful in it," said Belle; "and then the lightning, the whole dingle is now in a blaze."

"The voice of the Lord maketh the hinds to calve, and discovereth the thick bushes." As you say, there is something awful in thunder."

"There are all kinds of noises above us," said Belle; "surely I heard the crashing of a tree?"

"The voice of the Lord breaketh the cedar trees," said I; "but what you hear is caused by a convulsion of the air; during a thunder-storm there are occasionally all kinds of aerial noises. Ab Gwilym, who, next to King David, has best described a thunderstorm, speaks of these aerial noises in the following manner:—

"Astonied now I stand at strains,
As of ten thousand clanking chains;
And once, methought, that overthrow,
The welkin's oaks came whelming down;
Upon my head up starts my hair:
Why hunt abroad the hounds of air?
What cursed hag is screeching high,
Whilst crash goes all her crockery?"

You would hardly believe, Belle, that though I offered at least ten thousand lines nearly as good as those to the booksellers in London, the simpletons were so blind to their interest as to refuse purchasing them."

"I don't wonder at it," said Belle, "especially if such dreadful expressions frequently occur as that toward the end; surely that was the crash of a tree?"

"Ah!" said I, "there falls the cedar tree—I mean the sawlow; one of the tall trees on the outside of the dingle has been snapped short."

"What a pity," said Belle, "that the fine old oak, which you saw

the peasants cutting up, gave way the other night, when scarcely a breath of air was stirring; how much better to have fallen in a storm like this, the fiercest I remember."

"I don't think so," said I; "after braving a thousand tempests, it was meet for it to fall of itself than to be vanquished at last. But to return to Ab Gwilym's poetry, he was above culling dainty words, and spoke boldly his mind on all subjects. Enraged with the thunder for parting him and Morfydd, he says, at the conclusion of his ode,

"My curse, O thunder, cling to thee,
For parting my dear pearl and me!"

"You and I shall part; that is, I shall go to my tent if you persist in repeating from him. The man must have been a savage. A poor wood-pigeon has fallen dead."

"Yes," said I, "there he lies just outside the tent; how often have I listened to his note when alone in this wilderness. So you do not like Ab Gwilym; what say you to old Goethe:

"Mist shrouds the night, and rack;
Hear, in the woods, what an awful crack!
Wildly the owls are fitting,
Hark to the pillars splitting
Of palaces verdant ever,
The branches quiver and sever,
The mighty stems are creaking,
The poor roots breaking and shrieking,
In wild mixed ruin down dashing,
O'er one another they're crashing;
Whirls! midst the rocks so hoary,
Whirlwinds burry and worry,
Hear'st not, sister—"

"Hark!" said Belle, "Hark!"

"Hear'st not, sister, a chorus
Of voices—?"

"No," said Belle, "but I hear a voice."

CHAPTER L.

I listened attentively, but I could hear nothing but the loud clashing of the branches, the pattering of rain, and the muttered growl of thunder. I was about to tell Belle that she must have been mistaken, when I heard a shout, indistinct it is true, owing to the noises aforesaid, from some part of the field above the dingle. "I will soon see what's the matter," said I to Belle, starting up. "I will go, too," said the girl. "Stay where you are," said I; "if I need you, I will call;" and, without waiting for any answer, I hurried to the mouth of the dingle. I was about a few yards only from the top of the ascent, when I beheld a blaze of light, from whence I knew not. The next moment there was a loud crash, and I appeared involved in a cloud of sulphurous smoke. "Lord have mercy upon us," I heard a voice say, and methought I heard the plunging and struggling of horses. I had stopped short on hearing the crash, for I was half stunned; but I now hurried forward, and in a moment stood upon the plain. Here I was instantly aware of the cause of the crash and smoke. One of those balls, generally called fire-balls, had fallen from the clouds, and was burning on the plain at a short distance; and the voice which I had heard, and the plunging, were as easily accounted for. On the left-hand corner of the grove which surrounded the dingle, and about ten yards from the fire-ball, I perceived a chaise, with a postillion on the box, who was making efforts, apparently useless, to control his horses, which were kicking and plunging in the highest degree of excitement. I instantly ran toward the chaise, in order to offer what help was in my power. "Help me," said the poor fellow, as I drew nigh; but before I could reach the horses, they had turned rapidly round, one of the fore wheels flew from its axletree, the chaise was overset, and the postillion flung violently from his seat upon the field. The horses now became more furious than before, kicking desperately and endeavoring to disengage themselves from the fallen chaise. As I was hesitating whether to run to the assistance of the postillion, or endeavor to disengage the animals, I heard the voice of Belle exclaiming, "See to the horses, I will look after the man." She had, it seems, been alarmed by the crash which accompanied the fire-bolt, and had hurried up to learn the cause. I forthwith seized the horses by the heads, and used all the means I possessed to soothe and pacify them, employing every gentle modulation of which my voice was capable. Belle, in the meantime, had raised up the man, who was much stunned by his fall; but presently recovering his recollection to a certain degree, he came limping to me, holding his hand to his right thigh. "The first thing that must now be done," said I, "is to free these horses from the traces; can you undertake to do so?" "I think I can," said the man, looking at me somewhat stupidly. "I will help," said Belle, and without loss of time laid hold of one of the traces. The man, after a short pause, also set to work, and in a few minutes the horses were

extricated. "Now," said I to the man, "what is next to be done?" "I don't know," said he; "indeed, I scarcely know anything; I have been so frightened by this horrible storm, and so shaken by my fall." "I think," said I, "that the storm is passing away, so cast your fears away, too; and as for your fall, you must bear it as lightly as you can. I will tie the horses amongst these trees, and then we will all be-take ourselves to the hollow below." "And what's to become of my chaise?" said the postillion, looking ruefully on the fallen vehicle. "Let us leave the chaise for the present," said I; "we can be of no use to it." "I don't like to leave my chaise lying on the ground in this weather," said the man; "I love my chaise, and him whom it belongs to." "You are quite right to be fond of yourself," said I, "on which account I advise you to seek shelter from the rain as soon as possible." "I was not talking of myself," said the man, "but my master, to whom the chaise belongs." "I thought you called the chaise yours," said I. "That's my way of speaking," said the man; "but the chaise is my master's, and a better master does not live. Don't you think we could manage to raise up the chaise?" "And what is to become of the horses?" said I. "I love my horses well enough," said the man; "but they will take less harm than the chaise. We two can never lift up the chaise." "But we three can," said Belle; "at least, I think so; and I know where to find two poles which will assist us." "You had better go to the tent," said I, "you will be wet through." "I care not for a little wetting," said Belle; "moreover, I have more gowns than one—see you after the horses." Thereupon, I led the horses past the mouth of the dingle, to a place where a gap in the hedge afforded admission to the copse or plantation, on the southern side. Forcing them through the gap, I led them to a spot amidst the trees, which I deemed would afford them the most convenient place for standing; then, darting down into the dingle, I brought up a rope, and also the halter of my own nag, and with these fastened them each to a separate tree in the best manner I could. This done, I returned to the chaise and the postillion. In a minute or two Belle arrived with two poles, which, it seems, had long been lying, overgrown with brushwood, in a ditch or hollow behind the plantation. With these she and I set to work in endeavoring to raise the fallen chaise from the ground.

We experienced considerable difficulty in this undertaking; at length, with the assistance of the postillion, we saw our efforts crowned with success—the chaise was lifted up, and stood upright on three wheels.

"We may leave it here in safety," said I, "for it will hardly move away on three wheels, even supposing it could run by itself; I am afraid there is work here for a wheelwright, in which case I can not assist you; if you were in need of a blacksmith it would be otherwise." "I don't think either the wheel or the axle is hurt," said the postillion, who had been handling both; "it is only the lynch-pin having dropped out that caused the wheel to fly off; if I could but find the lynch-pin! though, perhaps it fell out a mile away." "Very likely," said I; "but never mind the lynch-pin, I can make you one, or something that will serve; but I can't stay here any longer, I am going to my place below with this young gentlewoman, and you had better follow us." "I am ready," said the man; and after lifting up the wheel and propping it against the chaise, he went with us, slightly limping, and with his hand pressed to his thigh.

As we were descending the narrow path, Belle leading the way, and myself the last of the party, the postillion suddenly stopped short, and looked about him. "Why do you stop?" said I. "I don't wish to offend you," said the man; "but this seems to be a strange place you are leading me into; I hope you and the young gentlewoman, as you call her, don't mean me any harm—you seemed in a great hurry to bring me here." "We wished to get you out of the rain," said I, "and ourselves too; that is, if we can, which I rather doubt, for the canvas of a tent is slight shelter in such a rain; but what harm should we wish to do you?" "You may think I have money," said the man, "and I have some, but only thirty shillings, and for a sum like that it would be hardly worth while to—" "Would it not?" said I; "thirty shillings, after all, are thirty shillings, and for what I know, half-a-dozen throats may have been cut in this place for that sum at the rate of five shillings each; moreover, there are horses, which would serve to establish the young gentlewoman and myself in housekeeping, provided we were thinking of such a thing." "Then I suppose I have fallen into pretty hands," said the man, putting himself in a posture of defense; "but I'll show no craven heart; and if you attempt to lay hands on me, I'll try to pay you in your own coin. I'm rather lamed in the leg, but I can still use my fists; so come on both of you, man and woman, if woman this be, though she looks more like a grenadier."

"Let me hear no more of this nonsense," said Belle; "if you are afraid, you can go back to your chaise—we only seek to do you a kindness."

"Why, he was just now talking about cutting throats," said the man. "You brought it on yourself," said Belle; "you suspected us, and he wished to pass a joke upon you; he would not hurt a hair of your head, though your coach were laden with gold, nor would I." "Well," said the man, "I was wrong—here's my hand to both of you," shaking us both by the hands; "I'll go with you where you please, but I thought this a strange lonesome place, though I ought not much to mind strange lonesome places, having been in plenty of such when I was a servant in Italy, without coming to any harm—come, let us move on, for 'tis a shame to keep you two in the rain."

So we descended the path that led into the depth of the dingle; at the bottom I conducted the postillion to my tent, which, though the rain dripped and tinkled through it, afforded some shelter; there I bade him sit down on the log of wood, while I placed myself as usual on my stone. Belle in the meantime had repaired to her own place of abode. After a little time I produced a bottle of the cordial of which I have had occasion to speak, and made my guest take a considerable draught. I then offered him some bread and cheese, which he accepted with thanks. In about an hour the rain had much abated: "What do you now propose to do?" said I. "I scarcely know," said the man; "I suppose I must endeavor to put on the wheel with your help." "How far are you from your home?" I demanded. "Upwards of thirty miles," said the man; "my master keeps an inn on the great north road, and from thence I started early this morning with a family which I conveyed across the country to a hall at some distance from here. On my return I was beset by the thunder-storm, which frightened the horses, who dragged the chaise off the road to the field above and overset it as you saw. I had proposed to pass the night at an inn about twelve miles from here on my way back, though how I am to get there to-night I scarcely know, even if we can put on the wheel, for, to tell you the truth, I am shaken by my fall, and the smoulder and smoke of that fire-ball have rather bewildered my head; I am, moreover, not much acquainted with the way."

"The best thing you can do," said I, "is to pass the night here; I will presently light a fire, and endeavor to make you comfortable—in the morning we will see to your wheel." "Well," said the man, "I shall be glad to pass the night here, provided I do not intrude, but I must see to the horses." Thereupon I conducted the man to the place where the horses were tied. "The trees drip rather upon them," said the man, "and it will not do for them to remain here all night; they will be better out on the field picking the grass, but first of all they must have a good feed of corn;" thereupon he went to the chaise, from which he presently brought two small bags, partly filled with corn—into them he inserted the mouths of the horses, tying them over their heads. "Here we will leave them for a time," said the man; "when I think they have had enough, I will come back, tie their fore-legs, and let them pick about."

[CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.]

*Nec turpem senectam
Degere, nec cithara carentem.*

"Not to be tuneless in old age!"

Ah! surely blest his pilgrimage

Who, in his winter's snow,

Still sings with his note as sweet and clear

As in the morning of the year

When the first violets blow!

Blest!—but more blest, whom summer's heat,

Whom spring's impulsive stir and beat,

Have taught no feverish lure;

Whose muse, benignant and serene,

Still keeps his autumn chaplet green

Because his verse is pure!

Lie calm, O white and laureate head!

Lie calm, O dead, that art not dead,

Since from the voiceless grave

Thy voice shall speak to old and young

While song yet speaks an English tongue

By Charles' or Thamis' wave!

AUSTIN DOBSON.

C. L. S. C. ROUND-TABLE.*

DR. VINCENT: A member asks, "What can we do to interest our pastor and superintendent in the C. L. S. C.?"

I do not know what your pastor or superintendent may be. There are some pastors you can not interest in the C. L. S. C. A great many pastors are apathetic toward the C. L. S. C. because they do not know about it, just as a great many people are prejudiced against Chautauqua, because they have never been here, and the Chautauquans who go away from here are so fanatical and extravagant—at least in seeming—that conservative people can not accept all they say as true. Who would have thought that Dr. Schaff, conservative as he is, scholarly and able as he is, would have come to Chautauqua, and just before he left would have shouted over Chautauqua, "Glory, hallelujah?" It astounded me. I never like to see Presbyterians become too enthusiastic, but I listened to Dr. Schaff's shout with great gratification. A great many are prejudiced against Chautauqua because they do not know what we aim at, who think that we ignore religion and spiritual life, and that all we care for is intellectual culture, which is just about what an iceberg would be as a hotel to stop at. Chautauqua aims at the culture of head and heart, thought and affections, wisdom and love. People come and catch that spirit, and they go away and say, "I like the warmth of it, and I like the light of it," and they become Chautauquans. Now, if your pastor and superintendent have never caught either the light or the warmth, get up a purse and send them on an excursion to stay here a little while, and then hold them in when they get back. I do not censure some of these conservative people who do not know what we aim at. Let us work away and make the movement a success at home, and gradually they will come in.

Question: "Will Dr. Vincent kindly explain whether, if all the books of the Required and White Seal courses are carefully read, neglect to read the books named under the word 'additional' will affect the standing of the graduates of 1882?"

I think not. I am anxious that the additional books should be read. I think people who come to Chautauqua are not in as much need, say of that book on "The Hall in the Grove," by Mrs. Alden, as those who never come here. The design of that is to foster the spirit of Chautauqua in the members who do not get here. The story will be an interesting one. I think it will be the best thing Mrs. Alden has ever written. I think those who come to Chautauqua regularly will want to read it because of the associations, and those who have never been here ought to read it for the sake of the effect it may have on them in bringing them into closer sympathy with the Chautauqua movement. But I think I will say that if the books required on the White Seal course are carefully read, the standing of the graduates of the class of 1882 will not be affected by omitting the additional reading. At the same time I do wish that you would have the additional reading.

Question: "Will the special courses for the class of 1882 be arranged with reference to the principal studies in the required course for the other classes? That is, if the class of 1886 study English History, Physiology, Astronomy, etc., as the members of the class of 1882 did their first year, will the latter take the specials under these topics so as to keep up the pleasant and profitable relations with their local circles?"

DR. VINCENT: We shall not have, I think, special courses for any particular years, but we will give you a list of spe-

cial courses, and the local circles will be likely to select the special courses that are in the line of the year's reading. We shall provide twenty or more, each suggested by persons who are specialists in their departments.*

Question: "On the White Seal Course may we read Ruter's, or some other church history in place of Blackburn's?"

DR. VINCENT: Yes, Ruter's will be accepted, but I do not think it begins to compare with Blackburn's, either as to fullness, interest or style.

A VOICE: Is Neander's acceptable?

DR. VINCENT: Yes, any standard church history.

Question: "I wish to lend my books of last year to a young lady to read this year, as she is not able to buy them. If she joins the Circle in what way shall she make a report?"

DR. VINCENT: That young lady should read your books when you are through with them this year. By the first or middle of November you will be able to finish your book on the Short History of Art. I have looked through it and almost read it by just glancing at it. It is a book that reads itself. It is the easiest book we ever put before you. You can not spend a month on it if you try. It would be better for your young friend to take that book when you are through with it, and before you are through with it she can read some other book in the course. Or, suppose you wait on the Short History of Art, and by the third week in October she will have finished it. There are many people in every community who would give books to needy and meritorious people if they only understood the situation.

Question: "Can you name some book containing anecdotes and information in regard to the habits of animals, that would be suitable to place in the hands of boys from twelve to seventeen years of age?"

DR. VINCENT: No; I never saw a book about animals I cared a penny for, and I never happened to fall in with boys that cared about them. I suppose there is a book on Zoölogy that would be interesting to many. Can any one name such a book?

A VOICE: Wood's "Homes Without Hands."

A VOICE: "Little Folks in Feathers and Furs," by Olive Thorne.

QUESTION: "Will you state your position on the subject of the Sabbath work necessitated by the publication of a Monday morning daily paper? Do you endorse the labor in all departments which must inevitably be performed on Sunday in the publication, for instance, of the Monday morning CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY HERALD?"

DR. VINCENT: That is an important question. I believe that the great bulk of the work on the Monday morning HERALD is performed before midnight on Saturday night and after midnight of Sunday, on Monday morning. The reports of sermons, the number of persons in Sunday-school, and some little editorial items necessary to picture the Sabbath at Chautauqua may be written on Sunday, and I have known more than one case in which a speaker corrected the proofs of his Saturday address on Sunday that it might appear in correct shape on Monday morning. I am anxious never in the slightest degree to be lax in my standards in reference to the Sabbath, and I am anxious also to remember that we are not living under the Jewish dispensation. We want, if we err on either side, to err on the side of loyalty to the sanctity of the Sabbath. If we must lean one way too much at Chautauqua, I prefer that we would lean toward rigid Sabbath observances. If we have no paper at all on Sunday morning, and the work is all done before midnight on Saturday and on Monday morning after midnight, I think we have nothing to say. I think we ought to be able at Chautauqua to solve that problem in a way satisfactory

*The seventh Round-Table Conference of the C. L. S. C. for 1881, held at the Hall of Philosophy, Chautauqua, Friday, August 19th, at 4 o'clock p. m., Rev. Dr. J. H. Vincent presiding.

*We shall have Special Annual Courses for post-graduates, in the time of the regular Required Readings of the current years.

to every religious person, and do no work on the Sabbath. I think the idea would be a fine one that when the programme is prepared on Saturday night for Monday morning it be set up Saturday night or Monday morning and so printed. If we want to write an article on Sunday let us avoid so far as possible all work by editors, reporters, printers and pressmen that could in any way create a bad feeling in the consciences of people. Let us try to be as wise as we can, and to avoid all uncharity and censoriousness.

Question: "Will the fee for the Young People's Class be the same as for the C. L. S. C.; also, are they to have memoranda as for the adults?"

DR. VINCENT: No, we will not attempt any fee, and perhaps no memoranda, at present. To those who wish to join the class and have memoranda, and report the same as members of the C. L. S. C., we may require a fee of fifty cents. But we shall not insist upon that at first.

Question: "Who is the secretary of the C. Y. F. R. U., and where is the office?"

DR. VINCENT: At this present time Miss Kimball will take charge of all communications referring to the Young Folks' Reading Union. We shall be prepared to organize hereafter.

MR. KING: I will say I have examined carefully the books kept by Miss Kimball for the circle, and I find her accounts are all correct and in good shape. There are vouchers for everything.

DR. VINCENT: Miss Kimball was a graduate of the High School in Plainfield, and when I returned from the first organization of the C. L. S. C. at Chautauqua, I said to Miss Bulkley, who is the principal teacher in our high school, "I want some one who will serve as secretary for a new movement; how extensive it is I can not say. I can pay but little, but I want some one who knows how to attend to business." She named Miss Kimball, the daughter of a leading member of the Presbyterian Church, and a graduate of our High School. I had never met her to know her personally. I made careful inquiry as to her family and herself, and placed her in charge of the documents of the C. L. S. C., and I must say that, although with her one or two assistants she has an immense amount of work to do in carrying on a correspondence for twenty-five thousand people, the work she has done has given great satisfaction. We have made her treasurer, and all the moneys of the Chautauqua Circle pass through her hands. I give the checks for every penny that is drawn, and she attends to all the details, and sends all the bills to me for examination. She has worked with great faithfulness, and I feel we are fortunate in having one as efficient as she is in that position. It is due to her to say this, and I am gratified to make this report. Dr. Wilkinson, our counselor for the Baptist Church, wrote an article on the C. L. S. C. for the New York *Independent*, when he had examined the organization. He is a very intimate friend of mine, but I told him I did not want his friendship to bias him in the slightest degree in giving his judgment of the movement, and it did not. The article he wrote was a very just one, and the casual reader might call it a little severe. He was severe on this point: organizations which handle money, and the money of the people, ought to be above reproach, and he warned in advance against any irregularities of the slightest character, and I think that has made us the more anxious that nothing should occur in the C. L. S. C. that would give ground for criticism. Of course we have had to advertise and do a great deal of printing. We do the best we can. We are just a little in debt, because so many members are so forgetful about the financial part. They can not remember such insignificant accounts as fifty cents a year. We have never been severe about that. Mr. Miller said to me last night—and he does understand business—"You made a blunder

when you organized your C. L. S. C. that you did not charge a dollar a year. If you had you would have got money enough by charging a dollar apiece when registering, and no registering or renewal of names until the dollar was paid." But I feel a little more comfortable over fifty cents, and the voluntary idea, only this year I think we will be a little more strict. If blunders do appear, when you remember the immense number of people whose names are to be kept on record and dealt with, you must not censure Miss Kimball.

Next year we shall return to the old plan with which we began, of "Students' Sessions." I think we have missed it in not having more this year. I think some thought that year we had a little too much; that a free social talk, such as we have had to-day, with questions and answers, would be more pleasant and quite as profitable. We did not have enough of them the first year, but more "Students' Sessions."

You will allow me to make a personal reference. I am always glad to meet a member of the C. L. S. C. anywhere in this country, and I do meet them very often. I meet people, and in the interest of Chautauqua and this movement I say to them, all over the country, "Be sure and come to Chautauqua." Many come to Chautauqua, and when we meet it is a hurried meeting, a grasp of the hands, and a good-bye, and I do not begin to be able to enjoy the delightful fellowships of the members of the Circle which I always promise myself through the year. But here the pressure of work is so heavy and so unyielding that it is impossible to cultivate the social side of our C. L. S. C. department at Chautauqua as much as I hope one of these days we shall be able to do. And if you feel toward our meetings in this hall as I feel, you are always glad to be here, and always look back to the pleasant hours in this hall with a great degree of pleasure. The place has a peculiar charm to me. I love the rays of the setting sun, the evening breeze, this mosaic work of light and shadow, these glimpses of the blue sky beyond, and the reminders of the long ago when such temples as this stood, much better built and of more enduring material indeed, but with much lower aims and purposes. Then I look forward to the time when we shall have a better place, when larger numbers of our Circle shall gather from year to year, when more perfect text-books shall be written for our use, abler lectures delivered, if that be possible, and all parts of the C. L. S. C. toned up and strengthened, and every member made to feel, "I am glad that I belonged to that movement from the very beginning," and the later members led to say, "I am glad I belonged to this movement after it had been sufficiently developed to render it so perfect and helpful."

But now we part. It is time for the Circle to close its afternoon session. Some must die this year. Even in institutions of learning where the students are all young, people have died. In an institution like ours, where many are climbing up into the middle years, we must expect death to do its work. Death comes to people along these years where some of us now are, more frequently than to the younger, and the proportion of deaths among the members of the C. L. S. C. will be larger than the proportion of deaths in the institutions that enroll young people, and the voices that we hear we shall hear no more, and the faces into which we look we shall see no more, and the greetings will be silenced, and we shall sleep the long sleep. But, dear members of this Circle, let us strive by God's grace to live worthy lives! Such lives must be to me, they must be to you, lives of struggle against circumstances, against temptation, against habit, but let us remember that to him that overcometh the best things are given, and let us remember what I know very well, that there is no overcoming by merely human strength; that you might as well try to raise a crop out on that field without the sun, as to try to develop the spiritual

forces of any character without the Sun of Righteousness, the light that comes down from heaven on human hearts. And if you die before the next summer meeting, and pass out to the God that gave you life, may your trust be in him and the cross of his Son, and may your peace with him be as perfect as the peace of this evening, and may the sunset be as beautiful to you as the sunset which we gaze upon tonight, and may we all have, with the children of our love, the life everlasting!

The singing of the Chautauqua evening song, "Day is Dying in the West," was peculiarly impressive.

LOCAL CIRCLES.*

For the month of June all the Required Reading is contained in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*. The extra reading for the members of the class of 1882 can well be taken during this month, if not already completed. The additional reading for this class is "Hints for Home Reading," edited by Dr. Lyman Abbott, and "The Hall in the Grove," by Mrs. Alden. Both books are fascinating, and are of a character that almost read themselves. "Outline Study of Man," by Dr. Hopkins, is also recommended as additional reading for the class of 1882, and is an exceedingly profitable book to all who can find the opportunity to embrace it in the course. For obvious reasons no division is made of the work for the month. Local circles will adapt their exercises to the reading of their members for the month, whether that contained in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* exclusively, or including also the additional work for the class of 1882.

We have recently received quite a number of programmes for local circle meetings. By comparing them with those obtained last year, we find some marked improvements. As a rule, they are shorter. This we consider a decided advance. We have seen programmes that contained exercises enough for three or four meetings of respectable length. A long programme gets wearisome toward the close—if not in the middle—no matter how good the exercises may be. We have a strong conviction—one that has been greatly strengthened by experience with C. L. S. C. meetings—that the best papers and reviews are usually compressed within as short a time as twenty minutes. It is better to leave the audience calling for more, than to have them mentally longing for an adjournment. Readiness in calling to order at the advertised time, and promptness in adjourning at the hour designated, will aid greatly in securing punctual attendance and attentive listeners. To allow one person to exceed the time allowed by the programme is unjust to those who are to follow, and to continue the exercises beyond the hour for closing is ungenerous to the audience. If more local circles would take for their model the programme at Chautauqua, there would be few failures to give all that is advertised, and those who are to take part would soon learn that an intelligent brevity is one of the virtues of the C. L. S. C. course.

The Phillipsburg, Pa., local circle, recently gave a sociable which was a sort of farewell to their president, Miss Owen, who is about to take up her residence in another part of the State. One of the features of the evening was a display of fine photographs that had been collected by the hostess, Mrs. Foster, while in Europe last summer. They were of especial interest to the Chautauquans, owing to their vivid illustrations of the reading of the last year. After an enjoyable repast, a handsome cake basket was presented to Miss

Owen as a token of regard and friendship for one who for the last three years had most efficiently held the office of president of the circle. Following the presentation, a resolution of thanks to Miss Owen was unanimously passed for the able manner in which she had discharged the duties of her office, and expressing the hearty wishes of the members for her future prosperity.

A member of a local circle composed entirely of ladies writes: "We are determined to do all in our power to extend the influence of the C. L. S. C., and have the gratification already of knowing that the husbands of several of our number are greatly interested. Another year we may admit them to our circle, and then look out for a friendly rivalry." This sort of proposed missionary work ought to be encouraged. We have sympathy for the excluded husbands, but feel like congratulating them in advance over the bright prospect before them of ultimate admission to this charmed C. L. S. C. circle.

The secretary of a local circle writes as follows: "Last October a local circle was organized in Niantic, Conn., which has continued full of interest, and constitutes one of the pleasant features of our village life. We have two officers: President, Rev. D. J. Ogden; and Secretary, Miss Minnie D. Whittlesey. Meetings are held every Monday evening, and at present we number over twenty members. We learn all answers to questions in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*, and recite or read *Mosaics of History* in class. Ancient Literature has proved so interesting that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* and kindred works are read by many in addition to the regular course. Questions for further study were so much missed that the president every week assigns two or more essays upon subjects bearing upon the lesson. The evening we spent on the history of Judea there were six or more papers read descriptive of Jerusalem during the different periods of its glory and fall, which added much to the interest of the lesson. December 16th we had a lecture by Rev. E. H. Clark, upon the antiquity of man, and as Mr. Clark is a geologist, he also gave us some valuable ideas on that science. In January we were entertained by the C. L. S. C. in Flanders, at the residence of Hon. C. P. Sturtevant, where we had a rare treat for all interested in geology. Mr. Sturtevant has a valuable collection of minerals and curiosities, which he kindly threw open for our inspection. A supper was served, and the evening seemed crowded with pleasure and profit. March 7th we entertained the Flanders circle here. A lecture was delivered in the Congregational Church by Rev. George I. Word, of Ellington, Conn., upon 'Egyptian Hieroglyphics,' after which a supper was served at the residence of Mr. C. H. Charlton. All are very enthusiastic over the work, and speak a good word for *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* whenever opportunity occurs."

Milwaukee, Wis., has two local circles. The older one, organized three years ago last October, we noticed in the December number of *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*. The other circle was organized in December last, shortly after the visit of Dr. Vincent to Milwaukee. It goes by the name of the "West Side Circle," and is composed of twenty ladies, with Mrs. A. W. Phelps as president, and Mrs. Edwin Upson as secretary. The meetings are held each Wednesday afternoon in private parlors. One of the members writes: "The majority of the class are not satisfied to know only what is contained in the Required Reading, but when subjects have especial interest, different members look up entertaining facts concerning them, and though it takes generally twice forty minutes or more a day, we count the time well spent, and in all this we reap the advantages of a circle, as we are a mutual help. . . . One of the most enjoyable meetings of

* All communications from local circles intended for *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* should be addressed to Albert M. Martin, General Secretary of the C. L. S. C., Pittsburgh, Pa.

the season was in celebration of Shakspeare's day. The meeting was held at the residence of Mrs. A. R. Matthews, on Grand Avenue. The talented elocutionist, Mrs. H. Kate Richmond, read beautiful selections from the works of the great dramatist to members of our circle and their invited friends."

The members of the C. L. S. C. of Nebraska City, Neb., formed a local circle, January, 1882. It is composed of seven ladies, members of the classes of 1884 and 1885. The secretary, Miss Kate Mitchell, writes: "We find our meetings very interesting and profitable. Last March Dr. Vincent made a strong and eloquent plea for 'That Boy,' to a large and appreciative audience in this city, at which time our circle had the pleasure of meeting and entertaining him at the house of our president, Mrs. M. L. Lemon."

Miss Mamie Bristol, the secretary, in announcing the formation of a local circle of the C. L. S. C. in Picton, Ontario, Canada, writes: "The readers for 1881-82 number thirteen, the interest having been awakened in them by two ladies who read the previous year. The several readers organized in February with Mrs. G. D. Platt as president, Mrs. Curry first vice-president, and Miss Cronk, second vice-president. All are deeply interested in the work, and several persons living in the vicinity are enthusiastic readers, though not living near enough to unite with the circle."

A member of the Jacksonville, Ill., local circle sends the following interesting account of their organization and work: "Our circle has been in existence three years, and has an average attendance of twelve or fourteen members at its meetings. We have varied exercises—class drills, essays, abstracts, and examinations typically conducted—and this year we have found THE CHAUTAUQUAN invaluable in directing and systematizing our work. We have occasional lectures from scholars noted in their peculiar line of study. Thus, on Church History we were favored with an excellent paper by Dr. J. D. Easter, rector of Trinity Church, and on Archaeology, with an interesting and highly suggestive paper by Dr. A. H. Kellogg, whose enthusiasm on the subject was imparted to his hearers, and only equalled by the rare research and learning displayed. Mrs. Kellogg, well known as a leader in art circles, of which Jacksonville may justly boast, contributed an exhaustive paper on Ancient Art, taking up the art of painting from its beginnings, and tracing it down to the Christian era. Dr. H. K. Jones, of the Concord School of Philosophy, and a resident of this place, who makes Plato a specialty, and is conversant with other ancient literature, gave us a talk which was both valuable and instructive. Rev. Preston Wood devoted an evening to Geology and kindred topics. As a circle composed entirely of women we may be pardoned if we express our appreciation of the noble work Dr. Vincent has inaugurated in organizing the C. L. S. C. How many wives, mothers, and grandmothers, too, have enjoyed this opportunity for study! Said a lady who has gray-haired sons and grown up grandchildren: 'How much more I enjoy lectures and sermons since I have studied these subjects, with a mind opened to their significance.' There seems to be a growing interest in the C. L. S. C."

At Maryville, Mo., a local circle was not organized until last January. During that month an organization was effected with the following officers: President, E. R. Carr; recording secretary, John Barnes; corresponding secretary, Mrs. E. P. Powell; treasurer, Mrs. J. C. Terhune. There are fifteen regular members, and the meetings are held weekly at the houses of members. The corresponding secretary gives the following account of the method of conduct-

ing the meetings: "The president appoints a class conductor for each meeting, who is privileged to conduct the meeting as he deems best. Each member in turn holds this position. We are expected to commit to memory the answers to the questions printed in THE CHAUTAUQUAN, and to thoroughly read and be prepared to answer any questions that may be asked on the Required Reading."

The Canton, Pa., local circle has for its officers: Mrs. M. E. Davison, president; Mrs. W. Leavitt, vice president, and Miss Addie F. Sheldon, secretary. It was organized in September, 1880, and has increased in membership to twenty-two. The meetings are held weekly at the homes of the members. The secretary writes: "We follow as nearly as possible the plan of work suggested by our general secretary, and find it helps greatly, as absent members know without difficulty what will be reviewed. It also aids in our keeping up. Our president usually reviews and questions; essays are occasionally read. The characters of great men are discussed. We kept Longfellow's day, and expect to combine Addison's and Shakspeare's in one."

The Cynthiana, Ky., local circle was organized last October, and now comprises eighteen members. The regular meetings are held on Tuesday evening of each week, from seven till ten o'clock. The officers of the circle are president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer, who are elected by ballot, and an executive committee of three appointed by the president. No member holds office longer than two consecutive months. It is the duty of the executive committee to make all necessary arrangements for the lesson of each week; to appoint a conductor for each of the two subjects embraced in the lesson, (whose duty it is to prepare questions on their respective subjects, and to propound questions of general review); to appoint two readers for each meeting to read selections from Required Reading, the time thus occupied not to exceed one hour. The members of the circle take unbounded interest in the lessons and other exercises. One of the male members remarked the other day that the C. L. S. C. was the grandest device of this century for furthering literary culture. We try to keep all Memorial Days. The exercises on Longfellow's Day were strikingly impressive and beautiful. The present board of officers, now serving the second term, are: president, Mr. Achilles Perrin; vice-president, Miss Mary H. Walden; secretary, Miss Lena Walters; treasurer, Miss Nellie Frazer.

Last October a local circle was organized in Chicago, Ill., under the name of the "Oakland C. L. S. C." The officers were W. A. Lowell, President; H. P. Downes, Vice President; Miss Mamie Richmond, Secretary; H. C. Smith, Treasurer, and Miss Fannie Bonnell, Librarian. The membership is about twenty-five, and the meetings are held every Monday evening at the home of Mr. Lowell, the president. The sister of Mrs. Lowell, Miss Belle Hayner, was the first one to fill out the blank, and eagerly and systematically commence the four years' course. Soon after she was taken ill, and after four long months of suffering departed this life. At a late meeting of the circle the following resolutions were passed:

"We, the members of the Oakland C. L. S. C., wish to tender our regrets to the parents of Miss Belle Hayner, whom God in his wise providence took from our midst, February 16, 1882. While we know our loss is her gain, our hearts are sad, and we are very much grieved to think we shall see her no more in our midst. We all unite in tendering our sympathies to those to whom she was nearer and dearer. Although a short time with us, we had all learned to love her, and we trust we shall all meet her in the upper and better world."

C. L. S. C. NOTES AND LETTERS.

The third annual reunion of the C. L. S. C. of Cincinnati, Ohio, and vicinity, took place at St. Paul's M. E. Church, Tuesday evening, May 9, 1882.

Mr. S. R. Morse, the county superintendent of the Atlantic County, New Jersey, public schools, is a member of the C. L. S. C. class of 1883. In a circular before us he announces a course of reading for the public schools of the county something after the C. L. S. C. plan. A number of the Chautauqua text-books are recommended in connection with the course. The circular sets forth that all pupils completing the course, "who will fill out the inquiries that will be sent to them, will receive a certificate of the same from the county superintendent." It is also stated that "any person attending school or not, who chooses, can take the course of reading, but it is intended especially for those pupils who have received the certificate of honor."

A member writes from Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands, about the C. L. S. C., as follows: "I hope there will be several new names from the Islands to enroll for next year. Several have heard about it, and seem interested. I am as enthusiastic as ever over it. I was thinking of it to-day, and what it had already done for me in more ways than I can tell. My only regret is that I could not have had this grand opportunity five or ten years ago, when I could have really studied it; now I can only do the very least that is required, and it makes me fret sometimes when I think of what I might do with it if I only could give myself up to it. But I am too thankful anyway to be unhappy because I can not have it all. I enjoy my half loaf, and am glad and grateful for even that."

A lady from Montgomery, Ala., the secretary of the local circle of the C. L. S. C. of that city, writes as follows: "Please inform the lady from Northern Alabama whose interesting but rather plaintive letter was in the December CHAUTAUQUAN, that the Montgomery C. L. S. C. sends her cordial greetings. Though not great in numbers, we all have become earnest workers, and give her most hearty sympathy, bidding her be of good cheer."

Who are there among the members of the C. L. S. C. willing to give assistance to students less advanced than themselves? About fifty names are enrolled at the Plainfield office of those who are corresponding for mutual help, and besides these the names of a number who have volunteered to help, and some who need assistance, but the latter are more numerous than the former. Any who are willing to help other members in this way, will please notify Miss Kimball, at Plainfield, New Jersey.

A member writes from Ohio as follows: "I desire to tell you how completely I am captivated by the C. L. S. C. course of study. I have been all my life, for forty years, a great reader, and for the last twenty years have made a specialty of history and the sciences. But my reading has hitherto been too careless, and without sufficient thought. I realize an immense benefit from my present systematic course. My manner of pursuing the 'History of Ancient Literature' will serve to illustrate my method in other parts of the course. I divided the work as suggested in THE CHAUTAUQUAN, and after a careful and thoughtful perusal of one of the parts, together with Questions and Answers on the same, I then wrote as clear and complete a synopsis of it as I was able from memory, in a blank book prepared for that purpose. I have found in pursuing my studies that

the pen is a mighty auxiliary in impressing the memory, and I propose continuing its use freely."

A member writes: "How much I enjoy my studies, and the Questions and Answers that I always have 'by heart!' When I travel I take my books with me, and instead of reading anything that comes in my way, as I did formerly, I am reading them to some advantage, and am so happy to be doing it. Just such a course of reading I have earnestly wanted for years—in fact ever since I left college before I graduated, and am so thankful it has come to me now."

An enthusiastic Chautauquan in Pennsylvania writes as follows: "I have been hopeful from the first, and if difficulties arose I remembered your mottoes; also, that it was well to have a high aim, even if I fell short of it. I began the third year with a Chautauqua boy two days old, and I only finished my last year's memoranda this week. But I did the reading thoroughly, although the minutes were few at a time in which I did it. I am especially pleased by my profit in being able to concentrate my mind on a subject of study, watching the baby, settling disputes, answering questions, and *know* what I am reading in the midst of romping boys. I have saved all the circulars you have sent, your addresses and other papers, and have just sewed them in book form on a machine, and also the memoranda copies. I have covered them with express paper; it being firm, answers well for a home-made binding, making them all very handy for reference and study. I think you will agree with me that it would be well to have them printed on sheets of uniform size, and recommend the Circle to sew them in this way. The class of 1882 could well afford to be experimented on, and I hope with you to see the other classes benefited by what has been so well done for us. . . . Now for the crowning convenience of my study. I must have my books at hand, and my book-case is not in the sitting-room. A table, generous in size, grew too small for my accumulated books, and those I needed for reference, so I built me a set of shelves. I read 'The House Beautiful,' so that, Clarence Cook and Mr. Garfield on my side, I did not have it painted, but oiled the wood. I tried a good walnut, but had to take chestnut for the frame and pine for the shelves. Ceiling boards did for the back of the shelves. The book-case is five feet high and four feet wide. It should be made to fit the place it is to occupy, or as any one's taste would prefer. One shelf of the five should be made for large books. Webster's Unabridged was my measure. Other shelves are closer together for the small books. On the top I have a couple of vases, two pictures, a large bracket lichen (Thallogen), one of the finest specimens. The upper shelf I have devoted to a Chautauqua box, in which go all papers relating to the Circle; Adams' Synchronological Chart. On the back of the shelf wall are painted the Chautauqua card mottoes, etc. I especially prize the outlines and text-books on the next shelf. Three shelves are for books; the lower one belonging to the boys. Almost every day the two who go to school, or other persons, apply to me for information, and I can send them to the right book on those three shelves, so large is the range of books. I can sit, if holding the baby, and reach my books. Much of my success in reading is due to this convenience. The entire cost of stuff, nails and all, was \$2.75. Any one can put such shelves together. If the shelves are wide and properly distanced to fit the books, little dust can get on them."

A member of the C. L. S. C. writes as follows to Dr. Vincent: "I thank you for the Text-Book on General History. Surely it is the best thing of the kind that ever went into the hands of a student. With it one may always be able to locate any important event."

EDITOR'S OUTLOOK.

The "Assembly Herald" and "The Chautauquan."

Members of the C. L. S. C. who desire to study the Chautauqua meetings, but can not attend them, will find it profitable to examine our prospectus elsewhere, entitled "Chautauqua Periodicals for 1882-83." Our club rates, combination offer, etc., bring the ASSEMBLY DAILY HERALD and THE CHAUTAUQUAN down to the lowest price of periodical literature. Every member of the C. L. S. C. who possibly can, should read the CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY DAILY HERALD; it will be helpful in pursuing your studies and you will find it a mine of intellectual wealth.

The C. L. S. C. Diploma.

This diploma is nearly ready to issue. Great interest has been evinced in it by members, and much pains have been bestowed by the board to make it in every respect worthy of the Circle. It will commend itself as a tasteful work of art—for the appropriateness and significance of its symbols—and as a treasured memento of membership. It is about the size of the usual college diploma. It certifies, in prominent and embellished lettering, that the person whose name it records "has completed the four years' course of reading required by the C. L. S. C., and has been enrolled as a member of the Society of the Hall in the Grove." It bears the signatures of Dr. Vincent, as Superintendent of Instruction; of Bishop Warren, and Drs. Abbott, Gibson, and Wilkinson, as Counselors, and of Lewis Miller, Esq., as President of the Board. On either side are vignettes, representing respectively the Hall of Philosophy at Chautauqua, and the ideal hall of the C. L. S. C. The background represents a pyramid in delicate tint, over the apex of which rests a crown, surmounted by the motto, "Never be discouraged." Its sides are formed of steps, at the front of each of which is space for a seal; before its center, and against the rays of the full-orbed sun, stands out a tasteful monogram of the Circle. Beneath its base, in prominent arrangement, are the two other mottoes of the Circle, and between these are seven squares for the seven seals as they shall be won. Surrounding the whole are various embellishments, rendering the diploma as a work of art unexcelled. It will be printed upon fine, substantial paper; but for those who desire it in the more enduring form of parchment, a special edition will be prepared, which can be obtained by remitting forty-five cents extra to Miss K. F. Kimball, at Plainfield, New Jersey.

Four Years in the C. L. S. C.

Can it be that four years are already gone? Is it indeed so long since we gathered in the old pavilion to hear Dr. Vincent expound its plans and aims on that memorable birthday of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle? To many, if not to all of us, the flight of the years seems almost incredible. Yet that was in '78, and we remember how it was then said that the first class would graduate in '82. To the members of the Bryant Class, as to the student entering college, it looked a long way to the end of four years which should bring the day of graduation. But time employed, especially time devoted to mental improvement, is never a burden to its possessor. Doubtless other causes have contributed to make it seem short. The class of '82 has been contemporary with the marvelous growth and numerous developments of the C. L. S. C. It is the pioneer class. To its members will be committed the duty of telling to the younger generations the earliest history and incidents of the C. L. S. C. movement. From its vantage ground of observation not a few are the changes which have been noted. It has seen that which many thought problematical cease to be doubted. It has seen this popular educational organization

widening its borders till it covers not only our own country, but counts its members on the other side of the waters. It has witnessed a growth of interest and enthusiasm surpassing even the dreams of the projector himself. During its four years that first enrollment, on the 10th of August, 1878, of 700 names, has grown to nearly 35,000; the course of study has been laid out and improved by the suggestions of experience; special courses have been added, and in some cases authors have been employed to write books with special adaptation and reference to the needs of this work.

In the midst of the growth and developments of the C. L. S. C. organization, what of the changes wrought in the individual members? It was a favorite thought of the late Mr. Emerson, that in this life we build our own world, both as to extent and character. It is not only beautiful, but true. Two persons may build so differently, both as to plan and materials, that by-and-by they are as widely separate as dwellers on different planets. To the faithful builder comes a new world each new day. What of our world now compared with that of four years ago? Is it the same, or have we another? Is it larger, brighter, better? Viewed only as an intellectual world, how great is the change! It is probable that to most of the Bryant Class the work has been a first exploration of the field. Some had been on the ground in other, in college days; but the majority have experienced all the way the charm of first acquaintance. What a widening of the horizon in the historical studies of the course! Encircling not only the nations of to-day, but reaching back to the earliest civilizations. Thus to our little sphere of observation has been added a wide field, revealing national character, how men have felt, thought, and acted in other ages. In the department of literature we have not only had histories of man's literary labors and achievements, but have been introduced to specimens of his masterpieces. The door of science has been opened; we have been enabled to learn its laws and theories, and gaze upon its sublime wonders and mysteries. And crowning all the work has been that department in the course which has not only sought to ground the student in the evidences of our common Christianity, but has also aided directly in the development of spiritual life. Verily, Dr. Vincent's idea has not failed of realization to those who have pursued the course of study. The outlook is greater; the horizon which girds our world has moved farther on.

Four years in the C. L. S. C.! And is that all there is of it? Will the delightful mental pursuits of the past four years cease, when in a few weeks we shall gather at Chautauqua and receive our diplomas? Is that the goal toward which we have labored with intent to stop there and rest? We trow not. In no such perfunctory spirit has the work of the C. L. S. C. been performed. The appetites of the mind are not easily satisfied, but "grow by what they feed upon." The habits of study which the C. L. S. C. student has acquired are not second in value even to the knowledge obtained. Prominent among the aims of the C. L. S. C. is to beget and intensify such a desire for knowledge as shall never slumber. The college graduate who thinks his education complete on commencement day makes a life mistake, and shuts the door of the future. Nay, whatever may have been our educational advantages, our subsequent life must be a post-graduate course. To the members of the Bryant Class, after assuring them of the pleasure we have had in their company for the years past, and of our hope that they may all remain to pursue many of the "special courses," we bid God-speed in the post-graduate work of life, believing that the experience of all will prove the poet's lines:

"For books we know
Are a substantial world both pure and good,
Round these in tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow."

Charles R. Darwin.

Science has met with an irreparable loss in the death of Charles R. Darwin, who was, without doubt, the most eminent naturalist of the age. He was born in Shrewsbury, England, February 12, 1809, and graduated at Christ College, Cambridge, in 1831. In the autumn of the same year he volunteered to accompany as naturalist the expedition which sailed in the ship "Beagle" in the interests of science. The voyage occupied more than four years, during which many portions of the Southern hemisphere, whose fauna and flora had never before been thoroughly studied, were visited and explored. In this expedition Darwin proved himself to be an enthusiastic and capable naturalist, and on his return his observations in natural history and geology were published, which at once secured for him recognition by the leading scientific men and societies of the times.

From this time forward he devoted himself exclusively to the study of natural history with such assiduity and success that he soon became an acknowledged authority in his chosen department. In 1859 he published his "Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection," which at once obtained great notoriety, and which has been discussed and criticised more than any other book of the age. Although Darwin did not originate the development theory which he advocated in this volume, and which has since been called by his name, yet by his long-continued and pains-taking labors he collected a vast array of facts in proof of this theory, and by his popular discussion of the subject brought it within the range of the unscientific masses.

Much that is called Darwinism, however, is not attributable to Darwin. The offensive dogmatism and illogical deductions which characterize the writings of many of his disciples are happily wanting in the works of the master. Darwin advocated his theory with the modesty and candor which always characterize persons of great worth and large attainments, and which his followers would do well to imitate. His doctrine of development or evolution is still far from being an established fact. Its "missing links" are too numerous to make it as yet anything more than a scientific theory. The probabilities all go to prove the stability of species, and the immutability of genera.

Mr. Darwin was characterized throughout his life by untiring devotion to his chosen pursuit, and in the field of natural history nothing was so humble as to escape his observation and attention. His last work, published shortly before his death, was on "Earth Worms and Vegetable Mould." Among his many works we would mention his "Animals and Plants Under Domestication" as being one of the most valuable contributions to natural history issued in this or any age. His great attainments in his chosen field of investigation were universally conceded, and during his life he was honored with membership in numerous English and foreign scientific societies, and received the recognition his merits deserved from the educational institutions of his native land. He died April 20, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. His name will ever continue to be associated with the development theory, and through coming generations it will doubtless be best known among the masses, at least, as Darwinism.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

The eminent literary men of our times are fast passing away. Bryant and Longfellow have but recently departed to the "pale realms of shade," and now we are called upon to record the death of Emerson, who died at Concord, Mass., April 27, after a brief illness.

His father was a Unitarian minister, and was pastor of the First Congregational Church of Boston, where Emerson was born May 25, 1803. He entered Harvard College in 1817, and took his degree in 1821. For five years after his

graduation he was engaged in teaching. In 1826 he was licensed to preach by the Middlesex Unitarian Association, but on account of ill health he did not enter upon active work in the ministry until 1829, when he became the colleague of the Rev. Henry Ware, pastor of the Second Congregational Church of Boston. In 1832, his religious opinions having undergone a change, he resigned his position and retired from the ministry, and spent the following year in Europe in travel and study. On his return he began his career as a lecturer, and in this field rapidly won his way to distinction, and became one of the most prominent lecturers of the age, and was repeatedly heard with delight by the most cultivated audiences, both in this country and in England. Besides lecturing, he contributed largely to the current literature of his times, his articles being published mainly in the *North American Review*, *The Dial*, and the *Atlantic Monthly*. Of his books, which are, for the most part, a series of essays, the most notable are his "Representative Men," "English Traits," and "The Conduct of Life." He also published a volume of poems, but in this department of literature he never took high rank.

Emerson was a transcendentalist in philosophy, if, indeed, he can be said to have had a system of philosophy. His writings are characterized by the entire absence of logical methods, and he seeks to convince his readers of the truth of his statements rather by the force and strength of his thought than by the slow process of argument. His style is well worthy of study, and constitutes one of the chief attractions of his works. It is at once terse and lucid, and expresses a wealth of thought with an economy of words. In choice of words to convey his thoughts he has shown most exquisite taste, and his essays are worthy of a place among the models of composition. But not only is he a master in the art of expression, but all his writings give evidence of "high thinking," and his thoughts are of that invigorating and stimulating character which arouses the intellectual activities of the reader, and not only furnishes intellectual entertainment, but gives food for reflection.

Although the religious ideas of Emerson were vague and undefined and verging on pantheism, his works are remarkable for their high moral tone, and no one can read them without feeling that they are the manly utterances of an honest inquirer after truth; and though they contain many things with which the orthodox thinker can not agree, one feels compelled to respect the honesty and sincerity with which they are expressed. His personal character was above reproach, his aims were lofty, and his career unsullied by a single stain.

The Smith Sunday-Closing Law.

The friends of temperance in Ohio have secured another substantial triumph in the passage by the legislature of the Smith Sunday Bill, which, if properly enforced, will secure the closing of all liquor saloons in that State on Sundays. Liquor sellers, as a general rule, pay but little attention to the observance of the Sabbath. In many places their largest receipts are taken on that day, as their patrons receive their week's wages on Saturday evening, and are at leisure to squander them on Sunday. Of course the passage of this law was obnoxious to the liquor men, but gratifying to all good citizens. In some portions of the State the liquor sellers violated the law on the first Sunday after its passage, but prompt arrests and speedy conviction is inspiring in them a more law abiding spirit, and if the temperance people of the State are vigilant, and see that the law is enforced by the proper authorities, Sunday liquor-selling will soon be a thing of the past in the State of Ohio.

Wherever the law has been properly enforced, it has resulted in the most beneficial effects. The daily papers report that in such places Sunday has been a day of unusual

quiet, and that the number of arrests upon that day have been much fewer than formerly. This law also shows that a healthy reaction is setting in against the lax observance of the Sabbath which has become most painfully noticeable of late years, especially in the western part of our country where the foreign element largely predominates.

It is high time not only that the liquor traffic should be stopped on Sunday, but also that the unnecessary sale of many other articles upon that day should cease. That drug stores should remain open on Sunday so that medicines needful for the sick may be procured, nobody will deny; but their sale of cigars, tobacco, and soda water upon that day is just as reprehensible as the sale of liquor or of any other article on the Sabbath. If the sacredness of the Christian Sabbath is not to become a thing of the past, the pulpit and the religious press must come to the rescue and create a more healthy public sentiment in regard to these things. The Sabbath is one of the chief bulwarks of the Christian religion, and any infringement on its sacredness is a blow at the cause of religion. Let Christians everywhere unite to prevent the secularization of their holy day.

EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

We are prepared to supply back numbers of the present volume of *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*. Read the prospectus of the "*Chautauqua Periodicals*," in this number, for the year 1882-3. We make a special combination offer, which will be good till July 20th, next.

Members of the class of 1882, together with all members of the C. L. S. C., will find the Required Readings for 1881 and 1882 completed in this number of *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*. We have crowded our columns to accommodate all those members who desire to finish the course and graduate this year.

The Cochet and Landreau claims have been making a sensation in the political arena lately. What they are, is explained by Senator H. W. Blair, before the Congressional investigating committee, as follows:

Rice: I want to know upon what you, as a lawyer, base a favorable judgment upon the validity of the Cochet claim.

Answer: The guano of Peru was worthless to her until, through the effort and discoveries of Cochet, the guano became known as a fertilizer, and an object of commerce, and source of immense wealth to Peru. Landreau discovered this guano where it was not before known to exist. Cochet discovered by analysis the value of guano. As to the fact that some compensation should be made for these discoveries, I think any fair mind would assent. As to the amount, I do not assume to say.

Mr. John F. Slater, of Norwich, Conn., while in the prime of life, has given a million dollars for the Christian education of the colored people of the Southern States. It is a humane, patriotic, and Christian act.

The Rev. Joseph Cook has been sojourning in India studying men and institutions, heathen philosophy and religion. The leaders of the New Dispensation have explained their views to him. At his lecture in the Town Hall, in Calcutta, the audience could not be accommodated in the building. Hundreds of people were obliged to stand during the hour and a half of his lecture. He assured India that Christianity had come to stay and that the mental seclusion of the country had been broken up forever. Mr. Cook is sure of a good hearing when he returns to this country.

Chaplain McCabe, a Methodist, an eloquent speaker, and a charming singer, and who is to be at Chautauqua in August, was presenting the claims of the church extension cause in Malone, N. Y., recently, when he received the following from ex-Vice President Wheeler:

MALONE, N. Y., April 17.

Dear Chaplain: Please get out of this region while I have something left. To reconcile you in some measure to going, I inclose my check to your order for \$1,000. Put the money into your frontier work in multiplying the fountains of Christian citizenship, and may God's blessing go with you, as mine does. When you get the country well "underbrushed," we will send out some Presbyterians and put on the finishing touches. Most cordially yours,

WILLIAM A. WHEELER.

The troubles in Ireland have reached a climax. The double assassination of Lord Frederick Cavendish, Chief Secretary for Ireland, and Mr. Burke, Under Secretary for Ireland, in Phoenix Park, Dublin, on Saturday evening, May 6th, startled England and Ireland and sent a thrill of horror throughout the civilized world. The crime can not be attributed to the Irish people, for they condemn assassination as a method either for revenging wrongs or winning political victories. England has made mistakes in her treatment of Ireland, but the assassination of her chief officers will not correct the abuses. Sword meets sword, knife meets knife—that is the law of exasperated human passion when nation measures strength with nation. The spirit of nihilism is abroad among the desperate classes in Europe and America. Within about a year the Czar of Russia was slain, Garfield was murdered, and the assassination of Queen Victoria attempted, and now two prominent officers of the British Government are cut down with daggers in the public park in Dublin. These are all attacks upon properly constituted government, and they point to a wrong education and a wicked spirit in certain classes of society, which must be met with other means than simply the imprisonment or execution of the criminals. A multitude of hardened characters are secreted back of these crimes and criminals, who are disseminating pernicious doctrines. How to reach and reform them is the problem of existing civilizations.

Mr. F. J. Furnival says that George Eliot felt the symbolism of gems, while Shakspeare felt that of flowers. "Her works," says he, "were an indictment of men in favor of women. Men, with her, were drift logs. All Shakspeare's heroes had a feeling of God."

Thirty-one tourists are on their way around the world in a steam yacht. They started from England in October, and reached San Francisco about a week ago, having visited the Mediterranean ports and the Pacific islands. The entire trip will last ten months. The passengers are of both sexes, and each pays \$2,500, for which they enjoy excellent fare, the use of a steam launch while in harbors, a band of music aboard, good medical attendance, and a large library.

The New York *Herald*, in an editorial on musical instruments in a certain church which proscribes them, has this to say: "The cornet can blow the devotional spirit out of a large congregation in about five seconds, and some church organs are about as bad." This may seem almost irreverent, but it may suggest to some churches the wisdom of never using a cornet in a church service unless you have an accomplished player, and that the organ is more devotional when quiet, than it is when a poor player is mutilating a good tune. Both instruments, in the hands of good musicians, may add materially to the attractiveness, interest, and beauty of the service.

"Arbor Day," and "Tree Planting Day." This is a new custom adopted by Governor Jerome, of Michigan, and Governor Foster, of Ohio. The object is to set apart one day in every year when the people shall plant forest trees by the roadsides, in groves about their homes, in towns and cities, and they recommend the formation of forestry societies in towns and villages. This is a practical idea for local circles of the C. L. S. C.

The attempt to make the Rev. Dr. Newman Smyth Professor of the Abbott Chair of Theology in the Andover Theological School, has excited a great deal of discussion of the style of preaching in the pulpit, and style of teaching in the recitation room. The *Advance*, of Chicago, puts it thus: "To imply that because he does not preach to popular audiences in a precise, formal, scientific, or Dr. Dryasdust fashion, therefore he can not teach theology, is absurd. Other professors of theology, alive or dead, could poorly stand the test of profundity and precision, if applied to their ordinary pulpit efforts, both before and after election to chairs of theology. Alas for Dr. Smyth! His error was to print his discourses."

Emerson, the Concord philosopher, used often to walk out to Sleepy Hollow Cemetery and there cheerfully and quaintly talk of the spot where he was to be laid. It was especially pleasant to him to think of the beautiful great pine which was to wave its branches above him. His grave lies beside those of Hawthorne and Thoreau.

The Boston *Journal* gives the details of a very important musical and literary enterprise. Dr. Eben Tourjee and the directors of the New England Conservatory of Music have purchased the St. James Hotel, opposite Franklin Square, at the South End, and will expend \$700,000 in the purchase of the building and the changes necessary to make it the headquarters of the New England Conservatory of Music. It is proposed to furnish instruction not only in all branches of music, but in literature and other branches of knowledge. Preparations for this great work have for a long time been making, and its consummation is confidently announced for September. It is proposed to refit the present hotel building, and to erect on an adjoining tract of land a building to contain a hall of 1,500 sittings, together with other inside and outside alterations and improvements. In one department of the establishment will be a five-manual organ; on the second floor and above will be rooms for the accommodation and board of 550 students, ladies exclusively, who come to the Conservatory from other parts of the country. The other departments will be for resident pupils, as well as for those boarding in the building, and one of the principal instructors in the Royal Academy of Music, at London, and another from Stuttgart, have already been engaged, and negotiations are pending with other leaders in various branches of education. The Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle will be one feature of literary instruction, Dr. Vincent having been engaged to lecture and direct that branch. There are now 951 students from the thirty-eight states receiving instruction at the present quarters of the Conservatory. These rooms will be retained, and instruction to such resident students as wish will be there given.

An old lady, who had no relish for modern church music, was expressing her dislike of the singing of an anthem in a certain church, when a neighbor said: "Why, that is a very old anthem. David sang it to Saul." To this the old lady replied: "Weel, weel, I noo for the first time understand why Saul threw his javelin at David, when the lad sang for him."

The Women's Silk Culture Association of the United States, the headquarters of which are located in Philadel-

phia, has given notice of its willingness to purchase cocoons from all parts of the country. Many persons in the South and West have raised cocoons, but have been unable hitherto to find a market for their product.

Russia's race-hatred against the Jews is sending a mass of this nomadic people to our shores. The race-hatred of the United States against the Chinese will prevent their emigrating to our country. This is a good illustration of the law of action and reaction. The same spirit is at work in Russia and America. But the reaction is likely to hurt our own country in the future quite as much as it will Russia. Twenty years will tell the story.

Walt Whitman characterizes Emerson, in the *Critic*, as "a just man, poised on himself, all-loving, all-enclosing, and sane and clear as the sun."

It is the design of the Methodist Episcopal Church to own and control the religious papers which circulate among Methodist people. In a certain way the plan is a success. But there is a significant sign of the times in the springing up of independent Methodist papers all through this church, edited by Methodist ministers. In New England two independent papers, *Zion's Herald* and *The New England Methodist*, contend for the ground, *The Methodist* in New York, and in Philadelphia *The Christian Standard and Home Journal* and *The Philadelphia Methodist*, *The Conference News*, at Harrisburg, etc., etc. They are competing with the church periodicals and in some instances they are dividing the patronage. Of course there is no law to prevent this independent action. The regular papers hold a vantage ground of age and prestige that the others must win; besides they have the most money, which, if they are wise, they will use to make the very best religious weekly papers issued in the country; and thus hold the ground they have gained.

The great C. L. S. C. day will be the 12th of August next. The class of '82 will graduate. Dr. Vincent says: "It will be the golden day in the history of Chautauqua." There will be a procession, banners and flags will float in the breeze; music, with its rare and weird strains, will enchant the multitudes. Eloquence will be a feature of the programme. Dr. Vincent, we apprehend, will have reached a mountain-top in his journey of life, and Bishop Warren, one of the counselors of the C. L. S. C., and President L. Miller, will be with him. They will both speak, and others will follow. The Chautauqua salute will come in appropriately. The largest class that ever graduated from any institution in one year on this continent, will receive diplomas. The C. L. S. C. will be obliged to keep open doors after that, for everybody will want to join. The editor of THE CHAUTAUQUAN will be in the ranks, and graduate with the class of '82.

Carlyle once said of Froude, that he was the best read man he ever met.

Lieutenant De Long and his comrades are dead. This is the sad news that Engineer Melville telegraphs to the Secretary of the Navy at Washington. The dreadful Siberian winter overcame the gallant commander and crew of the *Jeannette*, and they fell victims to the spirit of adventure and love of a good cause. What we shall ultimately gain by this exposure of men to suffering and death in our attempts to reach the North Pole, is a question which it would be well for Mr. Bennett and explorers to ponder. It is evident to some wise men at least, that the old methods of travel to that unexplored region are failures. In proof of this, several attempts have been made and none have viewed the land. What next?

On C. L. S. C. Commencement Day, August 12, a letter will be read from the poet John G. Whittier.

Tennyson is fond of the seashore; but not much so. The lights are too bright and the mood is too even. He likes drowsy, brown autumn hillsides, somnolent sheep, and deep, dark inland lakes, not easily accessible or too near. Sheep are his especial pets, and he likes to lie in a high-backed chair, smoking a pipe while he looks at them.

The Brooklyn Clerical Union, which is composed of a number of Brooklyn preachers, was entertained on Saturday, the 6th of May, by the Rev. W. F. Crafts, of the Church of Christian Endeavor, in his house at 184 Hewes street, Brooklyn. There was a Scriptural menu at each plate, which read as follows: "What we shall eat and what we shall drink." "Spread a cloth and put thereon the dishes and the bowls and the bread." Numbers iv., Lev. viii., 31. Soup, Esau's "Pot of Message." "Boiled Fish," Luke xxiv., 42. Roasts, "Fatted Calf," Luke xv., 23. Roast lamb and bitter herbs, Ex. xii., 8. Vegetables, "The cucumbers," Numbers xi., 5. "Bitter herbs," Ex. xii., 8. "Olives," Mi. vi., 15. "Husks," Luke xv., 16. Desert, mish mish. "Apples of gold." Confections, damascene. Drinks, water, Judges iv., 19. Sherbet, coffee. There was a waitress dressed as a woman of Athens, and another dressed as a Roman woman. There was also a man servant dressed in a Joseph's coat of many colors. Mish mish is composed of rice and apricots. Damascene is a confection of figs, raisins, walnuts, and almonds, chopped up and pressed. The sherbet was made of orange juice and attar of roses.

A portrait of Dred Scott, the negro whose name is coupled with the famous Supreme Court decision which sent him back to slavery, has been presented to the Missouri Historical Society, by the widow of Theodore Barnum, who purchased Scott's manumission, and it now hangs upon the wall next to the portrait of Thomas H. Benton.

We issue 50,000 copies of the CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY HERALD as advance numbers, containing the Chautauqua programme, etc., for the coming season. We will send, in July, a copy of the June ASSEMBLY HERALD to every subscriber to THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

[We solicit questions of interest to the readers of THE CHAUTAUQUAN to be answered in this department. Our space does not always allow us to answer as rapidly as questions reach us. Any relevant question will receive an answer in its turn.]

Q. Who was the Great Elector?

A. Frederick William, Elector of Brandenburg, and founder of the Prussian monarchy; born in 1620, died in 1688.

Q. What is the character and aim of the Kensington Museum at London?

A. Its object is the promotion of art and science by means of the systematic training of competent teachers. It founds schools of art, holds public examinations, distributes prizes, establishes art libraries, and purchases and exhibits objects of art. Among its professors and directors are the most distinguished savants of England. The government gives it annually 300,000 pounds sterling.

Q. Will you please explain in THE CHAUTAUQUAN what is meant by the "North Magnetic Pole," in the March number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN, page 355?

A. The magnetic needle does not point due north at all

places on the earth, but toward what is known as the "magnetic pole." This point is where the magnetic needle would cease to indicate direction, but its north end would be attracted downward. All points north of this place the north end of the needle would be attracted in a southerly direction.

Q. Would you kindly give your opinion as to whose edition of Shakspeare is the most desirable to purchase, and whose edition is used by leading actors?

A. Actors, like others, have their individual preferences. In regard to the best edition we give the following answer to the same question in the "Home Interests" column of the *New York Tribune*:

"In answer to the question, which many have asked, we reprint the substance of a correspondence with the late Dr. Ripley and Mr. William Winter, given in this column three years ago, when this question was submitted to them. Mr. Winter says: 'My favorite edition is Charles Knight's—the Pictorial—but Barry Cornwall's, Hudson's, White's, the old Boston edition of Phillips & Sampson, the Cambridge edition, published by Cassel, Petter & Galpin, are all good. The most trustworthy is the Variorum, now passing through the press in Philadelphia. It might be best to refer the question to Dr. Ripley. He is a scholar and a ripe and good one, and would give the best of counsel.' Dr. Ripley writes: 'I agree with Mr. Winter that the most desirable English edition of Shakspeare for everyday wear is that of Knight, (revised edition, 1867). Of American editions, which are more accessible and practical than the English, Verplanck's (3 vol., 8vo, New York, 1847) is excellent, but, as more original and more recent, I should give the preference to Hudson's (11 vols., 12mo, Boston, 1850-1857), and to Grant White's (12 vols., 8vo, Boston, 1857-1862). There are several other good editions, but for the average American these, I think, bear the palm.'"

Q. Could one study mathematics without an instructor? If so, how would you advise to begin and what books would you recommend?

A. Certainly. One can pursue almost any study without an instructor. Teachers are helpful but not wholly necessary. To rely on one's self, and get knowledge by self-exertion alone, is not without many decided advantages to the student. Begin at the place you are prepared for, using any of the excellent text-books now to be obtained, and plod on. Be sure you clearly and fully master every principle as you go, and bear in mind that there is no royal way to knowledge.

Q. As water boils at 212° F., under ordinary atmospheric pressure, and at a much lower temperature (e. g., that of the hand) in vacuo, would the sensation be the same if the finger could be introduced, as if thrust into the former? If so, please give the philosophy of it.

A. Water boils at 212° F., under a pressure of fifteen pounds per square inch. If the pressure be increased, the temperature of the boiling point will be increased, and a decrease of pressure will cause the water to boil at a much lower temperature. Now it is heat that causes the sensation of pain when the hand is introduced into boiling water, and if the heat be reduced to the minimum the cause of the sensation is no longer present, hence the water boiling at 0° will affect the nerves in the same way as water at 0° under fifteen pounds pressure.

Q. What caused, and when and where occurred the "Peasants' War?"

A. The name is applied to a formidable insurrection of peasants in central and southern Germany which accompanied the reformations of Luther and Zwingli. The peasants longed for civil as well as religious liberty. It was put down with great difficulty by the German princes. Luther, deprecating the idea of political revolution, sided with the latter.

Q. Will you please give in the next CHAUTAUQUAN the names of the so-called "Seven Wonders of the World?"

A. The Egyptian Pyramids, the Mausoleum erected by Artemisia, the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, the Walls and Hanging Gardens of Babylon, the Colossus at Rhodes, the statue of Jupiter Olympus, and the Pharos or Watch Tower of Alexandria.

Q. By what nation was paper money first used?

A. Sir John Malcolm, the historian, says that the use of paper money was tried, but without success, by the Chinese under the first Mongol dynasty, (1279-1368 A. D.)

Q. Can you tell me the origin of the expression, "A Roland for an Oliver?"

A. Roland, a hero-knight of the court of Charlemagne, and Oliver, his devoted friend, were, with the king's warriors, decoyed into the pass of Roncevaux, and then attacked by three Saracen armies. Whilst performing prodigies of valor, Roland was accidentally and fatally wounded by Oliver, who had already received his death-wound, and was blinded by his own blood. Hence the expression.

Q. Of what religious denomination is H. W. Beecher? Of what, also, is Spurgeon?

A. Beecher is a Congregationalist, Spurgeon a Baptist.

Q. Will you name the three most able ministers of the gospel in the world?

A. Impossible. We would offend a thousand, at least, with their hosts of friends and admirers, if we attempted it.

Q. What is the meaning of saying "To the manor born?" I have seen it quoted lately "to the manner born," which is correct?

A. The phrase is properly understood by interpreting the words of it literally. The latter form occurs in Hamlet, act I, scene 4.

Q. What four noted historical paintings are in the rotunda of the capitol at Washington, and by whom were they painted?

A. Reference is doubtless made to those by John Trumbull: "The surrender of Cornwallis," "Resignation of General Washington at Annapolis," "Declaration of Independence," and the "Surrender of Burgoyne."

GEOLOGICAL DIAGRAMS.

Our geological diagrams, prepared under the direction of Prof. A. S. Packard, Jr., of Brown University, and published by the Providence Lithograph Company, are at last finished. There are ten of them. They are 26x35 inches in size, artistically executed, scientifically accurate, marvelously cheap.

The diagrams are accompanied by a volume of 127 pages, by Prof. A. S. Packard, Jr., entitled: "First Lessons in Geology." This volume may be ordered separately or in connection with the diagrams. It is charmingly written, so simple that a child can understand it, and will be placed as the first "required" book in the course of reading in the C. L. S. C. for 1882-3. The diagrams are not "required," but will greatly facilitate the study of Geology. They may be ordered by Local Circles, "Triangles," families, individual students, churches, and Sunday-schools.

The cost of the diagrams, including one volume of the "First Lessons in Geology," is \$6.00. When ordered by a member of the C. L. S. C. (that fact being stated in the order), the diagrams and book will be sent at \$5.00. The price of the "First Lessons in Geology," by itself, will be 50 cts.

All orders for the diagrams and book must be sent to Phillips & Hunt, 805 Broadway, N. Y., or Walden & Stowe, Cincinnati or Chicago.

Give special attention to the fact that if the order is made by a member of the C. L. S. C., the diagrams will be sent for \$5.00; otherwise the price will be \$6.00.

New York, April 27, 1882.

J. H. VINCENT.

LAKESIDE, OHIO.

The Sunday-school Encampment, at Lakeside, near Sandusky, Ohio, will this year be conducted by the Superintendent of Instruction at Chautauqua, Dr. J. H. Vincent, assisted by his brother, Rev. B. T. Vincent, who will have charge of the Normal Department, and the principal charge of the Encampment. Rev. N. B. C. Love will have charge of the Intermediate Department; Mrs. W. F. Crafts, of Brooklyn, N. Y., of the Primary Teachers' Department; Mrs. B. T. Vincent of the Children's Class, and Prof. C. C. Case, of Chicago, of the music.

The Encampment opens on Wednesday evening, July 19, and closes on Monday, July 31. Among the attractions announced are the following names: Wallace Bruce, Esq., Prof. W. C. Richards, Hon. George R. Wendling, Rev. W. F. Crafts, Bishop Henry W. Warren, Prof. W. F. Sherwin, Rev. A. H. Gillet, Signor Guiseppe Vitale, Rev. W. H. Pearce, of Akron, and Rev. C. H. Stocking, D. D., of Detroit.

Invitations have also been extended to Bishop Simpson, Dr. T. De Witt Talmage, Elder L. L. Carpenter, of Indiana, Dr. Barnitz, and others.

CHAUTAUQUA NEWS FOR 1882.

The gate fees at Chautauqua the coming season will be:

JULY.

From July 8 to 29, the admission will be: For one day, 25 cents; for one week, \$1.00; for the month, \$2.00.

AUGUST.

From July 30 to close of Assembly, the admission fee will be: For one day, 40 cents; for one week, \$2.00; for one month, or during the Assembly, \$3.00.

For the two months, July and August, \$4.00.

THE GREAT DAYS AT CHAUTAUQUA, 1882.

Saturday, July 8, Opening Day.

Sunday, July 9, C. L. S. C. Memorial Day.

Saturday, July 15, Socrates Memorial Day.

Saturday, July 22, Froebel Memorial Day.

Friday, July 28, Closing Day C. T. R.

Saturday, July 29, Midseason Celebration; Opening C. F. M. I.

Monday, July 31, Anniversary C. F. M. I.

Tuesday, August 1, GRAND OPENING DAY OF THE ANNUAL ASSEMBLY.

Thursday, August 3, Missionary Day.

Saturday, August 5, Memorial Day C. L. S. C., 1878-1882.

Tuesday, August 8, Temperance Day.

Wednesday, August 9, Denominational Day, and Look-Up Legion Anniversary Day.

Thursday, August 10, Chautauqua Alumni Reunion; Illuminated Fleet; Class Vigil, 1883.

Saturday, August 12, C. L. S. C. Memorial (St. Paul's) Day; FIRST COMMENCEMENT OF THE C. L. S. C.; Annual Camp-Fire.

Tuesday, August 15, First Anniversary of the Chautauqua School of Theology.

Wednesday, Aug. 16, Annual Competitive Examinations.

Thursday, August 17, College Day—Phi Kappa Psi and Phi Delta Gamma; Closing Exercises of the Chautauqua School of Languages; Anniversary C. Y. F. R. U.

Friday, August 18, Presbyterian Day.

Saturday, August 19, Children's Day; Bonfire, etc.

Monday, August 21, Closing Day.

FIRST COMMENCEMENT DAY C. L. S. C.

The golden day in all the history of Chautauqua will be the "First Commencement of the C. L. S. C.," Saturday, August 12, 1882.

The whole day will be given up to C. L. S. C. celebrations. Services will be held in the Hall of Philosophy, in St. Paul's Grove, and also in the Amphitheater.

Dr. J. H. Vincent, Superintendent of Instruction of the C. L. S. C., will preside.

The Commencement Oration will be delivered by Bishop Henry W. Warren, D. D., one of the counselors of the C. L. S. C. Subject: "Brain and Heart."

The Chautauqua Songs will be rendered by the C. L. S. C. Glee Club.

The new and elegant banner, presented by a lady in Ohio, will be unfurled.

"The Story of Our Banner" will be told by the Rev. A. D. Vall, D. D., of New York City.

[A portion of the material used in the constructing of this banner was borne by Dr. Vall, and unfurled in the principal educational and sacred centers, ancient and modern, in Europe, Asia, and Africa: Alexandria, Heliopolis, the Great Pyramid, the Red Sea, Sinai, Jerusalem, Damascus, Beyrout, Smyrna, Constantinople, Athens, Rome, Florence, Venice, Milan, Geneva, Heidelberg, Bonn, Paris, London, Oxford, Stratford-on-Avon, Rugby, and Edinburgh.]

Brief addresses will be delivered during the day by Lewis Miller, Esq., President of Chautauqua, Lyman Abbott, D. D., one of the counselors of the C. L. S. C., John B. Gough, Esq., Dr. L. H. Bugbee, first member of the C. L. S. C., Bishop Foster, Dr. James Strong, and others.

The list of graduating members will be announced.

The new and elegant Diploma of the C. L. S. C. will be presented to all graduating members who are present, and mailed on that day to those who are not permitted to visit Chautauqua this season.

The "Society of the Hall in the Grove" (composed of all graduates of the C. L. S. C.), will be formally organized.

A special meeting will be held of the "Order of the White Seal,"—those graduates who have the four years' White Seal on their Diplomas.

Plans for promotion in the "Order of the White Seal," and also the "League of the Round-Table," etc., will be explained.

The "Athenian Watch Fires" will be lighted for the first time in St. Paul's Grove, in the evening.

A Public Reception in the Hall of Philosophy, to be followed by the usual C. L. S. C. Camp Fires, will close the day.

MUSIC AT CHAUTAUQUA, 1882.

There will be a grand Organ Concert on Saturday, July 8, the opening day of the Teachers' Retreat and the School of Languages. Mr. GEORGE H. RYDER will himself be present and make the great pipe organ greet the multitude. During the day he will perform several organ solos.

Prof. C. C. CASE, of Chicago.

Prof. W. F. SHERWIN, of Cincinnati.

Miss BELLE MCCLINTOCK, of Meadville, Pa., whose services at Chautauqua every season since its opening have made her a favorite with all Chautauquans.

Miss ETHEL CRIPPEN, of Louisville, Ky., cordially recommended by Signor Max Maretzek.

The Royal Hand-bell Ringers and Gleemen, of London, England, DUNCAN S. MILLER, Esq., Conductor. Cornetists, violinists, choice vocalists, and a chorus choir, with a new, powerful chorus-organ, built by George H. Ryder & Co., of Boston, are among the promised attractions.

For a complete list of preachers, lecturers, etc., see the CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY HERALD (advance number) for June, 1882. Address THEODORE L. FLOOD, Meadville, Pa. The ASSEMBLY HERALD will be issued as a daily during the Assembly, and will contain full reports of all services, lectures, sermons, etc. It costs only \$1.00 for the season, and is mailed to subscribers every morning.

WHAT IS A HELIOTYPE?*

The heliotype process is the application of the well-known principles of photography to the art of printing and the practice of the printing-press. Photography is purely a chemical (or actinic) process, as the name ("writing by light") implies. Printing, on the other hand, is purely mechanical. The heliotype process is both chemical and mechanical, combining the chemical principles of photography with the mechanical methods of printing. In short, the heliotype process may be described as *photography in the printing-press*.

The product of the heliotype process is called a heliotype. It is both a photograph and a print. It is a photograph mechanically produced, and it is at the same time a print having a chemical origin. The ordinary photograph is produced in evanescent materials, and will fade: the heliotype is printed with permanent ink, and can never fade. The heliotype, therefore, may be defined as a photo-mechanical print, possessing the exact features of a photograph, together with the permanent qualities of ordinary printing.

*A description of the process as seen at the publishing house of J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston, Mass.

To appreciate the full bearing of the heliotype process in working out its results, it is necessary to understand a little of photography, and how the ordinary photograph is made. Almost everybody has sat for a photograph, and knows that there are two steps in the process: First, obtaining the image on a glass plate by means of a camera placed in front of the subject; and, second, producing its counterpart on a sheet of paper. The glass plate is called a "negative;" its counterpart on paper is technically termed a "positive," and is what in ordinary phrase we call a "photograph." In both these steps the photographic operator is dependent on light,—both of the results are chemical. The "negative" is produced by light acting upon the sensitive material with which the glass plate in the camera is coated. As soon as chemistry has firmly fixed the light-produced image on the glass plate, the plate is placed in contact with a sheet of sensitive paper, and the action of light is again invoked to impress the image upon paper, and produce the "positive," or, as we say, "the photograph." Now, let us bear in mind an important fact; namely, that each and every one of these "positives," or "photographs," requires a fresh use of the negative and a fresh exposure to light to produce it, thus making the method of production slow, cumbrous, and uncertain. It is at this point that the heliotype process begins to think of separating itself from chemical uncertainties, and of betaking itself to the surer ground of mechanical methods. How is it to proceed then? It already has its "negative," which is taken precisely as we have described the photographic negative to be taken: what it now needs is to produce its positives by rapid and sure means. To do this, it must first procure a "positive" plate or matrix capable of mechanically producing other "positives," and thus dispensing with the continued use of the "negative," and the continued use of light in every impression.

We have already seen that the "negative" is made in the ordinary manner. Now we come to the preparation of the "positive" plate. Ordinary cooking gelatine forms the basis of this plate, the other ingredients being bichromate of potash and chrome alum. It is a peculiarity of gelatine, in its normal condition, that it will absorb cold water, and swell or expand under its influence, but that it will dissolve in hot water. In the preparation of a plate, therefore, the three ingredients just named, being combined in suitable proportions, is dissolved in hot water, and the solution is poured upon a level plate of glass or metal, and left there to dry. When dry, it is about as thick as an ordinary sheet of parchment, and is stripped from the drying-plate, and placed in contact with the previously-prepared "negative," and the two together are exposed to the light. The presence of the bichromate of potash renders the gelatine sheet sensitive to the action of light; and wherever light reaches it, the plate, which was at first gelatinous or absorbent of water, becomes leathery or waterproof. In other words, wherever light reaches the plate, it produces in it a change similar to that which tanning produces upon hides in converting them into leather. Now, it must be understood that the "negative" is made up of transparent parts and opaque parts; the transparent parts admitting the passage of light through them, and the opaque parts excluding it. When the gelatine plate and the "negative" are placed in contact, they are exposed to the light with the "negative" uppermost, so that the light acts through the translucent portions, and waterproofs the gelatine underneath them; while the opaque portions of the "negative" shield the gelatine underneath them from the light, and consequently those parts of the plate remain unaltered in character. The result is a thin, flexible sheet of gelatine, of which a portion is waterproofed, and the other portion is absorbent of water, the waterproofed portion being the image which we wish to reproduce. Now we all know the repulsion which exists between water and any form of grease. Printer's ink is merely grease united with a coloring-matter. It follows, that our gelatine sheet, having water applied to it, will absorb the water in its unchanged parts; and, if ink is then rolled over it, the ink will adhere only to the waterproofed or altered parts. This flexible sheet of gelatine, then, prepared as we have seen, and having had the image impressed upon it, becomes the heliotype plate, capable of being attached to the bed of an ordinary printing press, and printed in the ordinary manner. Of course, such a sheet must have a solid base given to it which will hold it firmly on the bed of the press while printing. This is accomplished by unting it, under water, with a metallic plate, exhausting the air between the two surfaces, and attaching them by atmospheric pressure. The plate, with the printing surface of gelatine attached, is then placed on an ordinary platen printing press, and inked up with ordinary ink. A mask of paper is used to secure white margins for the prints, and the impression is then made, and ready for issue.

CHAUTAUQUA PERIODICALS

FOR 1882-1883.

Special Announcement---Read it With Care.

THE CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY DAILY HERALD

Is published every morning (Sundays excepted) during the three weeks' meetings at Chautauqua in August. It is an eight page, forty-eight column paper, nineteen numbers in the volume. Printed in the grove at Chautauqua on a steam power press. The seventh volume will be issued in August next. Every preacher, Sunday-school superintendent and teacher needs it.

We have rare opportunities to furnish our readers with the ripest and best thoughts of many of the foremost thinkers of the country, who will deliver lectures, sermons and addresses on the Chautauqua platform. We employ

EIGHT STENOGRAPHERS,

who are first-class reporters, and whose reports of scientific and other lectures for our columns have received the highest praise during the past six years.

We shall publish reports of Normal Work, the Kindergarten, Children's Meetings, Primary Class Drills, College of Music, Concerts, Denominational Conferences, C. L. S. C. Camp Fires, Class Vigils, a full account of Graduating Day, Lectures on Models of Palestine Tabernacle, Model of Jerusalem, Descriptions of Days and Prominent Men and Women, Personal and Local News. The DAILY HERALD will mirror the proceedings at Chautauqua in 1882.

Addresses on Sunday-school Work, to be delivered by the following persons, will appear in the ASSEMBLY DAILY HERALD:

Rev. J. H. Vincent, D. D., Rev. B. T. Vincent, Rev. J. L. Hurlbut, Miss Fanny A. Dyer, Mrs. O. A. Baldwin, Rev. A. E. Dunning, Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller, and others.

Lectures on the Sciences, Philosophy, Theology, Travel, Literature, History, Biography, Music, Church Work, Political Economy, etc., etc., will be delivered at Chautauqua next August by the following persons, and published in the ASSEMBLY DAILY HERALD:

Bishop M. Simpson, LL. D., F. L. Hatton, LL. D., Prof. E. E. Ayres, L. T. Townsend, D. D., J. B. Thomas, D. D., Rev. J. G. Townsend, A. M., Rev. W. Armstrong, A. M., Chaplain C. C. McCabe, D. D., Prof. James Strong, S. T. D., A. D. Vail, D. D., A. H. Barlingham, D. D., M. M. Parkhurst, D. D., Rev. A. N. Cral, A. M., Rev. T. Craven, S. J., Humphrey, D. D., Rev. Frank Russell, A. M., Bishop H. W. Warren, D. D., Bishop R. S. Foster, LL. D., T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., John B. Gough, Esq., Prof. Wallace Bruce, C. L., Goodell, D. D., Rev. J. A. Worden, A. M., Prof. B. T. Bowne, Prof. William H. Niles, Prof. J. T. Edwards, D. D., William M. Blackburn, D. D., Lyman Abbott, D. D., Prof. Frank Beard, A. B. Leonard, D. D., W. S. Sudley, D. D., J. M. Buckley, D. D., C. E. Bishop, Esq., Prof. W. T. Harris, D. H. Post, A. M., Prof. G. J. Luckey, Rev. A. H. Norcross, Prof. J. W. Churchill, Phillip Schaff, D. D., and General Clinton B. Fiske.

The ASSEMBLY HERALD will carry Chautauqua into your home every day. The volume will contain more than seventy lectures, sermons, and addresses, all for \$1.00.

The editor will be assisted by C. E. Bishop, Esq., Rev. H. H. Moore, Rev. E. D. McCreary, A. M., Rev. C. M. Morse, and the Rev. J. M. Crouch.

THE CHAUTAUQUAN,

A monthly magazine, 72 pages, ten numbers in the volume, beginning with October and closing with July. The third volume will begin in October, 1882.

THE CHAUTAUQUAN

is the official organ of the C. L. S. C., adopted by the Rev. J. H. Vincent, D. D., Lewis Miller, E-q., Lyman Abbott, D. D., Bishop H. W. Warren, D. D., Prof. W. C. Wilkinson, D. D., and Rev. J. M. Gibson, D. D., Counselors of the C. L. S. C. The Next Volume will contain more than Half the Required Readings for the C. L. S. C.

A brilliant writer will take the C. L. S. C. on a "TOUR ROUND THE WORLD," in ten articles, which will begin in the October number.

Popular articles on Russia, Scandinavian History and Literature, English History, Music, etc., etc., will be published for the C. L. S. C. in THE CHAUTAUQUAN only.

Eminent authors, whose names and work we withhold for the present, have been engaged to write valuable papers, to be in the Required Reading for the C. L. S. C. These will appear in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

An excellent serial story will commence in the October number and be completed with the volume.

The following writers will contribute articles for the coming volume:

The Rev. J. H. Vincent, D. D., Mrs. Mary S. Robinson, Edward Everett Hale, Prof. L. A. Sherman, Prof. W. T. Harris, Prof. W. G. Williams, A. M., Mrs. Ella Farnham Pratt, C. E. Bishop, Esq., Rev. E. D. McCreary, A. M., Mrs. L. H. Bugbee, Bishop H. W. Warren, Rev. H. H. Moore, Prof. W. C. Wilkinson, D. D., and others.

LOCAL CIRCLES.

THE CHAUTAUQUAN will be the organ of the local circles--we shall, as in the past year, set apart several pages each month, for reports of anniversaries, drills, round-tables, concerts, etc., etc. It is our purpose to make this one of the most interesting and profitable features of THE CHAUTAUQUAN for members of the C. L. S. C.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

We shall publish Questions and Answers on every book in the C. L. S. C. course for 1882-1883. This will be done before the time for reading the book comes round, to aid members in their reading. We have received a great many letters requesting us to continue this feature, and since we believe it is a help to the students, we shall make it a specialty.

C. L. S. C. NOTES AND LETTERS.

Here the best things will be gleaned from more than ten thousand letters, sent to Dr. Vincent's office at Plainfield, N. J. We trust members of the C. L. S. C. will continue to write freely to the Doctor of their experience in pursuing the course of study, of their hindrances and helps, discouragements and failures, progress and victories.

WE SHALL CONTINUE

THE EDITOR'S OUTLOOK,

EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK,

AND EDITOR'S TABLE.

Persons to become thoroughly acquainted with the C. L. S. C. and the Chautauqua movement, should read both periodicals--the CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY DAILY HERALD and THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

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Guerdale is a distinctly modern novel, and its claim to consideration lies in its revelation of modern tendencies. While it is brilliant in its narrative and extremely interesting as a story, the interest lies far deeper than the mere development of plot, and is far more tragical than the dénouement of an avowed tragedy.

The story is, in fact, a tragedy,—the tragedy of modern life, of modern society. To those who are out of the current of the thought and philosophical tendencies of the present time, the revelation will be a startling one, and it may bring to light a secret and almost unsuspected bias in the mind of many a reader.

The book is realistic to a degree, vivid and picturesque in its descriptive passages, and nothing less than a philosophical romance. The lesson it teaches is a profoundly salutary and much needed one.

WESTMINSTER SERMONS,

Sermons on Special Occasions Preached in Westminster Abbey by ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, D. D. 1 vol. crown 8vo, \$2.50.

Dean Stanley's memorial discourses in the Abbey, of which he was so long the ruling spirit, were always among the most notable and interesting events occurring in the ecclesiastical world of England. The volume now published contains a number of the more important of these discourses, and it can not fail to have a wide interest, connected as it is with names now historic and embalmed in the literature of the century. The saintly and loving spirit of the late widely mourned churchman shines forth with benignant glow in these sermons so closely related, as most of them were, with the names of his nearest friends.

THE CAMPAIGNS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

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THE INDEX GUIDE

TO TRAVEL AND ART-STUDY IN EUROPE. A Compendium to Geographical, Historical, and Artistic information for the use of Americans. (Alphabetically arranged). By LAFAYETTE C. LOOMIS, A. M. With Plans and Catalogues of the chief Art Galleries, Maps, Tables of Routes and 160 illustrations. 1 vol. 16mo, 600 pages, \$3.50.

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The requirements of the American in Europe at the present day are essentially different from those of twenty years ago. There is no longer any need of a very great part of the minute information and direction as to the commonplaces of travel, which had hitherto filled so much space in guide-books. They have also taken too little account of the fact that not only the scenery and famous places of Europe draw to it American travelers, but that to the intelligent visitor a supreme attraction of the Old World lies also in its great collections of art. The statement of contents given above shows in part how admirably the present work covers this ground for the first time.

The alphabetical arrangement, making it possible to turn instantly to the subject of inquiry; the compactness and general convenience of the book; the judgment shown in the choice of material and the discarding of useless and meaningless comment; the clearness of the plans and directions, and the thoroughly practical character of the whole work, will be highly valued by intelligent people used or unused to European travel.

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DR. J. H. VINCENT

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